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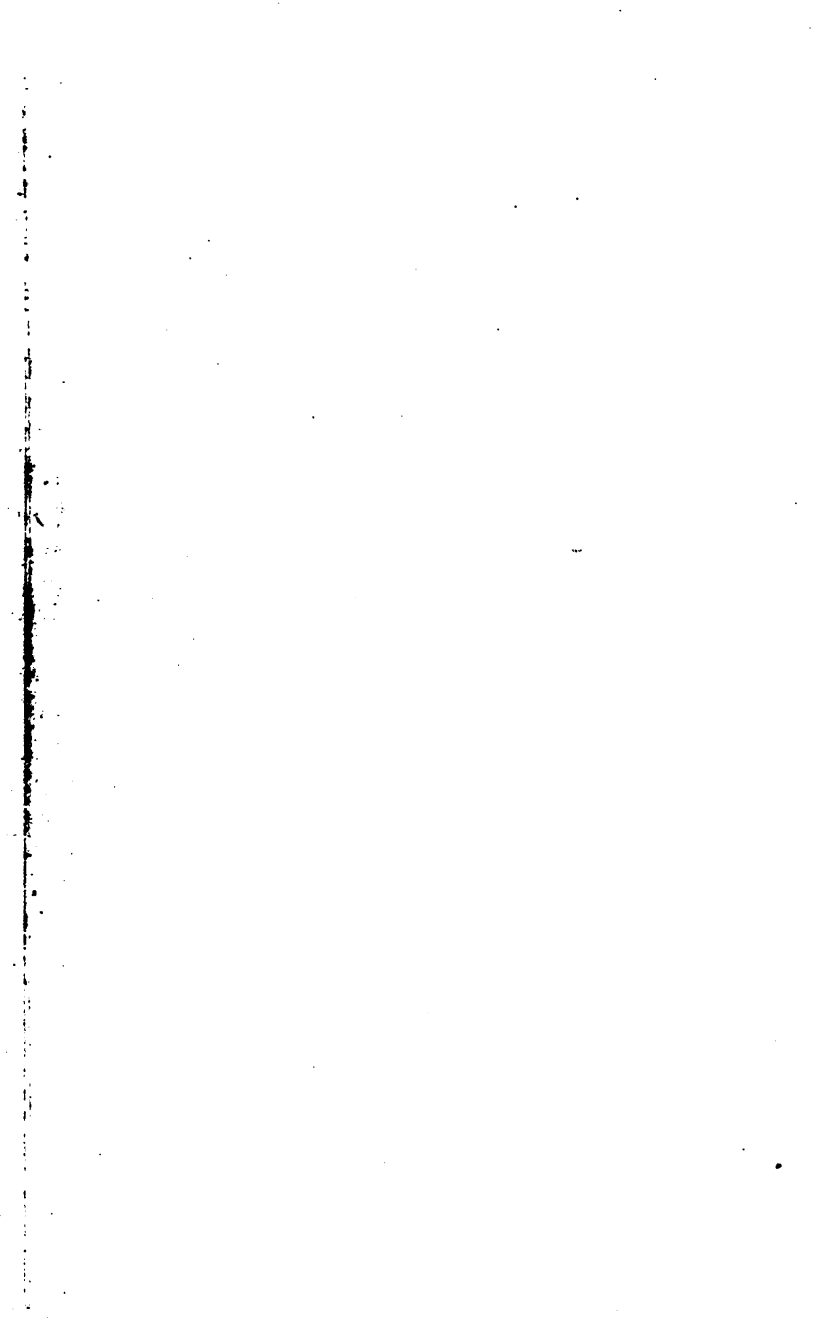
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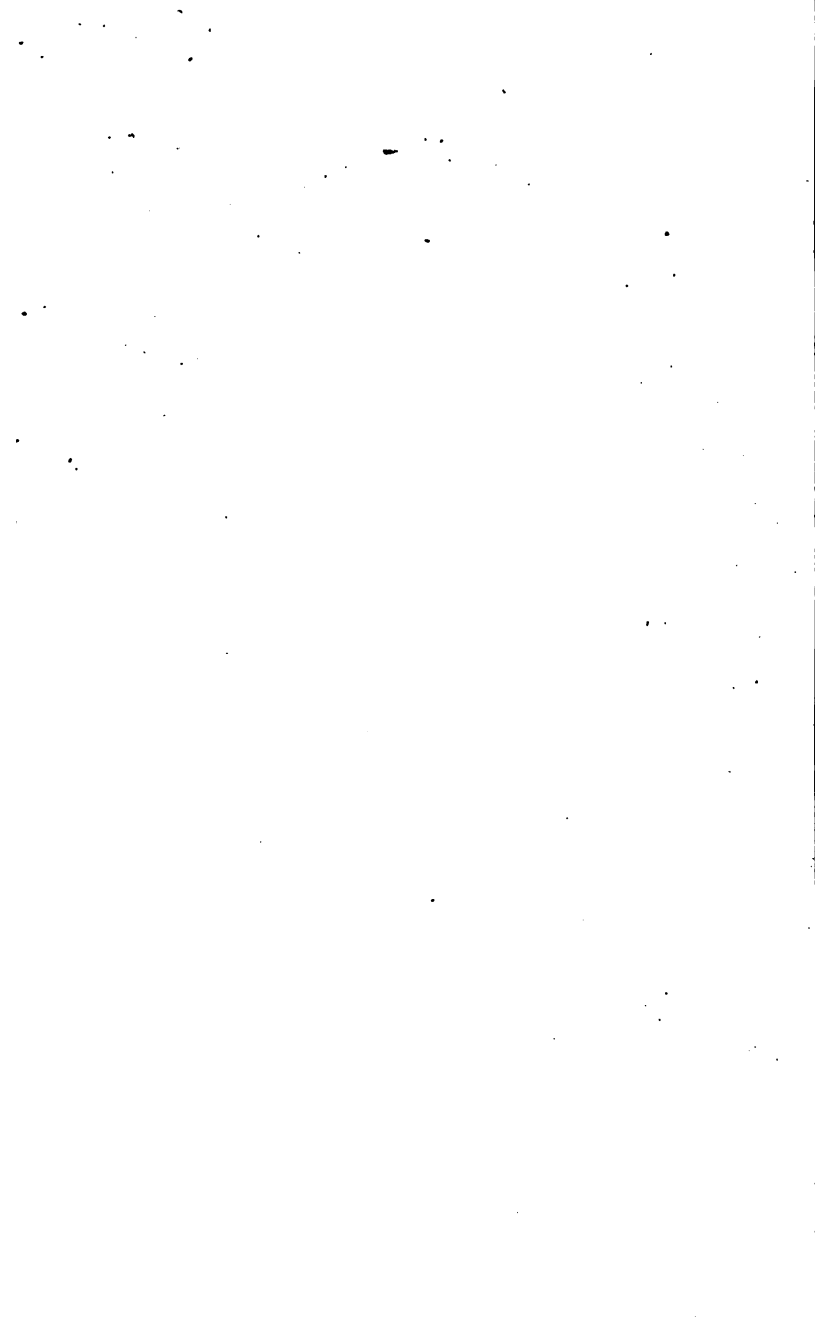
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PAGE 258.

IERNE.
 OR,
ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS
 DURING A LIFE
CHIEFLY IN IRELAND.
 WITH NOTICES OF
PEOPLE AND PLACES.

BY A RETIRED CIVIL ENGINEER.

FIRST SERIES.



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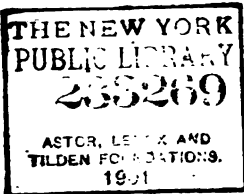
"A story, in which native humour reigns,
 Is often useful, always entertains;
 A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
 May furnish illustrations, well applied.
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails."

COWPER.

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NEW YORK
1887
VIA RAIL

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CONTAINS

NOTICES, INCIDENTS, AND ANECDOTES,

OF OR CONNECTED WITH

CHAP.

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- 2 Mulligan of Mealiffe, Munster Festival, Marriage in the Mountains.
- 3 The Fair, the Faction Fight, Phoilaphesoom,—Celtic March.
- 4 General Mathews' "walk over,"—Russian Mountains, Rural Ball.
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The title IERNE has been chosen as the most ancient, poetical, and historical name of Ireland.

The Phœnicians, who came from that city, "that wast inhabited of seafaring men, the renowned city which was strong in the sea," whose ship boards were of fir trees of Senir, and who took from the cedars of Lebanon for masts. (Ezekiel 26th and 27th chaps.)

"Boldly did these magnificent mariners steer their fairy vessels, passing by the isles of Hieres, and the coast of

Gaul; they pushed bravely into the ocean, and returned home at length, enriched with all that the western world could produce, the gold and olives of Iberia, the lead and tin of IERNE, and of Britain." (Introduction to Duffy's Poets of Ireland, page 15.)

It is the IERNE of Claudian, Strabo, and Stephen of Byzantium, and of

"Conloch, haughty, bold, and brave,
Who rides upon IERNE's wave." *

Also of a poem from "The Shamrock," published in Goldsmith's time by Bladen, 28, Paternoster Row, which, alluding to the peaceful time Erin once enjoyed, says—

"Fair were the streams that laved the peaceful glades,†
Fair were the shades that trembled o'er the stream;
Sweet were the lays that echoed through those shades,‡
And Land of Saints, was then IERNE's name."

Not to multiply authorities, I shall conclude with a few lines from Thomas Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," (line 199—204.)

"Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned in her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green IERNE's shore."

* Those lines are from Miss Brooke's very elegant translation of "Conloch," probably the most ancient and beautiful poem of these islands, the MSS. of which has been preserved to the present day, and which is believed to date back as far as the time of the Christian era. ✓

† "Such peace and concord reigned among the people, that no music could delight them more than the sound of each other's voices."—Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, vol. i., page 6.

‡ The very name of the Palace of its Ardriagh. Temur (Tarah), "the wall of music," seems to have arisen from the celebrity of its melody. ✓

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A PREFACE

Is looked upon as a letter of introduction to the public, although, too often, it fails to give a sufficient reason for the presentation of what follows. I would wish it otherwise.

That excellent writer, Albert Barnes, has said, that "a man who has reached the sixtieth year of his life *ought* to be able to give some views of living, which will be worth the attention of those who are starting on the way; he *ought* to be able to offer some counsel, which it would be wise and safe for those who are young to follow; he *ought* to be able so to speak of the temptations of this world as to show how they may be avoided or overcome."

From the nature of my avocation, I cannot be expected to do so much; but I do trust that I have been enabled to give some life-pictures worthy of emulation, and others that, at least, may serve as warnings, and to be avoided.

But if these way-side pages mostly thrown together with the ardent warmth of youth, and now but coldly served up from the latent embers, shall even in a small degree meet the public appetite for variety, and thus fill the place, to a certain extent, of injurious matter, I shall so far have succeeded.

And if, while advocating industry, morality, and temperance, these chapters are found to amuse, and in some measure to elevate the character of my countrymen, my main object will have been effected.

THE AUTHOR.

I E R N E.

Part II.

N^o 103

CHAPTER I.

ROSCREA—DROMOLAND—CASHEL.

Round Towers—Whisky Mills—Want of Industry—Prison Discipline—Irish Cry—Scenery on the Suir—Fin-ma-Cool and the Devil's Bit—The Rock of Cashel.

“Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve Bloom and the Galties look down with so noble a mien?
’Tis there you would see as much beauty as on all other Irish ground;
Oh! bless you, my sweet Tipperary; where else could your match e’er be found?”

FIANNUALLA.

As our chariot rolled up the street of the fine old town of Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, towards the close of a lovely autumn evening, I felt myself somewhat at home; I cannot well say why, but the place was old, and it was Irish and still my native land.

There was certainly a charm for me in beholding its high

round-tower. Many a boyish day had I spent close by a similar one at Clondalkin, with companions of my youth, from whom I then first separated. To be sure, the joyous laugh was not just there; but there the tower was, in its seeming very identity, and thus to me a friend.

“The Lord be praised, I’m not alone,” said our youthful children’s-maid, a few years before; “*there’s the moon come after me from Naas;*” and the big tears rolled down her cheeks with joy and gratitude at the recognition. It was so with me. On looking up to the ancient tower, I felt somewhat at home; and the more so when we were warmly received at the hospitable mansion of “The Valley-House.”

What a soothing power has music. Here were the lovely Irish airs poured forth in all their witching originality; many with words no longer heard, and some, even then, with the fascinating words by Moore. As we had had the rare good fortune to have heard them sung by many, and even by Moore himself, in the metropolitan circles, we were both pleased and charmed again to recognise them here; and after light refreshment and our evening prayer, we gladly went to rest.

“Oh! what a manufactory of vice!” I exclaimed, next morning, as I viewed the far-famed Roscrea whisky mills; in jest I called them so, but many a serious thing is said in jest. There was the food of man, in quantities incredible, being ground to powder—into mimic mountains—to be converted into liquid poison! destined to produce

“Sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never come!”

It might be called "the devil's walk," for everything that ingenuity and industry (in a better cause) could urge was here most lavishly bestowed, to spread abroad but RUIN! ✓

"There's a custodium," said a clever country harpy of the law, with joyous sneer, as he observed a pipe of wine pass over Athlone Bridge, to poor and reckless Connaught. The same idea struck me as the loaded carriers passed from the distillery outward; to many, what a melancholy procession! Dray after dray rolled on; some had two, some three, enormously-sized casks. I thought, that like the Connaught wine-pipe's fate, if the consequences of each full measure of iniquity were branded on its face, how great the good might be to suffering humanity. To shipwrecks, *and neglect of all sorts*, we might add *crime on crime! manslaughter! madness! MURDER!* The very exuberance of sin, from want of space, would shut the page, though large the area to record it on. A stream brought fuel to this "fire-water," into this very vortex of destruction; for a navigable cut connected a vast peat-bog with this "*malefactory.*"

Even here, I thought that good might come from evil. The cut-out bog, with just a little care and draining, could be converted into garden-ground,* or even the finest pasture.† So, if the sword of death at one end smote both deep and wide, the gently-healing hand of nature might have been there extended to make *some* return for the waste of food, of fuel, and of mankind!

* See Highland Society's Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, 1835—"Castleconnell Bog Improvement."

† See Woodlawn Bog Improvements Commissioners' Report, 1829; also, Arthur Young.

The lovely hills around Roscrea, the beauty of the scenery, and richness of the soil, led me to reflect that, where God and nature did so much, man became a lounging looker-on.

The celebrity of Tipperary for its massacres and murders, riotous fairs and faction-fights, would suddenly cease for ever, would bounteous Providence but remove a spit of its too-rich soil, and place it on the sterile hills of Ulster, where "a nice labour" is the idiomatic term for a well-wrought farm. A Tipperary man would perish even if placed with stock, and crop, and help upon a pattern farm in many parts of Ulster; though entirely free of rent, he would never win a pittance from the stubborn soil that only yields to labour.

"Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave,
A paltry knave,
A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free
Who will not give,
That he may live,¹
His daily toil, for daily fee."

MACKAY.

Delightful drives round Roscrea and to Templemore, with visits at the Priory, &c., detained us a few days, and then we reached Dromoland, in the county of Clare.

Here was a contrast to lounging Tipperary life and laziness. Sir Edward O'Brien was a clear-headed and early agriculturist, fully understanding that Clare land, however grateful for attention, must be wooed before it is won.

I think I see before me the gentle features of Sir Edward, though a sufferer from gout, as he, smilingly, drove along through waving fields of ripening corn, his whereabouts just seen at times, or indicated, by the noble crest and head-gear of his favourite phaeton-horse, as they rose above the golden grain. Then rumbling sounds were heard from blasting operations, carried on to form a tunnelled passage for "pent-up" waters, that had flooded some hundred acres, which, thus relieved, yielded a very liberal return for the cost and labour so expended.

About forty acres of that great tract, rather too low for any practicable level, Sir Edward's good taste had formed into a sheet of water, beautiful even in its then embryo state, as I saw it, from the height on which the house is placed, the superabundant soil so excavated enriching all around.

To Ennis we next travelled. My friend, whose consummate ability in that way rendered him an instrument to work out what was then so lamentably wanted—a reformation of our prisons and their discipline,—was the author of the able essays on those subjects, and as designer of the radiated gaols of Gloucester and of Cavan, he had a welcome from each well-wisher of his country and his fellow-man.

I think it was amidst Clare's wildest hills I first heard, sighing on the wind, the true, the melancholy Irish cry! ✓

In Curran's life is given a matchless sketch of wake, and keen, and cry. The hired keeners, with their set phrases, contrasted with the natural, fervid eloquence of the bereaved widow, was the orator's first, his greatest lesson. Yet the funeral train passing on—the hirelings, generally six in

number, sitting in a carrier's dray, looking back upon the numerous and willing followers—would afford a graphic picture for a Cruikshank or a Lover, were not the ludicrous unsuited to such sad solemnity. Still, apart from this oddness of the scene, and of the queries to deceased, "Why did you die?" there is a melancholy beauty in the melody and harmony that, despite of every circumstance so contradictory, strikes home to the hearts of all those who have souls for music.

I once stood upon a court-house steps in a county-town in Connaught, when the wail of funeral music fell upon my ear, and rang through halls and passages. I might almost say, in the words of Pope,—

"The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast;
Tears gush'd from every eye."

At all events, the court was pretty nearly cleared. Orpheus had charmed the beasts that growled, and snarled, and wrangled; but, amongst the real admirers of the plaintive strain, the Doctors Spray and Smith, of musical celebrity, engaged on business there, were the most anxious and excited.

We left Dromoland with impressions I shall never lose, and, from the heights above the Fergus, we first saw

"The mighty Shenon, spreading like a sea,"

for sea it appears to be from Clare; and Spenser must have meant its junction with the Fergus, where it first spreads out, when thus he wrote so truly.

Our stay was short in Limerick, that fine but, I think, rather overbuilt city, of which some notes, on subsequent tours, will speak more largely; and of Castleconnell, suffice it now to say, it was on our route again to Tipperary, where only can be met those rare compounds of vice and virtue, magnanimity and murder, and melancholy music!

A short sojourn at the house of one of Ireland's most accomplished minstrels enabled us to hear her purest strains poured forth upon a harp of rarest power, yet of Irish manufacture. We also had even still a greater treat or curiosity in the musical way. A harp, precisely similar in all its parts with that so celebrated as the instrument of a minstrel king, some ages back, and to be seen in our University Museum, was found, well preserved, in a peat-bog near Castle Fogarty; and having been at once consigned to Egan, of Dublin, a man of singular ability in harp construction,—cleansed, tuned, and strung by him,—it produced, to the feminine touch that now awaked its slumbers, marvellously quaint music.

It was just the harp that "the minstrel boy" could have "slung behind him," and, not impossible, the very one of which "he tore the chords asunder."

A midnight drive by Cashel and Clonmel brought us, some hours before the day, to the celebrated "*Urbs intacta*," as Waterford is called; but here, those sometimes necessary plagues, the lawyers, as it was assizes time, had got possession,—not nine points in law alone, but every point and place a weary traveller might hope to rest in.

As, however, we had a dormitory to the chariot, and our valet on the box, my companion, with perfect coolness,

directed the carriage to be rolled into a comfortable coach-house, well knowing that the lawyer class will never wait to pick their bones too clean, when slaughter fresh awaits them. Accordingly, we prepared to sleep as we had travelled, the faithful valet holding watch and ward on his box-seat, with directions to call us forth, as soon as he could find a fitting room for us to dress in.

A mounted and, to all appearance, armed horseman had challenged us, not far from Cashel's well-known rock, but whether by accident or purpose, when the carriage-window fell, a dark map-roll, presented at him by my friend, caused the challenger to fly!

Travelling then was certainly most dangerous, but now, when the risk was over, we joined in hearty laughter at the pleasantry of our escape.

By our midnight tramp, we had lost some most enchanting scenery; for the mountain peaks of Knockmeledown and Knockenafferin, looming to the southward in the shades of night, and, occasionally, the "Glens of Glenahiry," were all but visible, with the silvery river-line beneath them; we therefore made amends, after a day of rest, by starting with the daylight the next morning on our return.

Few persons can believe, who have not travelled along its course, the varying beauties of the Valley of the Suir.

Here were almost never-ending woods, on height, in dale, on copse, and glen, and mountain, like panoramic sketches unfolded to us, as we rolled along our several stages; the base and foreground filled almost to superfluity with *tableaux* formed of fertile meadows, picturesque villas, populous towns, and castles of most ancient structure, as if to check the

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View of Washet & Cathedral.

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further approach of the shipping, whose slender masts and swelling canvas seemed mixed "the woods among."

Higher still, above tide-end, bridges of curious form rendered facility of intercourse to that exemplary and useful portion of our community, the Society of Friends—the soul and centre of the Waterford trade; and should they leave Clonmel, that business town, a bill might then be well stuck up, "*A toon to let*," as the bra' Scotchman said of LONDON, if his countrymen should leave it!

Rattling through Clonmel left little time for making notes; but prevailing on our post-boy to vacate his saddle for the driving-box—in which I joined him—I succeeded in drawing forth, as we moved along, more than one tale connected with the wild locality upon which we soon entered.

Expressing my admiration of the Cathedral Rock now seen in front, the ready, "Well, your honour," of my new companion, made me all attention. "Well, your honour," said he, "it's maybe you never heer'd the ra-al truth about that same Rock of Cashel, that we're looking at forenenst us?"

"There was an Irish joyant, in the ra-al ould auncient times, one Fin-ma-Cool; a prence or king he was, afar away there in the county Clare; a wise and great man too, be all accounts, and when he died (Lord rest his sowl) the people, by his biddin', tuck him to the highest mountain-top, and berrid him: so that when his sperit left them, only lookin' up, they might remember all he towl'd them, and be ever minded of his coorse in life, for pattern.*

"It so happened in his lifetime—at laist the story's towl'd—that the divel" (and my Jehu blessed himself) "made bowld to venthur in upon his paiceable dominions; so the joyant,

* Note at end of Chapter.

'quiet' as a lamb when let alone, ris in earnest out agin him. Then the battle and the blows, 'tis said, was terrible, ontill the divel, hard-pressed (the Lord be betune us and harm!) was obleeged to show his wings, and fly across the Shannon; but Fin-ma-Cool detarmined still to folly him up, and not having wings to cross the river, heaved rock on rock into the flowin' wather, ontill he made a foord for himself, where the bridge is now, at Killileu, that wasn't then; and it's plain to see the wathers stopp'd to this very day, for twenty miles above it!

"Well, the joyant came at him all so suddent, that in spite of himself, he had to keep to the wings in airnest (for if he would, you know, he'd never like to be so noticeable), at all ivints, not darin' to rest himself agin; he was so jaded when he kem to Barnan Mountain, that, though he done his best, be sure, he couldn't rise right over it, and so, in very madness, he tuk the bit you now see out of it, and thinking to dhrop it on the joyant, who druv him off and folly'd him so bowldly up, he let it go at Cashel, and it was the Lord that saved the joyant and the town; but the king of Munster, that was then a Cormack, and a ra-al ould Irish king, I'm towl'd, detarmined (with the Bishop's help to bless it) to build the Grand Cathedral on the Rock we all see there, that the divel nor his people might never again come next or nigh it; and there it has remained till now, and maybe his honour in the *inside* might wish to take a look at it."

NOTE. From Montgomery's "Native Poetry of Ireland," page 25. M'Glashen, Dublin, 1846:—"A.D. 254. The reign of CORMAC ULFADA, or, as he is variously termed by different writers, Mac-Art and O'Con (that is, Son of Art and grandson of Con), forms, perhaps, the most brilliant period in our pagan annals. *This royal sage*, who ascended

the throne as supreme monarch of Ireland, about the middle of the third century, *was possessed of every princely quality that could give lustre to the crown.* The nobility of the man eclipsed the dignity of the monarch. Losing the sight of one eye, he became incapacitated from holding the reins of government; he, therefore, vacated the throne, and, like Charles V., in later time, spent the remainder of his life in philosophic retirement. . . . Cormac's own writings, &c. . . . leave a lustre round his age, which has been heightened by the contemporary renown of FIN MA-CUMBAL, or MA-COOL (the Fingal of Macpherson), who has figured as a sort of hero demi-god, in the legends of subsequent times. The names of Finn and his son Oisín, or OSSIAN, are intimately connected with the subject of Irish poetry. . . . Finn was instrumental in founding the colony of Scoti, in Argyleshire, . . . from which Scottish historians themselves acknowledge was derived the royal line of the Stuarts. (See Sir W. Scott's "History of Scotland," vol. i., ch. ii., &c.)

JAMES THE FIRST, in a speech which he made at Whitehall in 1613, said, that "there was a double reason why he should be careful of the welfare of that people, (the Irish,)—first as King of England, and also as King of Scotland; for the ancient Kings of Scotland were descended of the Kings of Ireland."—COX'S HIBERN. ANGLICAN, in MONTGOMERY'S POETRY OF IRELAND.

There is every reason to believe that FIN-MA-COOL was really buried on the summit of Slieve-Gullion. The fact, if it is so, and if not, the traditionary desire that it should have been so, affords a strong adhesion to Oriental customs. Amongst other corroborating circumstances it is recorded, that the Kings of Persia were buried on a high hill outside Persepolis, for reasons very similar to those given by our amusing Irish charioteer.

CHAPTER II.

MULLIGAN OF MEALIFFE—MUNSTER FESTIVALS—MARRIAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

As advised by our charioteer at Cashel, we took a glance—I regret it was necessarily so hasty—at the venerable buildings on the Rock, of which a general view is given.

✓ The founding of these noble structures, by Cormac O'Con, or Ulfada, supreme monarch of Ireland, dates so far back as the third century.

These splendid memorials of so early an age are still in such a state of preservation, as to well repay a visit; but their architecture and their ornament have been so minutely described by others more capable of doing them justice, that I have the less reason to regret my inability, at the time, to take more particular notice of them. I shall only observe here that, some years since, the well-known antiquarian, Dr. Petrie, presented to the Royal Irish Academy an elaborately-finished ancient crosier, discovered not very long before amongst the ruins on the "Rock," and of which the doctor has given a very interesting description; showing that, even at that early date, the Irish had arrived at a very high degree of art in the manufacture of metals; the

crozier being of copper, superbly gilt, exquisitely worked, and adorned with precious stones.*

As the carriage with fresh horses awaited us, and our journey was to close with the dusk, reluctantly we left this interesting locality, and parted with our loquacious driver, who had made himself so entertaining.

Although late in autumn, the afternoon being fine, and my appetite for information and for anecdote unabated, I had begged that long reins should be provided for our new conductor; still it may be right to observe, that in permitting him to dispense with his saddle and to drive from the box, we gained but little in the way of safety; for, although the Irish postboy, *as postilion*, conducts his horses and carriage with singular adroitness, certainty, and safety, he is not so sure in the more dignified position of a coachman; and therefore, except in a case where a wayside tale may be gathered, he had better be left to drive in the customary way.

While my friend in the inside of the chariot was now occupied with his meditations, my skill was exercised in drawing on my outside friend, the driver, and in learning his propensities.

Ere long I ascertained, that, as my recent box-companion had dealt in the wonderful and superstitious, this apparently good-humoured fellow, however full of fun, had evidently the pugnacious tendency so common to the Irish character.

Our chat, which commenced in a series of short questions and ready replies, not destitute of pungency and wit, led

* See "The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," and Description in full in the Appendix.

very rapidly to graphic descriptions of faction-fights and the fighters, in which, or amongst whom, this now quiet and respectful man had often, I have no doubt, found his most pleasing *recreations*.

"Oh sir," said he, in a sort of moralising or philosophical tone, "they (the factions) are nothing now to what they *war*; they're not so *bitther* to each other.

"It's not a month ago, since three Caravats met a Shनावest, and he making a short cut, as he thought, unknownst to them. 'Paddy, ma-boughal,' says one of the Caravats, 'here's a Mulligan from Mealiffe, and we'll malavogue *him*, at any rate.'

"'Hush, you gommelah,' said one of his comrades, 'let him come on aisy; but sure, with the three of us at him at wanst, the divarsion wouldn't hould a minnuit. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll keep in the shelthur here, till he comes to the fore, all unsuspectin' us; and we'll draw three thraneens,* while we're waiting, to see which of us 'ill join him for awhile; and then, you'll see, we'll have a purty practice, and somethin' like fair play.'

"No sooner said than done; the iday plaised them all; and Felix Flanagan stepped across to meet and to befriend his inimy, who had just made up his mind for a murderin'; but Flanagan bawled out, 'Mulligan, my boy, come on. You're in our power, you see; but we'll not do the dirty thing, and the three of us fall on you, as we might; no, no, that id be no divarshun in life; but one of us 'll go over to you, for a start, and sure, if you're a man at all, at the worst, you'll get but the half of a baitin', and with *that*

* *Traneen*, Cobbett's Bonnet-grass.

you may go your road, and be thankful you met Felix O'Flanagan, any way.'

"Then at it they went, round after round, and many a hard hit, though guarded well, put Mulligan about from his posishun, though he chiefly minded to defend himself; and as Felix O'Flanagan, who was a top-hand, your honour, at 'skying a cudgel,' as we call it, was entirely for showing off his skill in that way, he was not very long until a shout from all of them proclaimed the victory; for up in the air the cudgel wint, laiving its houlder perfectly definceless and at the mercy of O'Flanagan, who, glad that he had shown both friends and inimy what he could do, cried 'Paice!' and so for the time they all shook hands, and took to opposite directions. So you see, sir, ould bickerings may yet be dhropped, and Caravats and Shanavests become a friendly people."

With my whole heart I hoped so; while, with other tales of flood and field, this genuine Hibernian beguiled the way, until we drew up before the hall door of one of the fine old mansions of the country, at that time undergoing renovation.

My talented travelling friend being now pressed for time to reach the capital, while our Tipperary entertainers pressed equally that I should stay with them, it ended in my being left to enjoy the Munster festival of All-Hallowed Eve, and the anticipated fun and frolic at an approaching country wedding.

With various rides and walks to places of much interest, we occupied the time until Holy Eve, as the feast of Allhallows is called by the Irish, and one of their Munster festivals.

Great preparation was made for this festivity, particularly in the lower regions. The whole under part of that large house, in which I was then domiciled, being beautifully groined and vaulted, and a considerable portion opening out "*en suite*," it was selected for the supper and the noisier sports, while the hall above was left for dancing.

It would be needless to describe the enjoyment with which the liberal fare, which covered extensive tables, was consumed; this pleasant occupation commenced the *Eve's* amusement. But the punch! such a quantity of this was calculated to be required, that it was prepared in tubs holding some ten or twenty gallons each!! And I know that the *croupier*, who merely mixed it, felt its potency much more than he desired. Many more, no doubt, had felt its powers after the solidities had been attended to; when the sports began, by sundry smiling, open countenances displaying rows of ivory teeth, with which in vain they tried to snap the dessert of apples from the ends of suspended and revolving cross-sticks, on the other ends of which were lighted candles.

Many of the lads essayed to seize, in a similar way, on apples, as they floated freely in large tubs of water. But the "trencher-walking," which amused large groups, pleased me the most. It is performed by moving on *all fours* to a certain distance—say ten yards—then lifting in the lips an apple or a half-crown, and retiring backwards in a similar way to the starting point, without either turning round or falling; the hands being provided with, or rather raised upon, two wooden trenchers, about the size of supper-plates, held firmly by the edges, the other edges being

put to the ground, to serve as paws, or fore-feet, to walk upon.

Stilted up to such a disadvantage, only the steady hand and head, and sinewy, active frame, could prove victorious : but the efforts of the ambitious after fruit, or fame, or fortune, led to tumble after tumble, and to peal on peal of laughter.

Many other tricks were played, and songs and jokes and stories alternated with those performances. But one trick, more serious than the rest, had nearly led to fatal consequences ; and it afforded a memorable lesson, that it is wrong and irreverent to make any matters of religious or spiritual character subjects of amusement or of practical joking.

Various plates of fire, salt, water, sugar, vinegar, and earth were to be provided by lot, or forfeit, with the view of telling fortunes. In this case, a "lot"—to bring some earth from a churchyard, and from the newest grave—had fallen upon a rattling, fine young fellow, by trade a mason. Unknown to any one, he took his hammer with him to the desolate old church ruin and burial-ground of Inish, about a half-mile distant. The all but total darkness of the night was rendered just a darkness visible, as flitting clouds passed off or intervened ; while the sombre, ivy-covered ruin appeared to overhang the lonely, wide-spread, silvery-looking ford just by with more than usual solemnity.

The newest grave at last was reached, and the required earth was lifted, though not without a horror of the act ; when out of the ground or from the ruins a voice sepulchral cried, "That earth belongs to *my* grave !" The earth flung

down, another and another trial was made, but still the earth was claimed; until the spoliator tradesman, ashamed to return without his errand, and brave the laugh which he knew would meet him were he to return empty-handed, resolved to do or die! He therefore seized some earth, and sprung away, regardless of the cry which, echoing through the dreary walls, had almost paralysed him; when, from a fetid, long-abandoned vault, a whitish figure of enormous height rushed forth to stop him! The mason, nearly mad with terror, impulsively let fly his hammer at the figure; and by a desperate effort reached the laughter-ringing hall, in which some smiling and some anxious faces then awaited him; where, throwing down the earth, he sank delirious, and for many days and weeks was not himself again. It seems that, in anticipation of such messenger being sent, the younger brother of our host, in order to increase the fun, had slyly slipped away with a sheet, and broom to raise it on; and concealing himself at first in the overshadowing ivy, and afterward in the vault alluded to, was only too successful in his object—the terrifying of the poor young mason, whose hammer had nearly rendered him what he essayed to be.*

* From Warrington's "Wales." See also Roberts's "Popular Antiquities of Wales:"—*All-Hallowed Eve*. The general object of the entertainment on this eve, besides the promotion of mirth, appears to have been to learn the fate of individuals in the following year, and chiefly as to marriages and life and death, by the omens or apparitions of this eventful night; a circumstance which, as I have before suggested, tends to prove that the first of November was once reckoned to be the solstice or beginning of the New Year. One of the customs on this night is to go and sow hemp-seed in a churchyard. This is begun at a little before twelve at night. The person who sows it goes round

In a very few days it was "Haste to the Wedding;" but we were expected only to join the supper-party at the wealthy farmer's house (whose daughter was married that morning), and who was a tenant of our host's, residing in the wildest and most hilly part of that country.

A few minutes in the well-appointed dog-cart, with a mounted equerry behind us, brought us to the avenue-gate, not far from which there stood the celebrated "Rag Inn," the half-way thatched post-house between Nenagh and Cashel, not unlike that well-known stage of Berry's, at Black Church, at the ten-mile stone from Dublin, on the Naas Road, but with a little more of the Munster dirt, neglect, and plenty about it.

However, all things seemed rough and ready, and a good deal of business doing, though but a lone house, and just the place where any carriage conveying an opponent's "voters" towards Clonmel might have a wheel broken by a handspike,—a ready and effectual way at that time of stopping free election; and although it did not put even one spoke in their own wheel, it took many a one from that of the enemy; while the waiting and the wants of all kept plenty of call to the Rag! *

With accounts of such exploits, and of the consequent confusion,—all prime fun to Paddy,—the way, which might

the church repeating these words, "Hemp I sow; let him (or her) that comes after me mow." As the church-clock strikes the last stroke of twelve, the sower looks back, and of course never fails to see either a coffin or the future partner in wedlock. Dangerous hysterics, in consequence of being terrified by imaginary horrors on these occasions, have terminated fatally.

* For an explanation of the Rag Inn Riots, see chap. iv.

have been as dreary as it was tortuous and troublesome, passed over like a sylvan scene, in true felicity.

Warmly we were welcomed in the farmer's "bawn," or court before his house. The place had all the appearance of plenty and of comfort, with a marvellous cleanliness for a Munster farmstead; but what a crowd! They must have cleared the beds away as superfluities; for, though all was full below, the upper floor seemed destined for the flower of the entertainment. Nor were the young folk idle: every room below had its music and its dancers; moneens, reels, and jigs came off in all variety, and occasionally a hornpipe, that made the floors tremble.

Paddy's plea, I once heard urged to excuse his delicate dancing—"the tendtherness of the boards"—not here concerning him, I know we soon went up aloft; no doubt the seats "reserved" were there; and after sundry familiar introductions, and as friendly congratulations,—some talk about the weather and the war, corn-crops and christenings,—supper was announced as being ready; and oh! for the pen that wrote "Ballyporeen" to record the plenty that that table laboured under!

I could see a magnificent round of beef at the head, but the foot was too far removed to know more of it, than that something large and roasted duly did the honours; from end to end between these truly fine positions, a double rank of prime relays formed the lines of occupation.

Geese and turkeys, ducks and fowl, with rabbits and rashers, hares, hams, and bacon, were the principal ingredients; while down the middle ran, in pleasant chequer with the last, pies, puddings, and dumplings, custards, cheese,

and cauliflowers, potatoes in every way, and fruits of every kind.

By ingenuity, a place was stolen here and there for large mould candles, and still larger brazen candlesticks; nor were the sides neglected, for the walls rejoiced in many good contrivances; so that there was really light and air in every place.

I may well say, in the words of the song I have alluded to, that—

“ They sat down to meat, Father Murphy said grace;
Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face.”

But I shall not say, that—

“ They elbowed and jostled, and walloped away,”—

their manners were far above that; but the bridegroom stood up, and “ he made an oration, and he charmed them all with his kind botheration.”

I am not aware that the bride was called on to say anything, but if she was,

“ The few words she let fall,
She spoke them so low, that she bother'd them all.”

We had some excellent singing of ballads and ditties, chiefly by the gentlemen, and some truly original songs to Irish airs, which I regretted it was not then in my power to preserve.

Dancing being resumed, and kept up with amazing spirit,—at which, indeed, we had to take our turn, the modest courtesy of the ladies being irresistible,—we thought of leaving; and, as wayside *mistakes* in Tipperary might happen, even to those most popular, we had all brought pistols for our

return ; but lo ! except those still retained by those who did not dance, the poppers had all popped off with themselves : they were nowhere to be found !

The pleasant landlord, however, settled the thing at once, by promising a fortnight's stay with his rich tenant, with his whole party, and perhaps some more he might invite, to enjoy the plenty which he saw around him, unless the pistols were returned.

We therefore took the thing good-humouredly ; and what the influence was, it is hard to tell, but back the firearms came, ere long, to where they had been placed—but carefully the primings had been all extracted ! (“ caps ” had not then come in). We soon set all to rights, and with regrets from the good tenants for the circumstance, and leaving our best wishes for the young folk, we rolled away again most cheerily for home.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIR—THE FACTION-FIGHT—PHOILAPHESOOM.

OUR mountain marriage and Munster festival put us into November, and, as we had arranged towards the end of the month to go to the fair of the neighbouring small town, the day having arrived, "To horse" was the word. The well-appointed establishment of our host quickly turned us out a joyous set of cavaliers. A canter by a shorter avenue brought us to the public road.

Our first episode *en route* was the ford of Rathmoy. Our post-boy, Mort, who had got the fair-day for a holiday, had here anticipated us on his jennet; and as Irish "boys," as well as men, are famed for gallantry, he could do no less, boy as he was, than take his favourite lassie, as youthful as himself, to enjoy the fair. But true love never did run smooth, and Miss Jenny—I mean the jennet—finding the labour pretty considerable of wading half-a-yard deep, and carrying *two*, on return, with all their fairings and finery,—under *pretext* of drinking the limpid stream—for a pretext and a roguery it was—got down her head, and, although iced water is not pleasant for a *siesta*, down she lay, in spite of whacks, thumps, and shouts, that made the hills and valleys ring again. It was pitiable, no doubt, but perfectly ludicrous. And then to see Jenny, when so cleared of her company, shaking herself like a great Newfoundland dog,

making everything worse around her, was a trial to the best of tempers. But youth, and smiles from those we love, can mitigate the chills we meet, and

“Sure a pair were never seen so form’d to meet by Nature;”

for, sad figures as they were, the sunshine burst through the more than cloud that enveloped them, and their laughter was quite as loud as that of those who so *drily* surrounded them.

I could wish that the truth did not compel me to admit, that, before the day closed, there were feelings shocked, and tearful eyes, the result of a factious enmity, that, like the serpent’s poison, secretly spreads itself, blasting and withering every wholesome branch of industry.

We were very greatly entertained, riding slowly into the fair of Borrisoleigh,—our faces being nearly level with the first-floor windows of the half-cabins, half-shops, that lined the suburbs of that little town,—to see the couples so *seriously* footing it above stairs, giving their minds to it, like Goldsmith’s

“Dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down.”

And, no doubt, they did their best *above*, while the sales of all things were going on at a rapid and profitable rate *below*.

Winter as it was, the windows were wide open; and it appeared badly wanted, for it occurred to us that the Irish dance (the jig, or moneen) requiring so little room must have been a *consequence* of the smallness generally of the accommodation, and the numbers ready to avail themselves of it, preferring almost to dance on one spot, like humming-

tops, opposite each other, to not dancing at all; exemplifying the old saying, that "where there's a will there's a way."

At other places, where breaks occurred in the line of cabins or houses, but partly jutting into the street, tents were fixed by means of very long wattles, or elastic sticks, bent into ribs, which I suppose Sir Joseph Paxton would say they took from his Crystal Palace, but they saw the light much earlier; and, indeed, a good deal of light, and air too, got through the rather indifferent canvas that covered them. The philosophers say that there's no such thing as happiness under the sun; but under the canvas here, tattered as it was to look upon, Paradise seemed to have been re-established; while all without made it look as if Noah was about to furnish the ark with quadrupeds and bipeds, as pigs, pullets, and ponies, cows, calves, and even calicoes, were all pitched, as it were, together,—and the vociferations of the various proprietors, in Irish and English, made a very Babel about us.

Too much reliance seemed to be placed on the *discretion* of the surrounding animals,—it was, "Cow, cow, consider!" But certainly *one* poor hungry cow, or horse, did *not* consider; for in the justifiable endeavour to satisfy the cravings of nature with the rope, or rather "uggawn," that secured the main stretcher of one side of an angular or house-fashioned tent (for there was this pleasing variety), the nag, or cow, munched away most pleasingly, while tables within groaned with food, and hungry herds and shepherds were strengthening the inner man,—when down came the stretcher, stretching with it the whole line of feasters, garnishing their calves' heads, not with the brains that

perhaps some of them wanted, but with carrots, turnips, and the *best* of potatoes,—the sad ruin and rebellion of that luckless root not having then been heard of.

The rush to learn the matter, and the anticipation that it was, at least, a “row” (which Irishmen delight in), made the confusion worse confounded; and, as boys and men, and even women, forced themselves between us, aye, and under our horses’ very girths, we felt ourselves almost lifted and shoved about, in a manner extremely laughable and exciting.

All ended, however, in good humour, and I must say, as far as we saw, in good honesty. In the confusion many might have decamped and left the poor, now unprotected speculator in canvas and refreshments minus, not only what they had got, but more that they might have taken; but really, to their credit be it said, when the great laugh was over, Paddy did for once look serious, and every one seemed to lend a hand to restore order. The impulse seemed to be that

“Not a man should leave his can,
Till he paid the honest score.”

We had scarcely got away from contemplating this curious scene, or, indeed, had hardly *room* to get away, when another excitement caused all that were disengaged (and many that had quite enough to do) to push their way to a distant part of the fair.

Some of the “Shanavests” had got in where the “Caravats” were strongest, and no doubt under considerable excitement. A natural consequence with Tipperary boys was, that a clearance should be made. Of course the others

resisted, and then the "Alpines" flew, but it is a fortunate circumstance that such places are in general so crowded with combatants, that they impede one another; for no flails ever fell faster, or with more of the fervour of industry, than did those cudgels rattle towards the devoted heads of the men of waistcoat-pride. I say towards, for few indeed reached their destination—the skull of some poor fellow from a distant townland, who had ventured into this Caravat district, to sell his pig, perhaps—to some dealer from Clonmel or Waterford, indifferent to all.

Up to this, the Shanavests had kept well together, and though obliged to give way from the weight of the other party, they had covered their retreat with their best men, and with excellent skill.

It was thought by the peacemakers, of whom, to do justice to them, there were a good many, that the Shanavests would have been got out comparatively unharmed; and this so raised the ire of the well-resisted Caravats, that, seeing in their anger one unfortunate wight hopelessly detached from their main body, a storm of ashen plants threatened his devoted sconce, when he fled for shelter to a nigh-hand shop; and so anxious were the Caravat men to head him, that the window was altogether carried in, and the half-penny cord-lines that a few moments before had stretched from wall to wall across the window, with everything in the way of vestings that a Shanavest could want, and varieties of neckties ("neat Barcelonas") that no Caravat need turn away from, went in to the unfortunate proprietor, disappearing in a second, like Basil Hall's butterfly gear in the Pacific.

But the poor fellow being thus headed, and his hoped-for citadel stormed by those whisky-mad bacchanals, only saved his life, it might be, by one of those sad accidents which were too common in those days, when the violent passions of sanguine and pugnacious people were not only excited by a senseless indulgence in strong drink, but uncontrolled by either sufficient police or education.

A well-known peacemaker, a most respectable and powerful man, seeing the imminent danger of a fellow-man, rushed up to seize *vi et armis*, from behind, the most determined and most excited of the attackers, as he was aiming a mortal blow. He did intercept the blow, but it was with his temple; the *athlete* before him, in winding his weapon to give it the more deadly effect, met the head of the man of peace in the most vital part, and he fell, never to rise again!

He was fruitlessly carried to the village apothecary's by his friends; but, in a few moments, a pin might be taken up where he had fallen, so completely did the rival parties disappear; and although it was accidental, for the manslaughter and riot, the authorities issued their warrant against more than forty of those most distinctly identified, including very many of our happy companions at the "Mountain Marriage" and the "Munster Festival."

Such was the semi-savage state then of that fine country, of which it has been, and is, my desire to keep the sunshiny side out as much as possible.*

* To prove that Tipperary boys are still the same under excitement, uneducated and uncontrolled, I subjoin a graphic sketch at the antipodes, from *Fraser's Magazine* of February last, 1859:—"Hearing

Being disgusted and shocked, we got away from the fair sooner than we intended, and short as the days were (the fair of Borris-i-leigh is held on November 27th), it being a

that the 'diggers' were doing well at Maryboro', I went there and found myself in the midst of wars and rumours of wars. The *émeute* was on this wise. Some Tipperary men made themselves generally obnoxious by 'jumping claims.' This process is conducted as follows: When a 'claim' is supposed to be a good one, a party of 'jumpers' take the opportunity of the owner's absence to occupy it. On his return, they assert it to be their hole, and maintain the robbery *vi et armis*. Of course, when a large number coalesce, and have but one, two, or three men, as the case may be, to contend with, they carry things their own way. However, in several cases, those who had been dispossessed showed fight, and several bloody encounters were the result. This sort of thing could not long continue.

"As the 'Tips,' as they were called, turned their hand against every man, they soon found every man's hand against them.

"But the Irishmen were too fond of a row to succumb quietly. They united to the number of a thousand. A large body of diggers declared war against them; there were several fights, though no loss of life occurred.

"The Commissioners and the police interfered, and took some Tipperary men, who were proved to have been breaking the law, into custody. They were aided in their capture by the 'United Diggers,' who marched up to the camp, in number two thousand, armed with guns, pistols, swords, knives, and whatever weapons they could find. The men of each nation carried their respective flags, and the American eagle and the English union jack were in friendly union with the tricolour of France, the Prussian eagle, the thistle of Scotland, and several others.

"The scene in the court-house was curious in the extreme; the two thousand drew up outside round the tent, while the prisoners were led in. One of the chiefs of the 'United Diggers' marched in with his hat on, and a drawn sword over his shoulders, to see fair play; however, he sheathed the obnoxious weapon on a mild remonstrance from the police magistrate. The authorities behaved admirably; they showed that they would deal out impartial justice to all parties.

"The Irish committee consisted of Tipperary men, presided over by

bright afternoon, and the moon near the full, our ever-cheerful host proposed lengthening our ride home, so as, if possible, to get a glance at the celebrated Phoilaphesoom, or Prison of the Waters, in all its natural and now acquired, though transient, crystalline grandeur.

The change, to the isolation, the comparative loneliness, of our little equestrian party, was a great relief, after the sad scene we had unintentionally witnessed. We could scarcely have chosen a better day for a contemplation of the beauties of nature. Every turn in that winding road developed a fresh attraction. Here was the "Devil's Bit" mountain, with all its "old crone's" stories and romance about it. Barnane at its base, with its woods, its burns, and its brakes, while occasionally the majestic "Keeper" mountain, towering like a cone, its 2,000 feet towards the skies, got directly before us.

We were, for a rare exception, all in silent admiration, and had nearly reached the valley or glen of the Clodiagh (river), when our ears were charmed by the performance of a herd-boy, who, to beguile his loneliness, had, like the modern

the son of a well-known nobleman. The court did not, however, recognise 'jumping'; the acts of the offenders were condemned, and the guilty punished. This, every one thought, would put an end to the row, but it was not so.

"The 'Tips' assembled in great force, apparently determined to carry everything by a *coup de main*. They marched at least a thousand strong about the diggings; the opposite party showed an equally bold front, and came up with the enemy at the Alma. A fight, or rather battle, would have ensued, but for the timely arrival of several commissioners with some of the principal storekeepers.

"One 'Tip' left the ranks, and fired his musket at the approaching body. He was immediately shot dead. This bloody example struck terror into the Irish, who walked off, and soon after dispersed."

Picco, made himself master of his little flute, causing the echoes to sigh again with his performance of *the Coulin*. It is impossible to listen to that air, at any time, without being affected, but in the mood in which we were, it soothed our wounded feelings, and, at least, convinced us that *all* were not savages we had fallen amongst. We soon got near the lad, who, seeing our heads turned towards him, modestly put up his shepherd's pipe; but our host, being in some measure known to him, induced him to reproduce it. But he could not be got to repeat *the Coulin*; that, it appeared, was for solitude and contemplation: and that the reader may, as far as possible, share in the feeling, I subjoin Carroll Malone's touching lines on

THE COULIN.*

- "The last time she look'd on the face of her dear,
She breath'd not a sigh, and she shed not a tear;
But she took up his harp, and she kiss'd his cold cheek,
'Tis the first and the last for thy Norah to seek.
- "For beauty and bravery Cathan was known,
And the long flowing Coulin he wore in Tyrone;
And the sweetest of singers and harpers was he,
All over the north, from the Bann to the sea.
- "O'er the marshes of Dublin he often would rove,
To the glens of O'Toole, where he met with his love;
And at parting they pledged that, next Midsummer-day,
He would come for the last time and bear her away.
- "The king had forbidden the men of O'Neal
With the Coulin adorn'd to come o'er the pale;
But Norah was Irish, and said in her pride,
'If he wear not his Coulin, I'll ne'er be his bride.'

* The Coulin was long flowing hair, which was forbidden to be worn by a law passed at an English Parliament, held in Dublin, A.D. 1295.

"The bride has grown pale as the robe that she wears,
For the summer is come and no bridegroom appears;
And she hearkens and gazes, when all are at rest,
For the sound of his harp, and the sheen of his vest.

"Her palfrey is pillion'd, and she is gone forth
On the long rugged road that leads down to the north.
Where Eblana's strong castle frowns darkly and drear,
Is the head of her Cathan upraised on a spear.

"The lords of the castle had murder'd him there,
And all for the wearing that poor lock of hair;
For the word she had spoken in mirth or in pride,
Her lover, *too* fond and *too* faithful, had died.

"'Twas then that she look'd in the face of her dear,
She breath'd not a sigh, and she dropp'd not a tear;
She took up his harp, and she kiss'd his cold cheek,
'Farewell! 'tis the first for thy Norah to seek.'

"And afterwards, oft would the wilderness ring,
As at night, in sad strains, to that harp she would sing.
Her heart-breaking tones—we remember them well;
But the words of her wailing no mortal can tell."

No more of the Coulin could *we* have from our wild minstrel; so one of our party, lighter-hearted than the rest (and quick as bad news flies, the boy had heard nothing of the sad castastrophe), induced the lad to play a favourite and then unfortunately a party tune, when the glen resounded to one of the most thrilling and brilliantly wild airs that had ever been listened to. We had heard it, to a certainty, played, I might say *murdered*, and danced too, at the rural ball, as the Caravat jig; but he played it as a quick march, and I do not think it has been exceeded by even the most brilliant of the exciting Scottish tunes; and it is well known that our own immortal Carolin composed many of their airs, and they were conveyed to Scotland by his brother, who was also a good musician, and then

engrafted on their national music. With a view, in some measure, to rescue this spirited march from the oblivion I fear it had almost fallen into, I have endeavoured to present, below, the notes, as simply played or sung, and without bass or accompaniment, to which I have subjoined words somewhat appropriate.

THE CELTIC MARCH.

Ancient Irish Quick Step.



PRESS HOME ON THE NORSEMEN.

On, boys! on, boys! forward we go
 To conquer the foes of the Emerald Isle;
 Tramp we, tramp we, down on the foe,
 And then to our home, with a cheer and a smile.
 But some, it is true, may be sadly laid low,
 Our duty demands it, then let us be gone;
 Our country will care for our want or our woe,
 With spear, bow, and minstrel, let's fearlessly on.
 CHORUS.—On, boys; on, boys! forward we go, &c.

The "Sunburst" is raised, never raised yet in vain;
 To conquer we go, or to gloriously die;
 A cloud may hang over our island, 'tis plain,
 But its gloom, with our foes, will assuredly fly.
 Then charge to the breastknot, the bow and the spear,
 PRESS HOME ON THE NORSEMAN, his banner and shield;
 Strike home for our country, and all we hold dear,
 Drive the Danes to the ocean, drive them from the field.
 CHORUS.—On, boys! on, boys! forward we go, &c.

Our own Moore and Sir John Stephenson have *created* from this march the beautiful melody which begins—

“And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I’ve been wandering away?”

* * * * *

The air certainly had its effect upon *us*; and, after liberally rewarding the minstrel, jauntily we descended our zigzag road or path, down which our nags with difficulty picked their steps, when we suddenly opened on a panoramic scene that, as neither brush nor pencil with any liberality of sketch or colour could embrace it, I must endeavour to give an idea of.

At the foot of the path or bridle-road we found ourselves upon a level turf or sward, apparently formed by nature for a bowling or cricket ground, of great length, and in places perhaps one hundred yards in breadth; then, as we looked up to the apparent source of the rushing winter torrent that rolled, and plunged, and leaped along its rocky course to our right, we were flanked to our left with an impassable barrier or cliff, some hundred feet in height, and rugged in the extreme, as if giants had been “piling Pelion upon Ossa,” out of which, and off of every shelf, hung ivy and every other parasitic plant, while the roots and shoots of oak, birch, holly, woodbine, hazel, &c., so sheltered, seemed to struggle for the triumph of luxuriance. And where these could not hang midway on the brow precipitous, Nature had veiled her rocky face with lichens, ferns, autumnal weeds, or flowers, vividly pink or palest green or yellow, grandly contrasting with the cavernous shades and massive clusterings of the many-berried ivy.

Beyond, above, below, the cliff was everywhere stupendous, its beauties only varying ; and, independent of the grandeur of the scene, what produced the greatest or PRISON effect was, that the entrance of the torrent that had scooped this Druid's dell, as well as its means of exit, were totally unobservable ; while, from the height (almost a waterfall) at which the cataract entered, it seemed as if the slightest accident to, or failure of, its rocky confines would have covered the plain many yards in depth, and have swept us away without a hope of retreat or safety.

We approached this torrent-head, or tumbling rapid, as near as the icy coldness of the spray allowed us, and it was curiously beautiful to observe the thousand forms, and shapes, and colours the interrupted, struggling water took : deepest amber, when rolled in solid masses ; white (with rage), when foaming to get forward amidst countless interruptions ; and then again, as dark in depths profound, Charybdis-like, while eddying round, as sucked into some cavernous outlet.

Over all there hung a gauze of silken, silvery beauty ; the ever-falling spray, or rising mist, at times so thin as not to be perceptible, the frost detained and rendered clearly palpable. Thus crystal upon crystal fell, and every resting-place, and spot, and nook upheld a glassy fountain to which all human effort was but sameness, so various were the bright fantastic forms ;—the brilliant, frosty sun illuming all, and causing countless rainbows !

We wheeled for home our horses, but so completely did the cliffs overlap the exit and the entrance that, with all its charms, it seemed a place for "plots and stratagems ;"

hundreds might parade on that fine "inch," or flat, quite unobserved, and the ball-firing of target-practice no more be heard than pop-gun shooting amidst the roar of mighty, pent-up waters.

It is to be hoped this lovely glen, if ever it was so desecrated, may never again become the theatre for such rebellious exercises, but that, planted, cared for, and the environs cultivated, it may afford to residents a pleasure, and to tourists a prospect, not often exceeded, even in the Emerald Isle.

Although, for convenience of arrangement, I have placed the ride to Phoilaphesoom directly from the fair of Borrison-leigh, our enjoyment of its scenery may have been a few days later, and from a somewhat different direction.

CHAPTER IV.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE A GREAT DISTINCTION—AN ARRIVAL —RUSSIAN MOUNTAINS—RURAL BALL.

I HAD sent to a first-rate Dublin weekly paper an early bar anecdote, in the introduction to which it so happened that "the three Mr. Wiggenses," as they were not only called but caricatured at that day (Lord Llandaff, General Matthew, and Mr. Frank Matthew), being introduced, the compositor, in placing it before the public, marred so much of my spicy tale by calling the honourable gentlemen not "THE THREE MR. WIGGENSES," but "*the three Mr. Hig-genses!*"

Spirit of Montague Matthew! could you be brought from the grave to hear yourself called a Higgins, I would like it, if only to record your reply.

The man that disdained being called a Montague, as much as if he himself had been a Capulet, and corrected the error before the assembled wisdom of the nation in terms never to be forgotten!

A member, on seeing the gallant General take his place, charged him, through the Speaker, with having uttered some expressions that were not parliamentary; the fact being, that the offensive words had been used by a Mr. Matthew Montague, who had subsequently retired from the House; and the absent member who now spoke, whose feelings had been hurt by a report of what had been said,

not knowing personally either party, got into the confusion of names I have mentioned, as so offensive to the General's pride and prestige. He, therefore, drew himself up to his full height, no doubt that the assailing M.P. and the House might see and appreciate the difference; for, like Ulysses entering the lists, every muscle swelled with practical and physical power.

"Mr. Speaker," said the General, "I wish the honourable member and the House to understand, that there is as much difference between Matthew Montague and Montague Matthew as there is between a horse-chesnut and a chesnut horse."

But Higgins, as a good Irish name, I would not disparage, either. Many read the well-known lines in the "Haunch of Venison" in that sense which is clearly wrong—

"There is Higgins, my countryman, let him alone
For making a blunder or *picking a bone*."

Speaking from memory, "picking a bone" is an Italian or Sicilian saying, which means the unravelling of a difficulty; and our gifted countryman, Goldsmith, no doubt picked it up

"Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po."

We say, "I'll give him a bone to pick," something that may puzzle or give trouble to him; therefore, Goldsmith meant a sly compliment to his friend, as well as a play upon the words; as much as to say, if he got into a difficulty, he had talent to get out of it; and not to put him down as a mere bungling glutton. Indeed, travellers in Sicily have

stated that new-married couples are expressly debarred from joining in the marriage feast; but the bridegroom is presented with a large bone, accompanied by words expressing that "you are to take that and pick it; for, by-and-by, you'll find that you have got something more to do, or a greater difficulty to overcome."

I am satisfied that there are many passages in our Irish racy songs and sayings that, if looked into, possess more wit than is at first seen, even by an Irishman. Thus, in the song of "The Sprig of Shillelah"—

"He comes out, meets his friend, and for *love* knocks him down,"—

"love" here meaning, as in a ball-alley—*nothing*!

I had almost forgotten the gallant General, with whom I had once the happiness of being domiciled at a friend's house. In truth, I may say it was long, long ago, just when the great snow of 1813-14 covered the country, in many places up to and over the roofs of houses. The General had been expected to come to help to make a second Christmas, and to open the new year, by the friend and relative of his with whom I was staying, in the wildest part of Tipperary, and who, it is but just to say, was a true Irish gentleman in every sense of the word.

Time was up, and a splendid fat bullock had been slaughtered, it being the good country habit at that time, and particularly at that season, to be independent of butchers and of messengers to large towns for supplies. -

Time was up, as I have said, but neither horse nor vehicle could be used on the roads, from the great depth of the snow, and there was not a hope or an expectation of an arrival;

when next morning, as we sat down to breakfast, near the ample sunny window of the reception-room, we were hailed through the frosty glass, *en passant*, by the redoubtable General Montague Matthew, M.P., *in propria persona*. He had walked from Thomas Town, his brother's (Lord Llandaff's) demesne, near Golden, a distance of seventeen English miles, through the snow, to keep his engagement, proving himself to be just the sort of man to engage, or to surprise, an enemy; and my friend, though not so engaged, was equally *surprised* as an enemy would have been, but infinitely more *delighted*.

In a few minutes, the gallant pedestrian, all smiles and sunshine, had taken his place amongst us;—dry socks and slippers had banished all trace and all thought of the troublesome tramp, in the enjoyment of the society of his happy, cheerful, and valued friends.

"I'm so glad we have a steak for you, General, as you made so good a race this morning," said our host.

"Oh, you're inclined to flatter," said the soldier; "but to *me*, you know, it was only *a walk over*."

Wit and humour sparkled now from every side; the steaks were shared without contention, and the cup that cheers, but not inebriates, contributed its balmy fragrance.

"What shall we do?" said the gallant member; "the people cannot do anything, and we must find some way of amusing them, and of shaking the snow from their big coats."

Different ideas were started, but the project that met most favour was to establish on the snowy slope of some adjacent hill a right lofty Russian mountain.

Our host, educated in the north of France, had brought

the fancy with him from that country, and the General quite coincided with him.

Accordingly, breakfast over, away we set, to start the fittings. Stewards and handy men were not long in knocking large staples into both ends of thick-planks (three-inch boards), as they came from the timber-yard.

In these staples short ropes, or bridles, were attached, and towards the middle of the planks battens were nailed, to stay the feet upon; proceeding then to a fine and lofty knoll, which rose out of the rich pasture of the lawn, the planks being drawn a few times up the slope to the intended starting-place, a regular "way" was formed for launching on the wide, wide world.

The rattling young scions of "*the big house*"—brothers of our juvenile host—bravely showed the example, by sailing, it might be called, quite in a captivating manner, not only from the top to the bottom of the hill, but almost as far again along the easier slope at foot of it,—together, some three hundred yards or more.

Occupation there was now for all; for even those who would not, and the women-kind who could not, avail themselves of the carriages or sleighs so liberally provided, had all enough to do of actual sport, or in anticipation, by dragging the sleighs again up to the starting-post, by the short ropes attached to them.

As frosts and snows will come again, it may be well to dwell a moment on the mounting of the sleighs, and manner best for using them. The *performer*—for it is a feat—fixing his feet quite firmly against the central battens, which must be provided and secured, about a yard asunder, athwart the

middle of the plank, holds firmly by the ropes from either end, and so is braced and *balanced* for the excursion.

Seeing those who knew the thing come off so well, at every flight the air resounding with the cheers of the bystanders and the *busy* around them, success gave confidence ; and Paddy's blood being up with running to and fro, while others hauled the sleighs right up the slippery surface, volunteers were not long wanted to try the transient passage ; and now, in truth, the fun began. Six were entered for the "Maiden Plate"—rough colts, to be sure, but eager for the contest, and to enjoy a prime collation which all winners were to have at the close of that day's "*running*," or, to speak more properly, day's *sleighing*.

There was no false start, and, elegantly grouped, away they went—but such a group of bolters ! To keep the course they found impossible, and to fly askew ensured a fall ; so, head over heels they tumbled, one on the other ; and only for the *honour* of the thing, and to conform to the rules that obliged *some one* to win, I scarcely think we could have started them again ; for of all that eager group that left so confident, not one had reached the distance !

However, we assured and soothed good-humoured Paddy, and, by example, taught him, taking sundry and successful runs between the heats ; until, at last, we got another lot, with reins in hand and feet on stirrups, including *some* of the *experienced*, "panting for the start." So *off* they went again, 'midst deafening shouts ; and *off* no doubt it was, for the more they struggled to stay *on*, the funnier they fell off ; and those who had attained a decent speed were taken along upon their sides in the most ludicrous and helpless manner, in

spite of every exertion to disengage themselves; while the peals of laughter, and the noise and gay confusion, with the boys and youth all flying to return the "*horses*" to the starting post, rendered the sight a mimic Donnybrook or Greenwich in their palmiest and purest days!

After countless falls, and scenes that really fatigued us laughing, the winners were declared and *chaired*; and to his honour I now say it, not only were they brought up to the "*Coort*," to there refresh and recreate, but with them, all those who had fairly aided in, or entered on, such fast and furious sport.

The noble hall of the mansion being cleared, and snow not being dirt, the qualifying falls did not disqualify the lads for *tripping* it in another fashion, at which they were much more *au fait*.

To be sure, they made the boards resound to "Jig Polthogue" and "Ryan's Rant," and other rattling tunes; and then as pretty reels of four and eight (persons) as ever I saw, even in Kerry, a long time after, were danced by the farmers' daughters and the *élite* of the swains that waited on them.

After a time, some of us were enabled to join them, *con amore*, having the advantage of good and pretty partners; not being able to resist so trying a temptation when they courtesied so modestly before us, as the custom there has been, and is, beyond all recollection.

Soon after this, the sleighing of the morning telling with the dancing of the evening, our guests inclined for home, and though *sans* ladies then, we did adjourn to the library and tea, to hear our host's fine reading and remarks on the "Rejected Addresses," and such works of that day as

were the wonder and amusement of the fashionable and literary world.

Next morning, while at breakfast, there was an inquiry for the "*Giniral*," as the Irish pronounce it; for, no doubt, his name and fame went far. This was a lad to thank "his honour" for having procured a bit of presentment for him so long before as the last summer assizes; the time "he lost" at which, as he said, had "*made him up entirely*." So the General received his thanks and "gratulations" on being amongst them all again, and looking well, for he was justly popular.

Returning to us, his face beaming with smiles, he produced a note, not very aristocratic, from his pocket-book, which the youth in question had transmitted to him, as a grand juror, which he had preserved, not as a curiosity of literature, but for the *want* of it.

The gallant General then read the rare production, for our edification, with all that genuine humour he commanded. It ran in words about as follows:—"May it playze yur honnur, I've a bit of a *Prisintmint in*. It is for thay Ray-phair iv the brige iv My-a-liv, ni the turn yur honnur nose, whur Misthur Philup Phogorty was up-sit. Be the same token I isn't a masin, but iv a garran uv a hors, an a gud gorsoon, an thay'd dhraw fur me the half-crown aloud, be the jury, evry day, sure inuf, while I'd be gother in the motarals, an stuardin mysilf an thim. The jobb ill make me up; an I no yur honnur il be standin bi me; FOR, PLAIZE YUR HONNUR, I'M THE LAD THAT BRUK ALL BAGWELL'S CABAGES AT THE RAGG."

Of course, honour bright, as he stood to the General at the

Rag Inn riots, at the General's election, so the General stood to him, and got him the presentment; first, however, reading the epistle aloud for the entertainment of his fellow-jurors, who passed the *much-wanted job* amidst peals of genuine laughter.

While the General went to fortify against the snow (for we had planned a ramble on foot or horseback as far as practicable in the vicinity), another requisition awaited him in the hall, where we had been so merry the previous evening. This was not less than a deputation of a dozen of the nearest tenants' sons and daughters, and others of the establishment, looking for the ten good "franks" they knew to be at the disposal daily of "a Parly-ment man."

Our gay young host bade the parties leave their letters on the table, and to call back in an hour for them; and not wishing to have the General delayed, as he himself was waiting, and the Matthew family always were particular about dress, as soon as the witnesses were reduced to one of his brothers and myself, he proceeded deliberately to frank the half-score letters!

Exuberant as his spirits were, I did not think he would imitate the General's signature; but he had a higher quarry in view—to humbug the post-office authorities.

When he had fairly, and to his own satisfaction, accomplished well the work, the General advanced to take the pen, when our host, as if he had been himself a member, said, "Oh, General, you needn't mind, I've saved you all the trouble; come along." Much as the General loved his relative, he could *hardly* reconcile so free a use and repetition of his good name, and he was looking somewhat serious,

when a smile illumined his countenance, on seeing that his friend had written neatly enough on every letter, as the law required, the town and date in full, and the direction of the parties ; but on the left-hand lowest corner, he had written, in a dashing kind of gridiron hand, all up and down, and scarcely legible, the talismanic words, "*Tis free, I hope.*"

No remonstrance would be listened to, although the General would have written the directions all again. "The General should not bother himself about them ;" and as he laughed and pushed the gallant soldier fairly out of doors, we dashed at the fixture for the day. But every letter, as far as we could learn, reached its destination without giving further cost or trouble to any of the parties.

The roads had been just somewhat cleared of snow in the deepest drifts, from sheer necessity and the wants of the inhabitants ; but in the majority of cases a thoroughfare had been established, high and dry, right up on top of the snow.

If the General's good-humoured countenance had had, even for a moment, a transient cloud of disappointment upon it, from his gay cous. having cozened him for a day out of his parliamentary prerogative, on our way to the stables to get all mounted as best we might, our host took care to bring the wonted brightness out again, by telling us, in his own happy manner, the General's prompt rejoinder on the hustings at Clonmel, when interrupted in his speech with news that a large mob of Bagwellites were coming down, and possibly to dispossess them. "Don't call them a mob, my lads," said the General, to the crowd of supporters around him ; "they are only an army of raw recruits ; and I trust,

from your steadiness and attachment to me, that should they come down, you'll give them a warm reception, even if led by Marshal *Sacks*,* with the *flour* of Tipperary at his back!"

* It is scarcely necessary to say that Marshal Saxe was the great general of the day, and that Mr. Bagwell, the great flour miller, was General Matthew's opponent at the election of Members of Parliament for the county of Tipperary.

In taking a farewell of Tipperary for the present, some may think I have pressed too hard on the "fine peasantry" of that country, in alluding to their, too often, intemperate habits; but before quoting the charge of MR. SERJEANT HOWLEY, the able Chairman of Quarter Sessions for that county, in corroboration of what I have conscientiously expressed, I would draw a distinction between the habit of drinking strong drinks as practised in the North and in the South of Ireland.

In the North, the well-to-do, industrious man, who with his family 'labours' his few, reluctant acres, to the admiration of all beholders, rarely drinks, at one time, so as to be either dangerously excited or incapable of attending to his business; but his love of strong drink is not the less, and he is the oftener at it, not only from his better ability to pay, but from the too frequent opportunities of indulging in the vice so questionably afforded. Thus, there is scarcely any transaction, or even casual meeting or parting with an acquaintance, that is not graced, or rather disgraced, by mutual calls of "What will you drink?" before anything has been eaten, or the slightest occasion has arisen to require refreshment.

In the South of Ireland it is different; Paddy there drinks by starts. To say, "long fair, long foul," would be perhaps saying too much; for, in truth, the drinking or, rather, drunken fit of the Southern seldom lasts long, but the *breeze* is the stronger, for whenever the opportunity arises, the storm too often follows. Thus the business of the fair or market, or the message of the employer, too often ends in helpless or in riotous drunkenness at the time when, of all other moments of life, the natural and clear-seeing intelligence of these fine people should be, by themselves, preserved.

MR. SERJEANT HOWLEY, at the Michaelmas Quarter Sessions, November, 1859, now scarcely concluded, is reported to have expressed himself, to the Grand Jury of the South Riding of Tipperary, nearly as follows, in allusion to the increase of *violent assault* cases:—"I do not

refer them to anything like the existence of those old feuds that once disgraced the county. Most of those cases appear to be the result of a sudden rising-up of parties, having merely disagreed among themselves, and then having recourse to violent means for revenging themselves upon the persons who they thought had offended them.

"Gentlemen, I am bound to say those cases would not, I think, have arisen, had it not been for the influence which *drinking to excess* always exercises.

"Intemperance appears to me to be the lamentable cause of the greater number of cases of violation against the law at present, so far, at least, as regards offences against the person.

"The truth is, Gentlemen, there is no security for the lives of those persons, when they rise up one against the other, while their heads, dispositions, and character, are actually deprived of reason, *through intoxication and from drinking to excess.*"—*Report in "Times," Oct. 21, 1859.*

CHAPTER V.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROAD.

AT the close of the last chapter, my time in the country was up ; but to cross it, for any long distance, save on foot, had been impracticable. However, a considerable period had elapsed since the great fall of snow, and the brilliant frosty sun that shone out every day, with the unavoidable exertions of the people to open the leading thoroughfares, made it just possible, well mounted, to reach the Limerick line of coach-road, by a ride of twenty miles, through Templemore, and many more romantic places. Therefore, before we retired to rest, as I was to leave very early, with an almost heavy heart, though bound for a home I loved, I took my last farewell.

A sound sleep, a hearty breakfast, and the elasticity of youth, somewhat raised my spirits ; and being mounted on the faithful and favourite cob that had carried me so often my ears being attracted by many a quaint legend from the honest fellow who rode with my wardrobe pillioned behind him, and who always came up to mention whatever he thought would be interesting to me, the road was passed quickly over.

The " Devil's Bit," or rather where the *bit* was that he dropped at Cashel, we passed right under ; the story, and its connection with Fin-ma-Cool, lost nothing by my attendant's

telling; and the feats and escapes from bogs, briars, and poteen-stills, which he recited *con amore*, with a contemplation of the scenery in its new and varied aspects, pleasingly beguiled the time until we entered Borris-in-Ossory. But, shade of Stephenson! judge of my surprise on being told that the Limerick coach, which was to convey me forward, dined and slept at the next town, but six miles on! Angry as I was, on being told that the *coach* dined and slept, I wished it a good appetite, and that its sleep might be refreshing; but it was a habit, by no means unpoetical, to put the coach for the passengers. Milton, in alluding to the hand-stick of the gentleman who is supposed to have taken the hurried bite out of the mountain we had just passed, describes it as fit

"To be the mast
Of some high admiral."

As I had several hours to stop at Borris-in-Ossory, although the roadside inn—for indeed there was a road at every side of it—appeared like a wedge placed at the end of the street to divide the north wind equally between the two great southern roads that ran close by (it was a temple of Eolus), still industry predominated, and I bethought of looking back on notes of roads I had already passed over in Limerick and the vicinity, and which I had been compelled to exclude from Chapter I.

It was evening when we had entered Limerick, and the long and rather dreary street that led up from the Dublin road, through the business quarter, brought us near to the fine old cathedral, the music from the bells of which, remind-

ing us of the glorious anthems of the metropolitan choirs, made us think, as Denis Florence Macarthy has since so beautifully written, that it is

“Not idle, the time-hallowed custom, to turn for a moment away
From the pleasures and pains of existence, from the trouble and
turmoil of day,
From the tumult, within and without, to the peace that abideth on
high,
When the deep solemn sound from the belfry comes down like a
voice from the sky.” ✓

My heart did vibrate to the silvery-sounding peal, the story in connection with which is so pretty, and so feelingly and gracefully told by D. F. Macarthy, that I gladly refer to the volume where so elegant a poem may be found.*

The bells are supposed to have been brought from the city of Florence, where the church in which they hung was

. . . “levelled and laid in the dust, and the sweet-sounding bells
they were torn
From their downfall’n beams, and away by the red hand of sacrilege
borne.”

The “bell-founder,” a Florentine, forlorn, and his children slain, is related to have wandered, the rest of his life, in search of the bells, until accidentally “a bark bound for Erin lay waiting, which he entered like one in a dream.” After a prosperous voyage, on an evening that Florence might envy, he is wafted up the Shannon, and hearing once more the wondrously melodious peal which he had created, welling out their solemn, soothing, too familiar sounds

* “The Bell Founder,” and other Poems, by D. F. Macarthy, M.R.I.A. Bogue, Fleet Street, London, 1857.

along the water, as the vessel came to an anchor, his joy overcomes him—

. . . “he smiles—his eye closes; the breath from his white lips hath fled. The father has gone to his children—the old Campanero is dead!”

Desiring to linger a little near a spot so interesting, we reversed our route a little, and were driven slowly through the old town, by the castle-barracks, well worth glancing at, to the Thomond Bridge, which then indeed, and up to 1838, stood with all the glory of its many arches, its great antiquity, and the never-to-be-forgotten treaty-stone at the Clare end of it; but although the bridge disappeared some twenty years ago, to make way for a newer structure, long since erected, the old bridge is still made to exist, as an object of interest in the pages of the flying tourists of the day, who honour the Emerald Isle by a hasty, often an approving, notice.

The drive up Rutland-street and George's-street, extending nearly a mile, might well strike a stranger with surprise, and strongly contrasted with the “Irish” town we had just visited. Rutland-street forms the link between the old town and the New town Perry, or rather Parish of St. Michael's; it is a good, wide, well-built business street, like Westmoreland-street in Dublin, or Fleet-street here, near Temple-bar, with a less crowded intercourse. But George's-street is, or rather was on my earlier visits, exclusively aristocratic, of a great length, and above seventy feet in breadth, ending in a double crescent, but the houses presenting almost too much uniformity. The footways are very spacious, of the finest dressing, and on which the finest dresses are paraded; for this George's-street is, as it

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*Rapids on the Saginaw
at Castle Cornet near Lenoir.*

James H. R. R. R.

well deserves to be, the healthful promenade of the far-famed and not too flattered lovely Limerick lasses.

Whether it is the balminess of the air, or the healthiness of the saline breeze that comes up with every tide, or the un-anxious dispositions they inherit, but *there* is the freshness of the rose, combined with the delicacy of the peach, and often a dignity and grace that nowhere else is exceeded.

Some have declared that, like the water of Cashmir, alluded to in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," there is a charm in that of Limerick, although it certainly does not, in general, agree with strangers so well as it does with

"The bright creatures that drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams ;"*
Whose speaking eyes a power possess,
Bestowed on Nature's loveliness,
Of telling what no words express ;
For heart, and soul, and feeling rise,
And shed a brightness from those eyes.

An early start and a breakfast at Castleconnel enabled us to take a glance at that interesting place, then so fashionable, from the excellent medicinal qualities of its Spa. The most striking feature was, however, the rapids of the Shannon, of which the view annexed affords an excellent idea ; but *my* idea was more practical. There is a fall of fully ninety feet, of the largest river in the British Isles, close to a crowded population of some 70,000 or 80,000 people, and I really believe it does not turn even a grist mill !

The river widens higher up, at Killaloe and Athlone, into lakes of miles in breadth, and together some fifty

* Lallah Rookh.

miles in length, on which steamers ply, forming mill-ponds that even a Canadian might feel proud of. There is surely some vital error in the law of tenure that compels such thousands of horse-power to run idly down a cataract, while parties debarred of its use, by the difficulties I have alluded to, have, since this chapter was first written, erected vastly expensive steam-mills, almost within the sound of this gigantic natural moving-power which still roars for employment !

The Limerick side of the Shannon, which we travelled on to Castleconnel, is by far the prettiest, from the numerous demesnes that skirt the road, and the pleasing undulations of the ground, particularly at Annacotty Bridge, adjoining the Earl of Clare's noble park and grounds. The road passes, at one place celebrated for the Limerick races, through a ridge of trap-rock, that, overlying the limestone, we traced some eighteen miles from Linfield (near where the Pallas-green Station has been since placed), and where the columnar formation is visible from the road down quite to the Shannon. At Nicker, accidental quarrying discovered a valuable limestone bed, overlaid by about twenty feet in thickness of the trap. The columnar formation may be again seen at Cahirconlish, on by Ballyseedy, and so, quite close to Limerick, to Carrig-o-Gunniel,* where we were told that it was Oliver Cromwell who blew up the

* Carrig-o-gunniel, the Rock of the Candle. In the olden time, for the shallow craft used then, it might have been a good place for a beacon ; but not being in a position for a fair way light for the deep channel, it has lost its value as a pharos, and has gone back to the darkness of the earlier ages.

grand old castle which commanded the river, using so much more powder than was really necessary, that a dozen stone steps of a fine old staircase, and the tower that enclosed them, stood upon the ground adjacent, bottom upwards! I am here compelled, from the form I have limited myself to, to leave out many "Recollections of the Road," in connection with that interesting country; Adare, which we next visited, claiming all my space.

We were soon on the "antique bridge" of Adare, from which point of view the first impression has been truthfully described by a neighbouring writer of great ability:—

"How calmly bright, how venerably grand,
Through clustering trees, yon towers and steeples stand,
Reporting well what splendour once hath been,
Proud denizen of each time-hallow'd scene."

✓

Adare, we found, had its peculiar beauties; although the absence of contiguous mountain precludes the possibility of there being any very wild grandeur about it. There is added to considerable variety of ground, and a navigable river which falls into the Shannon, very many well-wooded heights, with ancient oaks and noble glades at foot of them, where possibly even the Druids sacrificed. With such a combination, those scenes are very pleasing; but in addition there is an almost lavish exuberance of the early Christian structures alluded to in the little poem from which I have quoted, mixing, in the most picturesque manner, with, and springing out of, the oaken groves so thick around.

A splendid ash tree stood in the midst of a regularly

cloistered ruin; the tree was the growth of perhaps a century, and it had formed a natural canopy, where the

✓
 "Light, through the summer foliage stealing,
 Shed down a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As made the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere."

Much gratified to find these sacred edifices so well preserved, we ascended one of the swelling knolls in the demesne, the limited prospect being its only defect; when Knockferinha (the Fairy Hill), almost a mountain, a few miles to the southward, now pale blue with the evening mist, and o'ertopping the woods, its varied outline gilded with the setting sun, then in our full view, formed a graceful, almost a glorious, finish to the horizon of so rich a landscape.

On our first visit we had not the good fortune to be *ciceroned* by the late noble earl; but by our guide

Rich stories were told
 Of "the monks of old ;"
 How the salmon, unless it was gammon,
 Rang a bell, when first caught,
 To the pot to be brought,
 And there to be crimped with kale-canon !

Some years after, we had the pleasure of observing a rare revival of art in that sequestered vale. The manor-house was being rebuilt, and the ornamental carving in wood and stone, which is elaborate and beautifully adapted from the antique, was all executing, under his lordship's

direction and teaching, by the intelligent peasantry around, realizing the words of the Avon bard—

“Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.”*

On that revisit, I regretted to observe that the ash tree “which bowered o’er” the cloister had been condemned to die of inanition.

It might be, that too nice a care of, or too strong a love for, the fine tracery prompted the late earl to destroy the tree; for around its stem, about breast-high, the outer and the inner bark, all to the solid wood, had been carefully removed in a regular ring, a quarter of a yard in breadth. I believe it was an act of stern justice to the Arches—only equalled by the Warden of Galway’s execution of his son—few would have administered.

As, however, I must get from this sacred path into the more common recollections of the road, I shall conclude with a few observations from the pen of an accomplished writer on a similar locality, near Kendal, in Cumberland; merely stating that the Foynes Railway passes through, and has a station at Adare. “The locomotive engine announces to us that the days of monasticism are over. We can only hope that such energy as the human mind spent in” Adare, “may never be devoted to a more injurious end; and the sternest condemner of asceticism, when he reprobates the erection of such buildings, must confess that these remains of ecclesiastical architecture impart an additional charm to the quiet and picturesque scenery amidst which they are generally found; while the sage and the moralist

* Love’s Labour’s Lost.—*Act i. sc. 1.*

can point to the crumbling ruin as the truth-telling monument of the instability and evanescent nature of the noblest and best of man's handiworks."

When the Limerick day-coach did arrive at Borris-in-Ossory, I found I was consigned to the care of a jolly agricultural captain, to be the fellow-traveller with his young friend, a lad somewhat of my own age; so that youth again smoothed down our difficulties. At Mountrath the dinner, the rest, the breakfast, all were good and moderate; and although we might be said to "take the world easy," we certainly felt nothing of the fatigue of travel in subsequent times complained of.

Next day we finished our journey with daylight, although only February; and while entering the capital by its excellent circular road, I was pointed out the spot where, but a few weeks before, the turn at Kilmainham had caused the death of Wm. Clinton, one of Ireland's most accomplished coachmen. The turn being low outside, the weakness of a spring, or too much top-loading, caused the coach to topple over; and, although the passengers received but trifling hurts, Clinton's thigh was broken, and after a few days in hospital he was no more!

I am horrified, on turning to my pages of "Recollections of the Road," to find at least a dozen of the most accomplished artists of the day at handling the "ribbons," though far from being Ribbon-men, all pushing for a notice in the remainder of this chapter—Clinton, Ring, Pat Kelly, Spence, the Donohoe, and MacNamara of the lovely voice; Big O'Brian, The Hogan's Dobbins, Denny Leafy, Dandy Johnson of the Rakes of Mallow, and the reckless Pat

McLaughlin of the silver whip! My only hope must be that if, like Hylas (introduced by Moore in his pleasing melody),

"I have rambled over meadow and mount,
And neglected my task for the flowers on the way,"

the humble "bouquet" I collected at Castleconnel, Limerick, and Adare may be graciously accepted. I shall, therefore, in the few recollections this chapter will admit of, confine myself to one road, that about a year after my return from Tipperary I first became acquainted with. It *was* on the west side of the county of Wicklow. I say *was*, advisedly; because, in truth, but little of that romantic drive now exists; but the precincts can be reached by a fine new road, not likely to be ever rendered useless by the railways.

The county of Wicklow has acknowledged charms, but the charm of that locality, in the way of coaching, was "Denny Ring," from the Belfast road. He had been well made and hardened by the opposition on the northern line, where many a time a struggle ran, from the "Old Wellington Inn," two miles down hill, to take the narrow Newry draw-bridge.

We may certainly look back and "hollo, now that we are out of the wood," and smile at the loss of time there was in coaching, even with all the dangerous speed of opposition.

One hundred miles was the full measure of a long laborious day; but, then, how often was the drive an entertainment. The "box-seat" brought an extra price; and it was often doubtful whether the wit that sparkled, or the whip's "point," was the most insidious.

Going out the Tallaght-road from Dublin, ascending by the Saggard Glen, the back is turned to that fine prospect described in Chapter VI.—a panorama rarely equalled, while the then naked poverty of the hill-sides, all the way to Brittas Common, was such as to induce a prejudiced and puppyish Cockney passenger to remark to Ring, as he sat beside him, and with a disparaging sneer, that things in Ireland were so overrated. Of Wicklow scenery he had heard so much; where was it? And, then, the richness of the Irish land appeared to him a fable. And so he bothered Ring, who had enough to do to work his horses up the rise before his breakfast.

“What *can* be worse, you Coachee, than this wretched land about us? What is it *good* for, you’ll oblige me if you’ll say?”

“Sir,” said the wit, with a curl of his whip across the wheelers, that brought the haft to point to his neighbour, —“sir,” said he, “it is like some of ourselves, precious *good* —for nothing;” it being, in fact, an open common.

The road to Blessington and Baltinglass, at that time, crossed the foot instead of the head of Saggard Glen by a narrow little bridge of at least four arches, which may be now seen from the new road above, buried in the vale below. At that place it was usual for the passengers to alight and walk, it being as much as the team could do to take the coach and luggage up the hill from the bridge, even at a walking pace; but, on a brilliant morning, while this tedious operation was being performed, a crowd of “hurlers,” from the neighbouring Kildare precincts, appeared to near our line; the fact being, they were

chosen men coming to play a match against their Wicklow friends, on some adjoining neutral ground. They were all smartly dressed in "shorts," with hose and pumps, but only in their shirts, above their waists, round which, as a distinction and a brace, a coloured handkerchief was neatly tied. Jack Smith, the guard—for then that coach was honoured with a "threepenny mail" to Blessington—by birth a Scotchman, had a terror of the Irish; and seeing so wild a looking gathering approach his charge, he sprang up on the coach, called to the passengers to do the same, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Denny! Denny! gollop! gollop! Od zooks! here's the whitefeet! here's the whitefeet! and they'll coot us off! Gollop! gollop! mun!"

We all laughed heartily, while Sandy, still no way assured, took his blunderbuss from the arm-case, to be ready for the worst; nor did his countenance lose the anxious look until we raised a cheer for lively Paddy, which was answered by the jolly burlers with a shout that made the glen resound.

The steep descent to "Horse-pass" Bridge, the ruins of which may be seen near Poulaphooca, went first quite straight at the Liffy river, then turned abruptly along the unfenced bank, and then again turned over the very narrow bridge, giving thus, as a facetious friend observed, the model of the handle of a grindstone.

Just commencing this terrific pass the slipper-drag jumped from under the wheel, the pole snapped off, from the sudden strain upon it; but still the matchless Denny Ring was no way disconcerted; the full command he kept, by rushing his horses down the precipitous road; but he was not just the fool to try and make the turn at the foot of the hill, as long as any better thing was possible.

He therefore forced his team at a thorn-tree of enormous size, the ornament of that wild spot for centuries, when the leaders naturally dividing to either side of it, the coach was "bush'd," or, as "Nimrod" might put it, "*bull-finch'd*" completely, while the yielding of the many branches, like the buffers of the train in these days, relieved the shock immensely; and thus, beyond a scratch, a few disabled straps, and the broken pole, no harm was done.

In his utmost distress Ring did not forget his passengers, being conscious that attempts were about being made to jump from the coach, and some saying, "They *would* do it." Denny shouted with a voice of thunder, "Don't! for I'll not save a soul that leaves the coach!" And in consequence, in another minute, they were to be seen, as an observer said, flying unhurt from the bush like blackbirds and thrushes on St. Stephen's-day.

That dreadful hill and bridge was superseded by a Gothic arch, which, with much skill, danger, and even death to one of those engaged, was placed across the very singular chasm and cascade called Poulaphoooca, or the Pit of the Demon, through and over which the Liffy—often here a fearful torrent—rushes its mountain waters.

The span from rock to rock is more than sixty feet, the height the same; and the springing of the arch being kept at least a hundred feet above the surface of the falling water, which foams and roars immediately below, the view *down-stream* is certainly the grandest, or most frightful, particularly from the outside of a public coach, when passing over. This circumstance gave rise to the following verified anecdote :—



Passing famed Poulaphoooca on top of a coach,
The cascade terrific amazed we approach ;
Looking this way and that were two rustics in wonder,
While the torrent below sent aloft its loud thunder.
To one, looking up-stream, the motion fear heighten'd ;
"Look a' this way," said t' other, "you'll be twice betther
frighten'd !"

CHAPTER VI.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

WHAT brilliant recollections flash upon the mind at the very sound of that name! In very reverence for the talent that it represented, before I proceed to my more *familiar* anecdotes, I may be permitted to apply the lines of a clever writer, to realise some of the *great* qualities of so eminent a man.

“ While through life’s maze he sent a piercing view,
His mind expansive to the object grew,
With various stores of erudition fraught ;
The lively image, the deep-searching thought,
Slept in repose ;—but, when the moment press’d,
The bright ideas stood at once confess’d ;
Instant his genius sped its vigorous rays,
And o’er the ‘ wond’ring ’ world diffused a blaze :
As, womb’d with fire, the cloud electric flies,
And calmly o’er the horizon seems to rise ;
Touch’d by the ‘ wit-like flash,’ the lightning flows,
And all the expanse with rich effulgence glows.”

As efforts have been made to induce me to fictionize my facts, I may be permitted to copy from the novelists, and, as I proceed, to establish my position, at least in all the soberness of its reality. Travelling by the road I have recently described, I was now domiciled some fifty miles from the Irish metropolis, where the oratory of a Plunkett, a Bushe, a Doherty, or a Sheil, still brightened the legal

horizon, and the brilliancy of CURREN had not passed away. The frequent opportunities of getting transported thither, and my early connection with the capital, led not only to an association of ideas relative to it, but to the recital of incidents, and very often to the acquirement of anecdotes of people and places—there or thereabout.

My host was one of the old school, and, to do him no more than justice, one of the “Llandaff pattern;” the three Matthews (Lord Llandaff, General Matthew, M.P., mentioned in the fourth chapter, and Mr. Frank Matthew) being then the finest men of their time—full in muscle, yet not clumsy—from their manly symmetry of shape, which they took care to display in the pantaloons and Hessian boots of that day, which no ill-made man could indulge in; tall, almost to an inconvenience, yet with a grace peculiar to the Irish finished gentleman; and they were not only handsome, but were gifted with such a profusion of fine flowing hair (which they wore “*à la Stuart*”), as to be caricatured under the title of *the three Mr. Wigginses!*

Such was my host in all but the *hair*; he preferred the old queue, or tail, to his well-set-on, and well-adjusted, powdered, and pomatumed head.

He had been a keen sportsman, as far as a professional calling and his attention to it in the metropolis permitted him to be; rode well, looked well on the pig-skin (as Nimrod would say), and was well-mounted; but, as I had often the great pleasure of being in his society, and as he fills, with an Irish exuberance of wit and humour, many a niche in my “journal notes,” for the present I shall merely fancy myself in his quaint old parlour, and my fine old host,

who delighted in telling an anecdote or story, sitting before me, his bright hazel eye severe enough, when impassioned, for a Coriolanus or a Brutus, yet, like the gazelle's, filling almost to softness at anything pathetic, or becoming tremulously jocund when beaming with wit and humour.

Racy stories and repartees he encouraged, as he loved. Whether his attentive ear gathered up all he heard, or his playful countenance and original wit and eloquence charmed those around him, it is enough to say, though prudent to a degree, he was the popular member of many clubs, convivial as well as musical, and at times a favoured companion of the celebrated lawyer, the subject of our chapter, who was subsequently Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and of whom he told me the following laughable sporting anecdote:—

His friend Curran said to him one afternoon, when in his happiest mood, that he was most desirous of having a day with some sporting citizens of a high class, who patronised that famous old half-squire, half-huntsman, Kelly, of Mount Pelion, a few miles at the south side of Dublin; and who, in return, gave a good breakfast, and generally a good day's sport with his magnificent harriers.

The friends rode out to the meet in excellent time; and breakfast being over, my old host informed Kelly that Mr. Curran was most anxious to see a live hare, but that he was rather in doubt that any one could discover her in her form.

Kelly at once said he expected a "soho," and at the fitting time would show the gentleman puss before he would

put her up ; but, alas ! it is not for man to find eyes for others, or to show them things they will not see.

The assembled groups rode on in all the joyousness inspired by lively wit and the mountain breeze of a sunny spring's morning, aided by a contemplation of the matchless panorama which that elevated position affords.

The whole southern suburb of the city, with its multitudinous crowd of densely wooded and beautiful demesne residences, appeared spread out at their very feet ; while to the left or westward, the eye ranged from the belfried steeples of the many churches, to the distant grounds of Leixlip, Straffan, Castletown, and Celbridge.

Eastward, the glorious sun illumining the waters of "The Bay," in vivid brightness outstood Howth's rugged hill, its satellites of Ireland's Eye and Lambay far beyond, Dalkey almost in the foreground ; while in the extremest distance, towards the north, rose up the towering Mourne mountains.

" Oh ! what goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into mist decays ! "

But, " Hist ! Soho ! there she squats," said Kelly, in a suppressed voice. " Steady, now, come near me, Mr. Curran," said the jovial Kelly, all anxiety, and wishing to be courteous to the stranger. " You see the white stone in the fourth trench of that fallow ? " Our lawyer did not know where to look. In the way of trenches, he knew more of that excellent Trench, the last Archbishop of Tuam—though opposed to him in political principles—than he knew of either fighting or farming trenches. " No—o—o," said

Mr. Curran, in a half-whisper. "Well, you see the large grassy tuft, and a high heavy clod near it, just beyond the stone?" "No—o—o," again. "Well," said Kelly, in an agony of but half-suppressed excitement, and every moment losing patience, "Get down off your horse, sir, if you please;" and down got the great orator, who being also a good musician, he and Kelly might now have sung "Together let us range the fields," so lovingly did they for the moment appear to glide along; Kelly, in the furor of excitement, holding one of Mr. Curran's delicate-gloved hands, and placing the other hand on his new disciple's back, not far from his neck. Thus strongly urged, the great lawyer was expected to take up *the evidence before him*; but still he saw it not. "You observe the white stone *now*, Mr. Curran?" "Well, I do." Kelly brightened. "You see, just beyond it, the big tuft?" "Yes!" said Mr. Curran. Kelly was in ecstasies. "Now, just below the big tuft and the clod, you see the hare?" "But I do *not*," said Mr. Curran. Kelly was down to zero again. "Hist! creep on a leetle more." The hare was just about to jump up, when Kelly, in his enthusiasm, losing all patience, as well as recollection of the respectability and position of his new sporting friend, cried out, "*Every bad luck to you; do you see her now?*" and with one thrust of his vigorous arm, he tumbled the lawyer on top of the hare, and the future Master of the Rolls was cross-examining poor puss, whose direct evidence, notwithstanding the violence of his attack, he was unable to break down, so away she went, while Kelly, now all conscious, jumping into his saddle, played least in sight, while he cried, at the

top of his voice, "Stole away—e! stole away—e!! stole away—e!!!"

Notwithstanding the hurry-scurry usually consequent on the springing up of a hare before a pack of hounds, our lawyer was kindly attended to, and many apologies made for Kelly's over-zeal in his occupation. "Gentlemen, I beg you'll not apologise. Were Kelly, in *another place*, so roughly to enforce his evidence, it is probable we should commit him for contempt of court; but here to 'blood me' being his legitimate end and object, and having, like Julius Cæsar when he stumbled on the shores of Britain, embraced our mother-earth, Antæus-like, I rise up, refreshed by the very roughness of my handling, and prepared to follow up the suit, or rather the pursuit, I have so unintentionally started in so *marked* a manner;" adding, as the party all got mounted and were hurrying as best they could to cross in on the hounds, something to the effect, that he could safely say that, had their sport depended on a single hare, it was within a *hare's-breath* of being ended for the day. There is a vulgar saying, but we've proved it true, that "*seeing is believing, but feeling has no fellow.*"

After an invigorating day's amusement, in which the healthful had been mixed with the intellectual, the parties grouped for home. Ere long they passed the "Yellow House" of Rathfarnham, with which so many early associations are connected; but how or where in that house, which is still to be seen, with our modern ideas of the space required, some dozen gentlemen could have dined, is a wonder. Lords Clare and Avonmore, Plunkett, Bushe, and Curran .

with "all the talents," used to locate there ; at other times, at the "Pigeon House," where the windows looked out upon the bay ; and annually there was a dinner in the capital itself.

Curran had joined a musical society, including many of these notables, a most interesting sketch of which was given by one of the party returning to town that day ; it might have been at Curran's request.

It was their annual dinner meeting, and in one of the rooms of the Royal Exchange was held "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Inclledon was expected, and there may be many living that, like the writer, remember his extraordinary power of voice and melody ; but hour after hour went—still, no Inclledon ! At last, a rumour spread that the packet in which he was to cross from England had been lost that evening—had been driven on the rocky shore beyond Dunleary, the modern Kingstown ; but inquiries had not ceased, when Inclledon, to their great joy, was presented, supported by friends. He had almost brought the news of his own shipwreck ; and mid all the horrors of that night in which so many lives were sacrificed, Inclledon, originally accustomed to the sea and a good swimmer, by the providence of God and superhuman exertion, had reached the shore. Met there by those who knew him, in order to lull the tremulous anxiety of the many who awaited him in the metropolis, he allowed himself, when dry, clothed, and comforted, to be conveyed to the Royal Exchange, where his graphic description of the storm and shipwreck welling out from his very inmost soul, still full of it, was almost too much for those who heard it.

The arranged duets, trios, and glees, were no more thought of; some soothing melodies were simply played, but their sweetness was wasted on the desert air. At last, when preparing to break up and return home, a feeling little ballad Incledon used to admire was sung in compliment to him, possibly by Joe Kelly, the greatly gifted but unfortunate brother of the composer, Michael Kelly, of the "Reminiscences;" and thus,

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours :
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

Incledon was charmed, and for the moment restored. He volunteered *one* song, describing the terrors of the sea, which he sang with an almost horrifying truthfulness, realising to the echo what he had so recently been a suffering witness of, and imploring Heaven for mercy with such a sincerity and almost seraphic sweetness of voice that, although he nearly sank, from the fresh struggle with his feelings, there was not a dry eye in the room. Truth and nature had triumphed; and had any one proposed it, those who came to laugh would have "remained to pray."

The hasty, silent grasp of the hand assured him of what words could not express; the impassioned and melodious tones had vibrated through every heart, until their thoughts went heavenward. Each sought his home and its retirement, and many, in their closets that night, breathed a fervent

prayer of thankfulness for the mercies extended to them, and to those who had so recently been rescued from destruction.

✓ "Oh, music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!"

THE AIR-BATH.

Poor Curran! probably aware of the delicacy of his constitution, was particularly desirous of availing himself of all opportunities of bracing it up; and, therefore, when he could not have a plunge or shower-bath, he substituted what Cobbett called an air-bath, when the season suited; sponging himself at the same time all over with cold water, and then scrubbing dry.

He had arrived at a friend's house in the country, with a due proportion of the dust and drudgery of the older modes of travelling, but still in ample time to dress and refresh for dinner. He was accordingly occupied in the operation I have above alluded to, and, of course, in a state of perfect nudity, when the door of his bedroom pushed gently open, just enough to admit a huge, fierce Newfoundland dog that, by the family, had been domesticated until he became a complete "major domo." Our friend Curran had only time to retreat to a far corner, and with the very insufficient screen of a towel; while the surprise of the *dog* was even greater than that of the *lawyer*; at seeing so savage an

appearance before him. Great as was his surprise, he was too faithful to evade or neglect his duty of guarding his master's house: accordingly, though fearing to attack directly, he took his position in such a direction as completely to intercept all passage by his prisoner to either the door or the bell. So there, as helpless and as straight as a clock-case, stood Curran in the corner shivering, while the good people in the drawing-room were momentarily in expectation of enjoying the far-famed wit and humour of their, even then, distinguished guest. But time went on, and the moments and the quarter hours passed: all the guests had arrived, and dinner waited; still the backwardness of the barrister barred all approach to the much-desired dinner-room.

Meantime, the barrister himself was not the less in agony of suspense from cold, and fright, and hunger; yet even the slightest effort at release or escape produced the rolling thunder of the deep, deep growl—the evident precursor of the lightning flash that promised to fasten furious fangs in the poor guest's quivering, unprotected flesh!

He had, therefore, like the shipwrecked mariner clinging to a spar, but to bide his time, till *chance* relief should come. That *chance* the "heavy moments" before removal to the dinner-room provided: a footman was despatched, from apprehension that some strange mishap detained the honoured guest; the tolling dinner-bell, to all others welcome, having remained so long unanswered. But now a tap, a word, and *Neptune* proving propitious under favour of the domestic, garments were huddled on, and peals on peals of laughter saluted the *lawyer's* recital of his story.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

I may here be permitted to relate a similar and even more laughable adventure which was caused by a canine companion to a gentleman touring it in Ireland, who, like Sir Francis Burdett, did much of it in the patriarchal way—with scrip and staff, the true way to *see* a country, and to *learn* the habits of the people.

Our pedestrian had arrived at Killarney, and being expected to dinner at the house of Lord Kenmare's highly respected agent, Mr. Galway, took care to be in time. On reaching the mansion, finding that he had half an hour to spare, he told the servants he would take a stroll in the grounds; but his fine Newfoundland dog, fancying *he* had got enough of exercise for the day, settled himself in the hall, beside his master's cloak, which was thrown on a chair-back. So far, all was well; but ere very long, Samson was roused from his slumbers by a thunder at the front door, which he answered from the artillery of his throat, as if he would have said,—

“Oh! stop that knocking,
That knocking at the door.”

But his assailants were legion, as no doubt he thought, if he thought at all, for there was little time left for reflection. A repetition of the assaults on the front door caused a door from the interior more than once to open, but it was as speedily shut again by the terrified footmen, who were glad to cover their retreat by placing the panels between their goodly calves and the infuriate canine sentinel; but the

attack in the rear was no sooner repelled, than the ire of the poor beleaguered animal was raised still higher by the apparent danger of his front; for, now, knock after knock poured their thunders through the echoing hall, as the amazed guests sat waiting in their vehicles for admission, while their servants kept playing on the knocker and the bells, music anything but agreeable to Samson.

At last a flank movement led the footmen round the outside of the house, to introduce the guests by a side-approach and a postern gate; but this clever stratagem was rendered unnecessary. Samson was relieved by the owner of the cloak joining him from the inside, and who required to make but small apology to his entertainer, the worthy host, and to the smiling *cortège* that now graced the hall.*

* I am induced to give in a note an anecdote of Mr. Galway's brother and his *friend*, so creditable to all the parties, that, even in this humble way, I would endeavour to preserve it from oblivion.

Lieut. Galway, R.N., being then on duty on the coast of Cornwall, had the honour of being attended on his marriage by a royal brother officer, afterwards King William IV. of pleasant memory, then but a midshipman, whose heart no doubt the honest luff had won. It is known he was the sailor's friend, and the bridegroom's best man on that occasion.

Years passed over, and many a year with slender means the jolly tar sufficed—so modest are the truly brave—yet never did he trouble his early shipmate.

At last the sailor prince succeeded to the throne, and the sailor's wife, with that delicate feminine tact we men can never master, reminded his Majesty of Lieut. Galway's marriage with Miss Opie, and of his Majesty's early kindness and condescension. No second application was required. The poor lieutenant, so long on shore, being ill fitted to go afloat again, was berthed, by royal command, "*the Neapolitan Consul*," where his well-known official and efficient services for four-and-twenty years led many to regret that, on his death recently, there had been neither a retirement provided, nor an after-provision made, for the families of such officers.

CURRAN AS AN ADVOCATE.

My pleasant old friend, when a citizen, had been engaged as a solicitor in an action for damages, brought by an humble individual resident in the Dublin Liberties,—a silk manufacturer, innocent in the ways of the world, although extensively engaged in trade. The particulars of the injury sought to be put upon him, or attempted to be, by a Liverpool firm he supplied, I unfortunately have no note of; but of this there can be no doubt,—the imposition he felt justified in resisting, he had no right to submit to; his case, therefore, was a strong one in the hands of Mr. Curran, who stated it with a telling effect upon the jury, supporting it by a rare oratorical display, embracing and making the most of the whole of the evidence he meant to put forth. The result, after a hard-fought day, was a verdict for heavy damages in favour of the upright Dublin manufacturer.

Next day this honest fellow, whose name was Merryman, called to return thanks, and to pay his bill of costs, as he said was his habit whenever he got into trouble in that way.

“Well, Merryman,” said his guardian solicitor, as he really was, “how did you like what we effected for you yesterday?”

“Oh, sir!” said the fortunate trader, “I never can be sufficiently thankful to *you*. I got every justice at the last; but, until I heard that little gentleman in the black gown, that you got to speak so for me yesterday, I never thought I *was* so much misused;” and the poor Merryman became a grave fellow, for he sobbed out audibly at the very recollection of Curran’s touching eloquence.

THE REIGNING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

What a change a few years will work even in a great man, a man successful beyond, probably, his most sanguine (early) expectations, and successful in spite of physical deficiencies obvious to all at first sight, but forgotten when caught or amazed by the fire of his eye or his invective, or charmed by the music of his persuasive language.

The last time I ever saw the great orator was, I think, on one of the fine spring days after the great snow of 1813-14. I should say, that confinement and the want of air and exercise during that severe and long winter had had its effect on his delicate constitution.

After months of illness, brightening up with the balminess of returning spring, he was recommended to take equestrian exercise, his weakness being such that walking was impossible. Once again in the precincts of old Trinity, of which he had been so distinguished an ornament, my respected friend of the Mount Pelion Hunt, with whom I happened to be at the moment, met Mr. Curran riding, or rather crawling along on horseback.

"Glad to see you out and mounted," said my friend; "you'll now get on, no doubt."

"Yes," said Curran, "I ought to get on; for what has been said of me is now true: I'm rising in the world" (alluding to his being mounted); "but then, my dear friend," spanning his own miserably emaciated thigh-bone, as he sat by us on the saddle, "it is like the last effort of the distressed aeronaut, by letting go the ballast!"

Ballooning was then the rage, but the allusion to the spirit ascending from the gradually-failing earthly tabernacle was very impressive, and affected us to tears.

The great mind had worn out its earthly shell, two or three years before its final release, which was at Cheltenham, the 14th of October, 1817; taking his rank amongst *The Illustrious*. "As an orator, his eloquence was impassioned and profound. . . . He was pre-eminently a man of feeling." *

* "*Lives of the Illustrious*." Vol. vi. p. 48. Partridge and Co. 1855.

CHAPTER VII.

MILITIA, YEOMANRY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

Flourish of Trumpets.

"Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's awakening ears!
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears!
And though her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound,
With valour's fervour at the sound!" *

By an opportune coincidence, the chapter of my journal-notes now requiring the pruning-hand consists altogether of memoranda of the "*movements*," and deeds by flood and field, of those troops that a country must always look to, in extremity, for the defence of her homes and hearths—her yeomanry, militia, and volunteers.

The subject is at this moment deservedly popular in this land of the free, and, were I a writer on warlike affairs, I might doubtless, with some degree of license, "travel out of the record" immediately before me.

I believe the earliest militia movement of which we have any record is that of the "*Fiana Eirean*," or Finian Militia, ✓
to aid the Britons against their *then* invaders, the Romans,
A.D. 296.

* Moore's Melologue on National Music.

✓ The celebrated Fin-ma-Cool (or Cumhal) was commander-in-chief of those famous troops, "whose exploits were such a favourite theme with the bards of the middle ages."* The circumstance I have alluded to, of the absence in England of the main body of the Fenii, or Fenians,† having been taken advantage of by Cairbre, the supreme monarch of Ireland—to unite with some of the provincial monarchs for their reduction, for he had long been jealous of the formidable power of the Fenians—the event has become authenticated, by the fine war-ode, which was addressed to Osgar, the son of Oisín (or Ossian), grandson of Fin-ma-Cool, and who, youth as he was, commanded the slender body of Fenians, who were thus treacherously attacked by a numerous army, at the sanguinary battle of Gabhra (or Gaura). The ode which begins, "Rise, might of Erin, rise!" written by Fergus (brother of Oisín), and which has survived the wreck of time, affords a fine specimen of the WAR SONGS of the ancient Irish; a very elegant translation of which, by Miss Brooke, was published in Dublin about 1816, from which I shall quote but a few lines. It was supposed to be sung or spoken on the field of battle.

Osgar, to whom it was addressed, achieved incredible but fruitless feats of heroism with his little band.

* Montgomery's *Native Poetry of Ireland*, p. 40. M'Glashen, Dublin; Orr and Co., London. 1846.

✓ † "The Irish in general were frequently called Fenians, or Phenians, from their great ancestor Phenius Farsa, or perhaps in allusion to their Phœnician descent. But the Leinster legions proudly arrogated that name entirely to themselves, and called their celebrated body, exclusively, *Fenii*, or *Fiana Eirean*."—p. 45.

" Wide around the carnage spread !
 Heavy lie the heaps of dead !
 Roll on thy rapid might,
 Thou rolling stream of prowess in the fight !
 What though Finn be distant far,
 Art thou not thyself a war ?
 Victory shall be all thy own,
 And this day's glory thine, and thine alone !
 Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame,
 So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !
 So shall thy sword supreme o'er numbers rise,
 And vanquished Tamor's * groans ascend the skies !
 Though unequal be the fight,
 Though unnumber'd be the foe,
 No thought on fear or on defeat bestow ;
 For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful might !
 Rush therefore on, amid the battle's rage,
 Where fierce contending kings engage,
 And powerless lay thy proud opponents low ! "

* * * * *

Another passage for grandeur has scarcely been exceeded.

* * * * *

" As the proud wave, on whose broad back
 The storm its burden heaves,
 Drives on the scatter'd wreck
 Its ruin leaves ;
 So let thy sweeping progress roll,
 Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong ;
 Pour, like the billow of the flood o'erwhelming might along."

Inspired by the bard, who mingled in the storm of
 battle, the monarch Cairbre fell beneath his arm, while
 Osgar himself was overwhelmed by numbers and slain !
 And thus, this small and then unsupported division of our

* TAMOR was the royal seat of the Kings of Ireland.

first Irish militia was almost annihilated by their own countrymen!*

✓ "A beautiful and most affecting poem, ascribed to Oisín, informs us that Fin-ma-Cool arrived (from England) just in time to take a last adieu of his dying grandson. . . The poet adds, that Finn never after was known to smile; peace, after that, had no sweets, nor war any triumphs, that could restore joy to his breast, or raise one wish for ambition or for glory."†

The well-known and well-described surrender of the French troops that landed in Cornwall in 1797, to a few hundred yeomen, I need only allude to; but the steady resistance given to invasion by Colonel Vereker and the Limerick Regiment of Militia, first at Tubber-curry, and secondly at Coloony, where the colonel opposed successfully a regular French force of four times the number he commanded, is a matter of history, and was a much more glorious affair.

So completely did the one militia regiment paralyse the movements of that little army that had been landed at Killalla, where it might have been thought impossible any resistance could have been offered to them, that the gallant colonel secured his retreat in safety to the strong town of Castlebar, where, by the warm reception and the delay he had given to the invaders, the Government regular troops were enabled to form a junction with him, when the whole of the French force, that were not annihilated in the field,

* The various poems on this battle are asserted to have formed the groundwork in Mr. Macpherson's "Temora." See *O'Reilly's Essay*.

† Montgomery's Native Poetry of Ireland, p. 44. 1846.

were made prisoners of war, and conveyed to the Irish capital. Hence the truly honourable supporters to the Vereker arms (two of the Limerick Militia grenadiers in full uniform), and the title their colonel (subsequently Lord Gort) carried to his grave—"The HERO of Coloony."*

Space does not admit of my going into the many instances that might be added of the steadiness, bravery, and loyalty of the Irish militia; but one or two incidents, in connection with the yeomanry, I cannot at such a time omit.

In the retreat of the rebel army from Enniscorthy, in 1798, their route lay through the pass of the Leinster Mountains, called Scallagh Gap. Here at this Irish Thermopylæ, a handful of resolute men—the Killedmond Yeomanry Corps—were enabled to keep at bay some thousands of the republicans, as the rebels called themselves, and gradually retreated in good order, until they reached the heights of Kilcumny, not far from Gore's-bridge, which leads over the River Barrow into the County of Kilkenny. There they made a stand, and there occurred an instance of undaunted bravery and efficiency in a yeoman, that has rarely been, if ever, exceeded.

The steady volleys of the Killedmond corps having been heard at a temporary guard-house, to the northward a few miles, established by the loyalists at a good position as a

* It is generally understood that the Limerick Militia regiment were all in the engagement with the French at Coloony; but if only two hundred of the local troops, as another and perhaps better authenticated account states, made a stand at all against four times their number of seasoned veterans, flushed with having repulsed a strong body of the regular army under General Lake, it is still more to the credit of the Limerick Militia.

rallying point, if things came to the worst ; the last draft of men capable of bearing arms, and of marching over the few miles that divided them from the combatants, was told off as a sort of forlorn hope ; and a relative and namesake of the celebrated Charles Lucas, the great patriot, volunteered to lead them.

When arrived at a close proximity with the contending forces, the leader of the small band of forty volunteers, with the view probably of defeating a flank movement of the rebels, led by a conspicuous and well-mounted chieftain, pushing forward, alighted, to bring him down by a ball from a small fowling-piece he carried. He did do so ; but the horse, unused to such salutes, broke away, leaving his rider, to all appearance, hopelessly in the power of the nearest of the rebel army ; but, at that dread moment, when three infuriated pikemen broke from their ranks to impale him for his hardihood, a noble fellow of the yeoman cavalry dashed forward, and placing his stirrup at the mounting side, convenient to his brave leader, Mr. Lucas, he shouted stoutly, "Put your foot, here, sir, in my stirrup ; jump up behind me, and never fear the rebelly rascals." There was little time to lose—the pikemen were on him ; but he shot the first dead with his right-hand holster-pistol ; the second he tumbled with the weapon itself, flinging it vigorously in the pikeman's teeth ; and the third retreated hastily, on hearing the ring of his sabre as it flashed from his scabbard, in his stout right hand.

This fortunate check, or rather retreating engagement, by so small a body—of scarcely more than yeoman peasantry—enabled General Sir Charles Asgill, with the Government

troops from Castlecomer, to come up with the "republicans," where, in spite of a well-known desire to spare all that fled or submitted, of the unfortunate misguided peasantry, so many were killed, that on the lands of Kilcumney alone eight hundred were interred !

To come on a little later, the 87th at Barossa—where the present Lord Gough held the rank of major—were greatly distinguished ; for our troops, it is known, were there outnumbered by the French ; and "the 87th, as constituted at that time, had scarcely been regimented at all. They consisted of *volunteer drafts* from *various militia regiments* ; and had so recently come together, that many of them still wore the uniform of their former corps, and were quite unacquainted with active service in the presence of an enemy."

A dense French column was coming against them,—their men were dropping fast. Major Gough felt a little anxious, but riding along in front, he said, "Steady, my men, hold yourselves in readiness. See what we'll give these fellows by-and-by." His words and his gallant bearing had their due effect, and when the enemy arrived at the proper distance, "Now, my lads," he cried, "pour it into them ; FIRE !" The volley was given with deadly effect, and before the smoke had cleared away, waving his hat over his head, he gave the word "CHARGE !" With a tremendous cheer, they sprang upon the enemy, who fled with precipitation.

I am indebted to the "Dublin University Magazine" for August, 1850, for some of those particulars. It states that General Graham wrote, that "the animating charges of the 87th were most distinguished." They captured a French eagle, the first taken during the war, and from a

crack regiment; the eagle bearing a collar of gold as an honourable distinction.

At Tariffa, the Irish *militia volunteers* in the 57th—the “AIGLERS,” as they now called themselves—again were distinguished.

It was of the utmost importance to the French that they should get possession of this town. It was but five leagues from Tangiers, at the opposite side of the Strait, from whence arrangements were being made for the supply of Soult's army with grain from Morocco. Colonel Skerrett, the chief-in-command, had an impression that the town, in its nearly indefensible state, could not be held by the British against the force of eleven thousand men Soult was able to bring to the attack; but Captain Smith, Skerrett's next in command, and Colonel Gough, had fortunately a different opinion. I must refer those who wish for further detail to the clever and elaborate paper in the magazine I have quoted from. But “the portcullis tower, and the rampart to the left, were occupied by Colonel Gough and the 87th. This was foreseen to be the post of danger, and well did this gallant regiment justify the selection that had been made. When the French grenadiers came pouring down, the colonel sprang to the head of his men, and drawing his sword, he flung away the scabbard, and desired the band to strike up ‘Garry Owen to glory,’ which, with his gallant bearing, sent an electric thrill through the hearts of the soldiers, who, with a crashing volley, almost annihilated the head of the French column; and in a few moments Colonel Gough, seeing that the repulse was complete, ordered the band to play ‘Patrick's Day,’ which so

excited the men, he could scarcely control them." The review concludes its spirited sketch of those two engagements with these words: "Well might Skerrett say, in his despatch to Major-General Cook, that the conduct of Colonel Gough and the 87th exceeded all praise,"—proving that (nearly) raw volunteers *could* fight.

These stirring events, which I have but glanced at, were all before 1815, when the Irish militia regiments were again embodied; and I find that the "incidents" of their marching and counter-marching, as they did a sort of garrison duty chiefly in the seaport towns of Ireland, occupy a considerable portion of my notes of that period.

Their being quartered for a time in Killarney was a regular *bonne bouche* to the new-married men in a regiment to which a gallant and sporting friend of the writer had the honour of being attached as captain, and from or through whom he gathered many amusing particulars.

The militia captain was a sporting character, and a truly noble-hearted fellow; and having, to an exuberant extent, the impression that idleness is the parent of all evil, to fill up any little vacuum of leisure the *service* left unprovided for, besides having his young wife and a chariot and pair of horses, he had his hunters and a pack of hounds with him.

It is true, the "lake district" did not afford much galloping ground; but with boating-parties and picnics, an occasional stag hunt, and a scramble now and then after wild mountain hares in a still wilder country, my gallant friend, as there were many congenial characters in the vicinity, managed to keep himself pretty busy. But military pleasures, however perfect, cannot always last;

and a fine morning found the regimental band playing "The girl I left behind me;" the regiment, or the *major* part of it, which was pretty nearly the whole of it, as a wag said, from the major generally commanding, were off for Kenmare, that isolated yet interesting little town placed between Killarney and Glengarriff, where, in either of which, one might say with Moore—

"If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

But, unfortunately, Kenmare, like Mahomet's coffin, hung between, and at the time was certainly no Elysium, if we may judge by the lines the eccentric and talented engineer of the New Road (now open), William Bald, engraved with his ring upon the window pane, and from which the writer copied them:—

"Of this inn at Kenmare
The mair that I ken,
I ken that na mair
To this toon I shall come."

It is but justice to say, that, when visited by us, we found the Scotchman's quaint satire no longer applicable, as the accommodation was excellent and moderate; but Sandy's almost reluctant, however able, services have worked wonders in the promotion of creature comforts there and there about.

It may be well believed that these rattling fellows in a small place kicked up a considerable row, so much so, that orders soon arrived for a march upon Bantry. How the other companies were disposed of, I have no note; but my sporting and gallant friend had at the moment the command of the division that held Kenmare, or rather, that

Kenmare held with difficulty. The orders from headquarters came with the suggestion of a route, or possibly it amounted to a direction to proceed, by the long circuit of Mill-street (town), Macroom, and Dunmanway, to Bantry; this, it was obvious, with halts, billets, and bother, every night, would take up the best part of a good sporting week, and render the *service* particularly uncomfortable and annoying; the object, apparently, being not to make an ostentatious parade through a peaceable country, in the worst season of the year, but merely to transfer the troops to quarters where their services might be more required or more available: so our friend reasoned. He had learned, in his sporting rambles, the mountain passes well; and that of "The Priest's Leap," recently so famous as the Phoenix practice-ground, he had discovered was the direct course, as the crow flies, from Kenmare to Bantry. He, therefore, at once, resolved to adopt it; and the very fact of two companies, with their immediate baggage and a chariot, having forced their way, in a single short winter's day, sixteen miles over such a pass, instead of deteriorating the character of the force, points out most clearly the reliance that could be placed upon them to confront an enemy on the shortest notice, and over difficulties totally impracticable to more regular troops.

But even with these sons of the sod it was not all play. At one place a terrific torrent opposed their progress; but many and practised hands making it comparatively light work, a passable ford, or partial restoration of the mountain track, was effected, and the rushing waters in some measure controlled, when with a line of halberts, held by the ablest men, to direct the rank and file across, the whole

were got over with safety, although the ladies, like the Sabine women of old, had to entrust themselves to the shoulders of the gallant sons of Mars; and, if my informant was truthful, more than one pretty ankle was exhibited to those who were awaiting the pass or the escort.

Had these fine fellows been encumbered even with cannon, there can be no doubt they would have brought them along; for on clearing the ford, the ascending pass or road was cloven down the middle by an auxiliary cascade, that boiled along in its sunken channel. Room and a footing was soon made for a wheel at each side of the cut, and, the worst spot passed, the horses were put to in a similar way, but with plenty of pole-chain room.

The descent, with a drag to one hind wheel, and the other tied, was comparatively easy; but the setting sun shone brightly on the bayonets of the gallant band as they marched into the chief town on that historically celebrated Bay of Bantry.

At Bantry my sporting friend was in some measure at home; there was game enough, and ground enough, but alas! *the service* must be attended to. After a few days of comparative happiness, and a growing acquaintance with the native sportsmen and the best sporting-places, the orders came for our gallant friend to relieve, with his company, the officer in charge of Bear Island, the regular fortification which commands not only the entrance to Bantry Bay, but the capacious and safe harbour of Bear Haven.

The distance of the position from Bantry by road being more than forty miles, although scarcely half that by water, the latter was the mode by which the communication was

kept up. A "hardy hooker," accordingly, conveyed the captain, with the last of his company, down the bay, to what his orderly, or rather disorderly, factotum, Darby Oonaghan, called a dessolute island. "Oh ! captain darling," he said, having taken a run over the place while his master was looking to the duties of the service, "we never can stay here. They're living in holes sunk down in the ground, ✓ like the rabbits; and the never a mortal thing you can see out of them but the sky, when you look up from the hall doors." It was like master, like man. The gallant captain was not much pleased with the appearance of things, either. The island was too small for hunting, and crossing to even the nearest mainland was not always quite convenient.

He was a man of decision, and I have no doubt he would have been a capital officer over irregular troops, if he had an enemy at hand to occupy or *amuse* him. But, as it was, he was likely to be the wrong man in the wrong place, if he did not *assist* the routine of authority. The captain he came to relieve was a man of limited means, no sportsman, and of steady, quiet, somewhat literary habits. He was thus the very man to occupy a sunk work or a lighthouse. It was therefore easy to persuade him to so trivial a breach of discipline, in a militia regiment, as an exchange of companies, for the time his sporting friend's charge of the island was to last. Both men were thus rightly placed, and the "hardy hooker" conveyed back to Bantry, the same day, the gallant and sporting captain, to the manifest astonishment of the good-humoured, easy colonel then commanding.

The captain and his orderly were well met. Of the

latter we have had but a glimpse, and my chapter will scarcely afford more; but, by an episode or two, some idea may be formed of the readiness of a plucky Irishman.

As Darby Oonaghan was the captain's game-keeper and *killer*, sometimes footman, and footing it also as dismounted huntsman after the hounds, where nags could scarcely follow, at other times coachman, and having, at a mess dinner, a rare talent for attending many, with little trouble to any, he managed to escape with probably a monthly parade; but even on these occasions, otherwise so irksome to one of his impulsive and irregular habits, Darby had an eye to business. He never was without a "shot in his locker;" in other words, he always managed to have a ball-cartridge or two in his pouch, ready for anything that might turn up. As he said to me after, "Your honour, it was pleasant to have it; for there was no knowing—" His explanation went no further; he meant more than he either could or perhaps wished to express; but a crowded day in the town, a market or fair, gave him an opportunity of exhibiting the *wisdom* of his precaution. At the busiest moment of the day, and just as Darby was wandering home to barrack after his parade or inspection, there was a cry of "Mad dog!" down the street, and such a *hullabaloo* was raised as only the Irish can create. Darby, always rough and ready, felt his opportunity, and with a celerity that would surprise a newly-raised rifleman, popping a ball-cartridge into his musket, he chose his position in such a manner that the unfortunate, beleaguered dog should pass between him and the adjacent pound-wall. It is not everybody that could shoot a running rabbit with a ball, but I

believe our friend Darby could have done so ; at all events, notwithstanding the crowded state of the place, and the excitement all around, *he brought down the dog*. Rumour said that the ball then glanced from the pavement, wounded a cow in the pound, and ultimately broke the pound-keeper's window !

Darby was not to be disconcerted under any circumstances. I have alluded to his attendance at table ; in fact, singly, he has been known to supply almost any number with everything they wanted. Thus, if bread, a knife and fork, a spoon, and a plate were all called for together, Darby, quick as thought, popped the bread on the plate (hot or cold, it made no matter), while he grasped from the side-board the knife, fork, and spoon, and, as I heard a wag express it, "he first served the hungry man, then the shoveller with the spoon from his plate as a tray, and lastly, he gave the haymaker the fork, and the butcher the knife in the same manner, and then properly handed the *plate* to the *steak-holder*."

Darby, at times, like Handy Andy, was almost too clever. On his return from his southern campaign with his master's carriage, there being no relay available at a lone post-house between Clonmel and Kilkenny, after a limited stay, to refresh, in some measure, the fine pair of horses he drove, the party started again, but had scarcely left Callen, when they overtook a chaise, which was being quietly driven on its return to Kilkenny. The thought struck Darby that, for a few shillings, a good exchange could be made, that would bring his horses in quite cool. The captain, who was as fond of his nags as the man that drove and cared for them, at

once assented, and the posters were put to the heavy chariot under Darby's guidance, as he would not leave his carriage. All things went thus well for awhile ; but, unfortunately, the blood-horses no sooner got a respite and relief, than, hearing the familiar sound of their own carriage before them, and feeling the awkwardness of the hand that, shut up inside the light chaise, endeavoured in vain to control them, at first became uneasy, but ere long, they started off at speed, to the terror of the poor postboy. He first opened one door, and then the other ; but the position of neither did he like to spring from, at the speed the terrified animals had now attained, which quickly brought them past their owner's carriage—a cushion flying here, then a cushion flying there ; but Darby, as usual, was undismayed and ready for anything. He urged on the posters, that, at all events, should anything happen, he might not be very far away. His wisdom again displayed itself. The pair of bloods, burned up almost into fever, with the long journey, work, and high feeding, could not resist the attraction of a stretch of water that flowed across the road ; here, then, they “brought to ;” and Darby, ever ready, sprang to their heads, and soothed and softened down their ire, and finally conducted them “all right” into Kilkenny, while the postboy was equally successful with his own nags.

In strict truth, I must say in defence of my countrymen, that when taken from those agitators who trade upon their excitability, the Irish have ever proved Britons in heart and in conduct.

At Waterloo, there was a large Irish Division placed under the Scotch General Crawford, to act in concert with

his countrymen. Before the fight, the Highlander had some misgiving as to the steadiness of the "wild Irish," but after the battle, he was heard to pay them the highest compliment he could bestow, which was to declare to a brother-officer, that "The Irish were all *Scoachmen* in the field!" ✓

As to volunteers, housed and hearthed, such men, as expressed in the January "Cornhill Magazine," could not be expected to rough it on light fare and less attendance; but the "Magazine" points out where such men can be made useful. Make them good shots, and with only moderate training, from their intelligence and available resources, an enemy who may try to come amongst them will find that he has to deal with a nest of hornets, who, like the Moors at the present moment paralysing the Spaniards, may hover about on the wing, unharmed, while they are stinging him to death.

But many of our volunteers may be from among men who, living adjacent to sea and other marshes, would wade to the hips, and hold on for hours, to get a long shot at a mallard or a widgeon; though, from the rudeness of their weapons, they themselves might be tumbled by the discharge. "Oh! Sir," said a Shelmalier* once in such a case, "I'm never sure of a shot unless I'm knocked down."

I close this military chapter with the concluding lines of

* I have called my Irish "long shot" from the barony of Shelmalier, in the county of Wexford, where, on the borders of the Slaney, wild fowl are so plenty, shooting is much practised.

a curious MS. poem, which, if space permitted, I would insert, if for no other reason, to show how easy it may be to turn into ridicule the early efforts to effect the wisest arrangements; for instance, the present rifle movement, which is likely, if persevered in, to produce a force and a unity that, in the end, must give a calm and a courageous confidence to the people of this country.

The little poem alluded to was a satire on the Armagh Militia of 1793, in the style of the celebrated "Bath Guide;" but, in the end, apologises with the following appropriate words:—

"Both the scene and the subject with justice demand
The love of each heart, the applause of each hand.
Look around on all sides, see there's nothing neglected,
Religion, laws, genius, and learning protected.
With wonder and pride see one landscape contain
The worth of an age, the expense of a reign;
While each end and object stands forth to evince
The soul of a patriot, prelate, and prince.*
See a generous land on the basis of freedom
Fix order and law for the race who succeed 'em;
See all interests unite in their zeal to keep under
The GALLICAN joys of blood, murder, and plunder.
Sure, no rascally Jacobins e'er can withstand 'em,
When loyalty, honour, and spirit command them."

* Primate Robinson.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STEAM—THE STORM—RAMBLES IN WALES.

“Over thy sunny hills I stray,
Tuning many a rustic lay.”

WALES has always been a sort of safety-valve for the exuberance of the Hibernians on the opposite coast. With almost as many and as good mountains as Connaught can boast of, some lakes and rivers, however inferior, and a desert grandeur equally fascinating, but more easily attainable in those times than “the houseless wilds of Connemara,” a ramble in Wales has ever proved a cheering and a charming resource.

At the peace of 1815, the mails between even Dover and Calais were still conveyed by sailing craft, that sailed when they could, or not at all! Shortly after that, a company of gentlemen had associated in Dublin to establish steam packet boats between Howth and Holyhead, with which the government was so far identified, that the names of two officials, Sir Charles Coote and Mr. Edward S. Lees, G.P.O., appeared amongst the directors.

Two fine schooners were accordingly built, or provided, no way differing from clippers of that day in the fruit trade, except, it might be, in excess of beauty.

Engines were put into the *Britannia* and *Hibernia*, as they were called, and paddle-wheels outside of them; and thus, as they actually did cross to and fro, they became a great attraction to lively youths at the Hibernian side who did not mind a little sea-water. To have a trip in one of these novel sea-toys was my ambition, and that of a young friend, who accompanied me from the country; but, alas! on reaching the city, steam was at a standstill, the lovely sister packets we had hoped to sail in we found laid up in the Grand Canal Docks—a sort of rotting-station Dublin possesses—where they were advertised for sale without reserve. They had either proved to be, or were supposed to be, complete failures. At all events, as my waggish friend said, instead of making them go by the *log* of the seaman, they went off disreputably by the *mallet* of the auctioneer. An excellent and clever man bought them, or one of them, to rob it of its vitality—its motive power—which he put into a whisky-mill to grind and to mash man's food into fire-water, thus depriving him of vital power; like a two-edged sword cutting both ways—paralysing our advance, and perpetuating our degradation. Thus how often is the talent, given to us for a good use, put to a bad purpose.

If wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths peace, how can those who, with gin-palaces and their specious and superficial attractions, become the aids to, and authors of, untold and incalculable misery and crime, rest easy in their beds, or expect to have peace in their dying moments?

Steam having for the time thus evaporated, my friend and I paid our fare in the first packet that offered a passage but every day from our arrival in town, the wind had

increased until it now blew quite a gale;—but for us the inducement was the greater. Not so with the *Alert*, old Liverpool sailing craft; her owners and the captain were very properly afraid to put her to sea,—for she really was lost, a trip or two after, foundering, from a rotten-ripe old age and infirmity; we therefore sacrificed our fares, as we were not allowed the opportunity of being drowned! Such were the packets of that day.

Our third effort proved successful. A true Celt, not broken down by hardship, will scarcely stand check-mate. Accordingly, we drove to the packet-station, then the Pigeon House Dock, with our pedestrianising gear, to ascertain how the mails were to be taken to the other side, as we were told that all the Post-office packets, and indeed the wherries that went at times as auxiliaries, were at Holyhead, and could not, with the westerly gale, be got back. England's difficulty here was Ireland's opportunity; Britain could not send us a boat, but as long as we had "a bottom" we could send plenty.

The Bordeaux packet, the *Dorset*, we found, was chartered for the emergency, her proper voyage being postponed; for, although recent as was the peace facility for going to France, the attraction was not sufficient to induce passengers out in such a storm.

The *Dorset* was a cutter of fine figure and tonnage, coppered and carved out like a corvette, while her spars might have been the envy of an American; there she sat on the water in the outer part of the dock, like a duck in the enjoyment of the element she seemed so fitted for. We could not withstand the temptation; for although it blew

until the pennants cracked like whips, and we had to board her by the shore hawser, we determined to be with her. The captain helped us and welcomed us on board, but fairly told us we would get it.

The mail arrived ; anchor was short, up went the storm-jib, the shore line was cast off,—round she swung, and with mainsail close-reefed, away she bounded, like a thing of life.

“ Dreadful in the shock of fight
She goes, she cleaves the storm !
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
She sails exulting in her might :
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
And through the roar
Of angry ocean to the destined shore,
Her course triumphant guides,
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
And each blue valley was their silent bed ! ” *

The danger of being swept from the deck, and the darkness, drove us below, that we might husband out our strength for whatever might occur ; but we were too much excited to take off our clothes. Still, like the cabin-boy that sleeps in the giddy top, 'midst all the roar of elements, nature's sweet restorer soothed us for some hours ; but waking up, and expecting that we neared the land, the captain could keep us down no longer, but with a rope around us, by his persuasion, and “ sou'-westers ” and tarpaulins, by our own habit and inclination, we stood the deck—and barely stood it.

The sea, at such a time, I think, has never yet been truly painted : perhaps canvas is incapable of conveying the lurid

* Fitzgerald's Maritime Ode, about A.D. 1870.

look and inky green of that sad and desolate-looking angry ocean !

"Is there could silent gaze on thee,
Nor feel thine awful majesty?"

* * * * *

"Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told ?

The warrior and his sword are there,

The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in their pall,

Secure from steel and storm ;

And he, the feaster on them all—

The cankerworm!" *

My friend saw more than enough ; I was satisfied ; but now our real danger became apparent. The captain was compelled to keep an offing until the dawn of morning enabled him, with the shore help, to make and moor in the wretched little harbour Holyhead then afforded, which, with "a floor of rock," forbade the dropping of an anchor !

With considerable difficulty we at length got fast to the permanent moorings, and effected, through the intervention of a boat, the landing we were so anxious for, having been just double the time that, with a proper harbour to enter, would have sufficed. Sad was the record, even near us, of that awful night ; but sadder still was the rumour that came from the southward,—that, all along the coast, very many lives were lost from the numerous vessels that had been driven on shore.

Duly disposing of a Welsh breakfast that might have made a Scotchman stare, we thought that, after the tossing we had endured, the whisking for a few miles over hill and dale, as vehicles then ran, and through the mountain air,

* "The Island of Atlantis." Rev. G. Croly.

would brace us for our pedestrian excursion in the Principality. Never shall I forget the tidy little coach and short-legged horses that took us over Anglesea.

We little thought of having such a treat. Many a desperate descent we had made on coach-tops; but down into Llangeffni, if such a place there still exists, it would repay a visit to see where coaches, in the olden time, went at speed, without a drag! before the Telford and the Parnell line led o'er the marvellous "Menai." But the lumbering, open, ill-manned ferry-boat, with Mails and females exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, brought us to a stop at Bangor; from whence we visited Beaumaris, and then Penmaenmawr. We boated back, but preferred the walk to that commanding height, almost every inch of which became a terrace from whence the wild and beautiful scenery of Anglesea, across the Strait, appeared to much advantage, over Beaumaris and its bay, the distance fringed with the shipping of all nations, on their route to or from that centre of commercial intercourse, the port of Liverpool.

The slate quarries, Nant Frangon and Bettws-y-coed, had all attractions; and at the latter place, delighted with its appearance, the locality, and the kindness and courtesy with which as pedestrians we were received, we would have made it head-quarters for Snowdonia, had our disposable time admitted of it; but we had to push on to Corwen by coach, from whence we perambulated the Dee-side and the charming vale of Llangollen.

Visiting the residence of the retiring spinsters, the Misses Ponsonby and Butler, we could not but reflect how much reality robbed romance of its fascinations. The dwelling

did not appear to us so pretty as the matter-of-fact cottage, the frontispiece of that pleasing little book of 1859, "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we Made of it."

In our exertions to get as near as possible to the famous Pont-cy-sylte aqueduct, we reached the margin of the Dee below it, some hundred yards, where we were received and surprised by the brightest and withal the most wetting shower that we conceived had ever fallen from the heavens; while a lecturer, with no better aid, could have enlarged upon the beauties of the primitive colours. But retreat was forced upon us; and as we stole along under shelter of the stems and arms of the ancient oaks, we discovered that the shower proceeded from an orifice not much less than a foot in diameter, opened in the side of the canal thus suspended in mid-air!

It is one hundred and thirty-six feet perpendicular from the canal to the Dee beneath it; and there being a fresh westerly breeze, the solid mass of rushing water became divided in its descent into the drenching shower we had experienced. We considered we were most fortunate in finding the aqueduct run almost dry. The internal bracketing, to stay the side against the enormous water-pressure, the fastenings, and the corbelled track-line over empty air, for towing, filled us with admiration of the genius of Telford; which probably is equally displayed, though in another way, by the success with which he carried his canal out on a simple earthwork or embankment of seventy-five feet perpendicular height, the sides of which he subsequently had planted with larch, apparently thirty or forty years' growth on our visit; nor did his contrivance or economy end there: the stuff was

taken from an adjacent tunnel, which conveying the canal under a number of public roads, saving bridges and deep-cuttings or locks.

Chirk, we next visited, where there is a noble aqueduct of stone; and not far removed, we were shown the Roman dyke that divided Wales from England; and now, at the pleasant hostelry of Chirk, it was our happy fate to come in for one of the English festivals.

Being first from my room next morning, of the man-kind, I heard the buzz of a gathering in the large front hall. It seemed exclusively of women-kind, many of them nice and pretty girls, as I scanned them in my descent from the bedroom floor. I saw that some ceremony was to be enacted, in which I might be asked to play a part; but asking was out of the question. On reaching the bottom step, I was seized by numerous willing hands, though welcomed by most winsome smiles and "lifted"—that's the word—into an arm-chair; and never was candidate at a contested election raised in the market-square more triumphantly than I was "lifted" in that hall. But such happy moments are too pleasant to last. The fragile throne, that no doubt had done such kingly service long, creaked out its dire distress; and finding a descent by the run inevitable, I threw out my arms for a struggle on the ocean of beauty that surrounded me—when "down came the cradle, baby, and all." Had I been younger and handsomer, Tommy Moore might have said, I was like Love amongst the roses. Roses they were; and in the extremity of laughing, the waiter, who dared not approach before, announced that our early breakfast was then waiting.

We now coached rapidly to Bangor ; and nothing pleased us more than, when resting for the Sabbath there, to see the Welsh girls—ladies as well as peasantry—going to the early Cambrian service, in their hats and cloth pelisses ; and then at noon, to observe many of the same agreeable countenances divested of the hat, and bonneted like (modern) Britons.

A boat well-manned next morning, on the Menai to Carnarvon, well repaid the trouble. Plas-Newed, Carnarvon, and many other places, look best from the water ; and the return the same route had no sameness : the lights and aspects all were changed ; and nowhere does the Menai Bridge look to such advantage as with its noble curves cutting the pale azure, high above the horizon ; from such a point of view it appears, as it is, a glorious work.

More recently we again visited the much-loved Principality. What wonders had not industry wrought out in a few brief years ! The Kingston rail and harbour ; the giant steam-power, walking the "herring pool", in as many hours as it formerly had taken days ; and at the "Head" an ocean, enclosed with walls,*—fit termination for the rail, that rides on the Britannia Bridge ! If ever a locality deserved a volume to be devoted to its wonders in nature and art combined, it is surely the north of the Principality.

Around those formidable cliffs, what argosies have floated,

* Professionally, and as something of a sailor, I should greatly have preferred the bend in the outer sea-wall the other way ; first, as opposing a convex instead of a concave line to the fury of the ocean ; and secondly, as giving more room to get in, and when in, more room to ride, and smoother water.

whether faithful or fatal to the gallant crews that manned them.

The Australian clipper, careering to her golden goal ; yet the passengers, in spite of all remonstrance, to be run, naked and in misery, against the very shores whereon they built their earthly prospects !

The Arctic, caught up on a rock miles from her course, and then more recklessly to run a vessel down, and sink herself with every soul on board but one !

The Tayleur, with her badly-fitted gearings and Babel of a crew, blighting the brilliant hopes of those on board of her.

The Pomona, with her drinking, dancing, dissolute crew amongst the honest passengers, all summoned forth together ; and lastly,—

“ Where art thou, ‘ROYAL CHARTER,’ now ?
Where are thy bright and brave ?
Priest, people, warrior’s living flow,
Look on that wave ! ”

In previous trips, from various causes, we had been unable to reach the spot

“ Where faithful Gelert used to roam,
The flower of all his race ;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase.
* * * * *
Where never yet could spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved ;
Where oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn’s sorrow proved.”

Accordingly, to make the most of our limited time and of the mountain air, we planned a sort of encampment or location, at a cleanly little cottage in the wilds, bringing up with us the comforts of the more civilised world,—although these natives had the advantage in real civility.

It being a lovely Saturday evening, on nearing our “hospice,” we were gratified to hear one of the native minstrels so true to the words of the old ballad, in which the harper says—

“When Sol illumes the western sky,
And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
Ofttimes on village green I play,
While round me dance the rustics gay;
And oft, when veiled by sable night,
The wand’ring shepherds I delight;
The blithe old harper call’d am I,
In the Welsh vales and mountains high.”

On our way up, we remarked many poor cottages that reminded us of Ireland; but the people looked clean, contented, and happy.*

Morning brought its troubles; down came the rain, and with the rain it had blown very hard all night. The house was well roofed; not so the larder, or store, where we had put our supplies. We had, as I have said, strolled up on Saturday, with a view of having an entire day of rest, the fresh air in so chosen a location, and of having a little Sabbath’s walk to the village church, only a few miles away; but here was a frustration. We were going to have a wet

* Mr. Player, at Saffron Walden (Dunmow fitch), 1837, said, “In Wales I find the labourers have houses without windows, and chimneys made with a few sticks; yet they are comfortable, for a *contented mind is a continual feast.*”

Sunday, and almost in a country inn ; but it was quieter, and being left to myself, I put the circumstances into verse in the form of

A SABBATH REFLECTION.

A night of much storm and a morn of much rain,
Not to church this Lord's-day is, alas ! all too plain.
Then our store-room is flooded, our stores melted down ;
Our salt it is brine, and our white sugar brown ;
Our pepper and mustard are cool'd to the taste,
And our fresh roll for breakfast 's a mere clammy paste.

These trifles, like lessons we read every day,
But train us to patience, and our passions to sway :
Were everything pleasing and certain to suit,
There'd be little to lift us above the mere brute ;
But the world and its wants, the requirements of time,
Raise *our* highest efforts to something sublime.

Thus, his food or his fancies, from sea, sky, or earth,
Has Science or Art brought to man in his dearth ;
The wave of the ocean leaves him salt as it dries,
While a root from the garden free sugar supplies,
And from vapours how noxious ! pure light greets his eyes.
FIRE FLIES AS HIS MESSENGER, STEAM FINDS HIM FORCE,
AND THE RAIL FINDS HIM WINGS IN HIS RIGHT-ONWARD COURSE !

Can we think but this power of mixing mankind
(A blessing our MAKER for man has design'd)
Will, with goodness and *grace*, make the world more refined ;
Polish roughnesses off, bring the haughty soul down ;
Make the *beggar of this day the heir to a crown !*
Bid tyranny cease ; make the strong loose his hold,
That the Shepherd Divine may bring all to one fold ? *

* John x. 16. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice ; and there shall be *one fold*, and *one shepherd*."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TREASURES AND DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

THE storm that swamped us from our moorings in the mountains of North Wales, shifting to the eastward, we availed ourselves of the favouring gale, to get blown back again to Ireland, in the spanking packet-cutter, *Pelham*, Captain Judd, in just five hours from quay to quay, with only the loss of a single spar;* thus, having once attained the pace, our nautical spirit was up, and many a time and oft, we piloted the noble Torbay fishing boats over the bar, on their route to Dublin market, turning up the sand with the keel of the *Thetis* at nearly low water, as we carried on before them.

The *Thetis* yacht was a splendid little cutter of some three and twenty tons, drawing seven feet aft, while the charts of that day showed but five feet six, and six feet on the bar, at lowest water;—there is now eleven feet owing to the well-directed exertions of the Dublin Ballast Board, and their efficient officers, aided by the Dollymount breakwater or Clontarf wall, which concentrates the ebbing tide upon the accumulative spot; so far affording an excellent example of what might be done in other places where bars exist.

* Scarcely twenty years before, the average passage was admitted by the Irish Parliamentary Committee to be *eighteen hours*. And the improvement, then looked forward to with hope, was the reduction of the time between Dublin and London, from sixty-six hours to forty-five!

In return for our pilotings, we accepted berths on board the *Lady Frankfort*, one of the new fishery fleet, established by the citizens of Dublin, to increase their piscatory supplies, as we considered that we could thus, to the best advantage, see some of the mighty wonders of creation, and of the treasures of the ocean brought to light by those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in deep waters.

The *Frankfort* cutter was about sixty tons, she had a comfortable cabin and eight excellent berths, and might be called the Flag-ship, or Directors boat of the new Torbay Fishery Company. While careering along to the fishing grounds south of the Isle of Man, we were amused and occupied in making needles, and learning the art of netting, while the men were mending their nets.

As we had had a stirring day before leaving, and were well excited and employed while the cutter was working out, we were glad when the shades of evening rendered the deck less pleasant, to tumble into our comfortable quarters; and we were the more anxious to get a sleep betimes, as from what we had heard of the grandeur of the Phosphorescent light; when the trawl comes near the surface, we requested to be called up when that curious operation, up to that time unseen by us, was about to be commenced.

Accordingly, after a sound and seaman-like sleep of about four hours, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," we joyously jumped up at the expected summons; but, what a change a few brief hours had wrought upon the face of the wide waters! The twilight we had left, with the remaining glow of the suns reflected rays upon the heavens, bordering with chaste light the edges of the rippling waters, was now succeeded by

that deathlike darkness and still fixedness of gloom, that to those unused to it, or unengaged as we were, had a singularly awful and lowering effect. But soon becoming interested in everything about, and in every preparation our eyes gradually adapted themselves to it.

The windlass hauling up the ponderous trawl, exactly like the weighing of an anchor, at first so tedious, appeared to go its rounds more pleasantly ; at last, but at a depth incredible and very nearly under us, from the very little way upon the vessel, as even in trawling they did not exceed three knots an hour. Yes, just under our side, and at a wondrous depth below, we did observe a large enlightened area, or breadth of pale mysterious light ; that appearance we were told, was the mighty net, and all its piscatory prisoners ; and so it proved ; the light now slowly, gradually, grandly increased, until it became, at last, such an extensive and delicately bright illumination as cannot be conceived, for every rope and cord and mesh was lighted with it, and even watery particles rolling off, carried their phosphorescence with them, thus producing in this silvery super-natural looking flame, every form and variety of figure,—to which we adapted the lines of the beautiful boat glee.—

“The beams that flash on the spars awhile,
As we glide along the wave so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile,
That shines on sorrow’s tear.

“Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave ;
For him there’s a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.”

While we were wrapped in admiration, the whole of the vast fish machine, (trawl, net and beam, some fifty feet in length), was hoisted up right out of the water, and hung amidships over our deck; this plentiful, prodigious purse was opened at bottom by an expert fellow, and as we had received a timely hint, we jumped into the long boat on deck to guard our shins from the attention of the Conger eels, and armed with a sort of Tomahawk, we thought we did the state some service by knocking such slippery customers upon the head as they went so snake-like closely by us; of these we subsequently found the sailors made the finest food; when dry, the hanged-beef of the ocean.

But the tons of scrapings of the bottom of the deep, might puzzle a naturalist; it was a giant aquarium turned out, a gathering of creeping things, weeds, shells, and struggling monsters; amid which, the Torbay sailors seemed to mind their business only, and to us, that could do but little, it appeared like a reproof to see the hardy fellows work so; basket after basket was filled with choicest fish, black soles in chief, but scarcely any marketable kind were wanted, all these were put into a sort of pigeon-hole arrangement down below, but very many were not basketted at all, such as the largest of the Conger eels not good for sea-store, and the enormous maiden ray; these latter were heaved out unhurt, but by the manly grasp that flopped them on their native element.

Quickly these several tons of fish were stowed away, the trawl let down, the deck cleared up and mopped, her head eased off a point or two, and the *Lady Frankfort* was under way again on her most prosperous course.

We were soon tucked in, and all was silent save that sleepy soothing ripple, against the vessels side, twin to the thought that just an inch of plank, or nothing more, shielded us from the depths profound, and from the approaches of such struggling monsters, as we had seen dragged, not into day, but into that bright phosphoric light, which they themselves part-furnished. With floating pictures of the watery world outside us, we sunk in balmy sleep while thinking on the lines of Coleridge:—

“They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they plung’d, the elfish light
Fell off in flakes.

* * * * *

I watched their rich attire,—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black;
They curled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of silvery fire.”

Morning brought the *Thetis*, with our citizen companions, and instead of waiting for the usual Thursday evening’s start from the fishing-grounds, we sailed for Dublin in the little yacht. Bounding away, almost too free with a south-easterly wind for the “nose of Howth,” we found ourselves at dusk nearly abreast of Lambay, where the *Tayleur* has since been lost; and the wind getting still more east, with sleety squalls, prudence, as well as pleasure, prompted our dropping an anchor in Talbot’s Bay, which is an excellent roadstead.

At break of day, though blowing fresh, a party would have landed to shoot rabbits abounding on the island, but even in shelter as we were, the sea then ran so high the boat was swamped; but that was nothing to the practised hands that

manned her: she was righted and baled, and the lads on board, in less time almost than it can be written.

The wind now working from the east again to south-east, it was time to look for better shelter, or we ran a precious chance of being driven on shore; a "beat" to Howth was therefore quickly resolved on.

To make sure, as far as practicable, against the worst (for it blew tremendously), we caulked down "the companion" and the skylights of the little craft; stowed away on deck, secure with our little punt, a lot of biscuits and fresh water, passed ropes round some of us; and then, with every man in his place, we made for the new packet harbour.

Nearly to hold our course, close-hauled, was just as much as we could do, with three reefs in main and foresail, and but a morsel of a jib, when the tide and wind, on reaching Ireland's Eye, gave us enough, or too much of westing in the "Sound." To enter the harbour, we should then, of course, come head to wind, which blew almost right out of it; but in this movement, practicable in so limited a space, with a handy craft like ours, we *seemed* to be anticipated by the good ship *Brian*, and fearing that her pondrous bulk might run us down, it was proposed to "carry on" until she made her tack, there being still quite water enough for us; but our skipper (Matthew Kendrick, R.H.A.), of yachting notoriety, scenes from which he has perpetuated, by his pictorial truth and taste, cried, "Never mind her; she is going slap on shore!" Then round we came, stay'd all right, and made the little harbour, amidst the cheers of the crowds, that even in that gale, anxiety or curiosity had gathered on the jetties. Not so fortunate the burly *Brian*; she surely did "miss stays,"

and there not being room or depth enough to get her round again, from the misplacing of the harbour, away she went, right high and dry upon the sands of Baldoyle, so high that carts at low-water conveyed away her cargo. Only one life was lost—a boy that in his terror thought to swim on shore; but the vessel had her back broken.

“ Her keel could cleave the deep no more,
For the waves had beat and bound her,
And she lay a wreck on the shingly shore,
With the white foam raging round her.”*

What a sacrifice Howth Harbour was to local influence. With the extremely narrow view of pushing forward the little fishing village that then at Howth existed, the natural advantages were lost sight of, and the opportunity for forming a royal harbour probably lost for ever, and with another Kingstown prospering above it,—to be the very suburb of which would have been opulence to the little village of Howth.

The executive of that day could not even plead ignorance, for the subject was amply discussed in, and voluminous reports brought forward to, the last of Ireland's Parliaments, of which a summary lies before me.† It is a curious fact that both Sir Thomas Page and Captain Bligh recommend making the “ Sound of Ireland's Eye ” into the harbour wanted,—as does Rogers's summary of all the evidence, and the Parliamentary Report,—but that was *not* done, although Mr. Rennie did not deny the merit of it, while suggesting a harbour at

* Old Humphrey's Portfolio.

† “ Observations on the Reports, &c., for the Improvement of Dublin Harbour,” By THOS. ROGERS, Inspector of Lighthouses, &c. Dublin T. Burnsides, 87, Dame Street. 1805.

Sutton, or at Bullock, which latter also was the thing *not* done.

In chapter vi. allusion was made to the shipwreck of a Channel packet, from which Incledon, the celebrated singer, with difficulty made the shore; and in the book I have quoted from, the number of shipwrecks in the bay is stated to have been one hundred and twenty-four, in six years (1797 to 1803), as entered with one notary, and the insurance on these was estimated at above a quarter of a million sterling, besides numbers uninsured, in many of which the whole crews were lost.

Wrecks thus occurring often in the bay, and the bar of Dublin being then much less approachable at low water than it is now, measures were taken to establish the Refuge Harbour at Kingstown, a view of which accompanies this chapter. Such as we have it, it is a great public good, and this is scarcely the place to discuss the question, whether with its national importance, it ought not to have been more eastward, with a better depth of water? or whether the entrance, as one commissioner and all the seamen argued, should not have faced the Poolbeg light, and thus have easy riding at times when, with north-east winds, a part of the present harbour is dangerous.

With the jovial squire of the Queue, described p. 69, we had visited the rocks whereon, or amongst which, just here and there the course was traced where the extension railway now runs, and over which the modern sea-port of Kingstown stands. We had a second view in autumn, 1821, when things had progressed vastly, and there the "first gentleman in Europe" had embarked, but recently, for England.

A very limited pavilion of boards had been erected hastily upon the spot, and what with carpets, cushions, bands, and banners, and the holiday game of "soldiers,"—platforms packed with people, and a frontage of the fairest in the land, the place was rendered somewhat worthy of Old Ireland's King. A noble scene the embarkation makes in Kendrick's truthful picture.*

Divested of the royal standard, the carpets, colours, and the tinsel, and nearly all the smiling faces that had surrounded it, the shed was rented, or at least was occupied, by a well-known and as much esteemed caterer of light refreshments, from her head-quarters in St. Stephen's Green.

My old queued friend felt much distressed on arrival back at the shanty from our long pedestrian inspection. The wooden walls were stuck all round with notices that pop, "Imperial pop," then first introduced to public notice, could there be had, and being highly recommended as a refreshing drink, although of its nature the old gentleman was entirely ignorant, he ordered pop for all of us. A goodly row of glasses of a plenteous size stood ready, and then pop, pop, pop went the corks, like a rifle practice, and my fine old friend, who made a pride of always doing his best, I thought would burst his eye-balls in the endeavour to do justice to the fashionable beverage.

* It might be said of Matthew Kendrick, R.H.A., as was said of Vernet, that in the mightiest tempest, when almost all hope of out-living the storm was given up, he might be seen, in calm enthusiasm, studying the terrible grandeur of the furiously heaving waves, and sketching with greedy delight the wide-tossing world of waters which broke and roared around him.

"Well, sir, how do you like the pop?" said the youth most earnest in its recommendation.

"Pop! pop be whipped! I wish it was popped out of that. I'm blown up like the frog in the fable, and there is nothing in me. Psha! I wish I could pop it out of that again, for I *know* I could put something a great deal better in its place."

The wonted smile that seldom left him, again beamed on his face, on being reminded how appropriate were the words of the humourous parody of that day,

"Not any imperial pop, purl, or gill,
Oh! no, it is something more exquisite still—
Oh! no, it is something more exquisite still."

On our ramble home, the conversation naturally turned on the Refuge Harbour, and the proposition of its exposed entrance, and the natural defect of the want of "land-fall," or height above it, by which to work in when the fog, low down, might render it impracticable.*

On these two points, having thus drifted into the harbour question, before closing this chapter, it may not be amiss to make a few observations.

The entrance of the present Kingstown Harbour was obstinately placed exposed to the N.E. gales, which in one night wrecked eleven vessels in the harbour, before the sad experience of defects created skill in the evasion of them; but so anxious was Mr. Rennie, in his design of A.D. 1800, to

* Before the fog-bell was established on Kingstown pier, the mail, on arrival from Holyhead, off Kingstown Harbour, has been, of necessity, taken up the Bay and over the bar, and landed, with the writer, at the Old Pigeon House.

mask the entrance of his harbour, that it is represented facing to the city!

If ever the large steamers that are now, in 1860, about being put upon the Kingstown and Holyhead line, should, from their greater size, and by the partial silting-up of the harbour, lie aground, as those at Howth did, when the mail should be on board, there might still be a transient struggle as to the locality where the deeper water should be provided; but the growing might of Kingstown, with really a greater available depth of water, would, no doubt, overcome whatever original right, Howth might have had. A pier east of Kingstown, run out as far as, and parallel to, the present eastern pier, enclosing "Scotch Bay," the entrance between it and the present eastern pier, to face to Sutton Creek, would give two fathoms more than the Royal Harbour now possesses, while it would be a mile nearer to the material for its formation.

On the second point—the want of land-fall—we agreed, and I still reiterate it, although there is now a fog-bell, that if the citizens of Dublin, desire to do a noble and an useful act, they will raise a public purse, to bring down Nelson's monument, the "Great Candlestick" (the fitter for a Pharos), that ruins the perspective, while it blocks up Sackville-street, and they must place it on a height, any fitting place between the harbor and the hills of Roches town—care being taken that it should also form a leading mark for the outer, or more eastern harbour I have alluded to.

The Dublin Nelson's Pillar is a nuisance where it is. It forms no channel leading mark, for which others better cannot be substituted. A few thousand pounds would employ some

hands and stone "Hackers," and move it to where it would be an appropriate glory, and a useful land-mark.

THE NELSON-LIGHT AND LANDMARK.

"Rear the tall shaft on some bold steep,
Whose base is buried in the deep,
But whose bright summit shines afar,
O'er the blue ocean, like a star.

* * * * *

"Around it, when the raven night
Shades ocean, fire the beacon light,
And let it midst the tempest flame,
The star of safety, as of fame.

"Thither—as through the deep below
The seaman seeks his country's foe—
His emulative eye shall roll,
And Nelson's spirit fill his soul.

"Thither would youthful heroes climb—
The Nelsons of an after-time—
And round that sacred altar swear
Such glory and such graves to share.

"Raise, then, Hibernia, now re-raise
'The trophied pillar of his praise.'
And worthy be its towering pride
Of those that live, of him that died.

"Worthy of Nelson of the Nile!
Of Nelson of the cloud-capp'd isle!
Of Trafalgar's and Vincent's heights!
Of Nelson of the Hundred Fights."

CHAPTER X.

SKETCHES IN AND OUT OF COLLEGE.

THE FIRE AT THE PAWNBROKER'S.

"Rapid, more rapid the clapper rebounds from the round of the bells,
Louder and louder in college the intertwined melody swells;
Quivering and broken, the atmosphere, trembles and twinkles around,
Like the eyes and the hearts of the hearers, that glisten and beat to
the sound.

For the glare of the light that is glowing is over the pawnbroker's sign,
And the crowds that are swelling and flowing are all for that ruinous
shrine." *

We were sitting down to supper in old Botany Bay, Trinity College, Dublin, when the awful sound of the fire bells came ringing on our ears; we jumped to our feet, and in less time than it can be told, the cry was, Duncan to the rescue, Duncan, while another said,

"Be calm my dearest love,
Duncan comes here to night."

Duncan, that castle of a college porter, was the fellows' fireman; it was his business to go fetch the engines, if any one sang out,

"Ah! how Sophia?"

But the seventeen that started from the supper-table, each accoutred as he was, were doubled ere they reached the point

* Adapted from D. F. Mac Carthy's Poem of the Bell Founder.

proposed, the college engine-house, and then what knocking!
while a voice of horror cried,

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I wish thou couldst!"
And still as they came they cried,

"The bell invites me
Hear it not Duncan?"

But the fireman being in

"The innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

the classic battering-ram was quickly realised by a scaffolding-pole from an adjacent building, and like the storming of the Bastille, the door went in, and the imprison'd engine was emancipated.

"Oh! gentlemen," cried the breathless Duncan, who had just arrived, "if you love me, leave the heavy engine, and take out the small one;" but in this case, although he certainly had the knowledge, he had not the power. Some dozen willing hands were tackled to the side-ropes; Duncan, as a pilot, was elevated to the main-top; and a couple of "jibs," mounted on the engine, as we hurried through the gates, with blazing torches in their hands, left a comet-like tail of flame as we flew round the orbit of our course to College Street, where now melodious Moore's heavy statue blocks the way.

"Countless, as towards some flame at night,
The north's dark insects wing their flight,
And *quench*, or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour."

But we had soon another interruption; the engine of the Hope Insurance Company had reached the ground before us, yet not a gleam was there from hope, and being in total

darkness, like that place where hope never comes that comes to all, we the disciples of light, and all ablaze, ran into them and they were "nowhere," while a wit exclaimed, "To work now, boys, though hope's deferred." Quickly the science-men, availing themselves of the resources of the locality, armed themselves with picks and spades, which that gaping and now blazing vortex had swallowed from the hands of industry that should have wielded them; the fire-plug soon was found, and the hose made fast upon it, while our senior "top-man" went aloft,—a man he was, who would have scaled a Gibraltar or a Peter Botte, and to whom we well could say—

"Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops."*

Down from the parapet, which he sat across, with now a faithful ally, ropes were lowered, and scarcely had the leathern tube been raised, when, bursting from the upper windows, the ascending flames made their situation doubly hazardous; but it was not easy to daunt the daring sons of Trinity: like monkeys, they perched indeed upon the chimney tops,

"While fires arose whose lurid ray
Mimic'd the angered orb of day."

Then four-and-twenty willing hands, with ample and well-ordered relays poured, almost "the City water-course" upon the devoted premises, for one of the elements, it was now seen clearly, would soon have *full* possession; and I think we could have filled the smoking and but lately flaming vacuum, but that the stairs became a cataract-like notice-pipe, and the

* *Julius Caesar*, Act I. Scene 1.

inky fluid flooded all the street around, when even the women and old men cried out, and Duncan shouted, "Hold! enough!"

To bring our top men down,
Then ladders was the cry.
The light on Lumley's visage spread,
And fixed his joyous eye.
He waved the hose above his head,
And shouted victory!
"Down chimney, down, retreat my faithful chum,"
Were the glad words of Billy Lumm.

To return in triumph was but a moment's work, and gown and town-men, at least so far as our supper-party was concerned, all at one o'clock re-entered the gates together. Once in, we sang in chorus,

"Joy, joy, till morn our task is done,
The gates are passed, and now for fun."

For there was a doubt whether the townsmen would be admitted at that hour.

Moderate ablutions sufficed for our outsides, but I cannot say the inside moistening was quite so easy, but after many a song and story, the guests from town, like myself, and the owners of the rooms only remained. The beds were two! but twelve were speedily accommodated in them, the bedsteads being put with their sides to the wall; chairs were placed to the other side, on which our *feet* might well be "scanned," and there we lay till next day, not in the Bay of Biscay, but in that of Botany, T. C. D.

Rosy morn brought the boots and bed-maker, and the boiling water for the tea and toilet with the morning papers, and the editorial thanks at least to the college men for their

strenuous and successful exertions in saving so much of the city.

The baffled engine of the Hope that we had wrecked, the Assurance Company thought the college should make good, but then, as total darkness covered them, while we were proved to have gleamed like a firework they were not listened to.

I shall notice but another fire, to which we were not, nor I believe was any one in time enough.

It occurred in Denzille Street, near Merriem Square, and raged in fury just at day-break of a wintry Sunday morning, in an humble lodging-house that made up forty beds; and yet with all that great responsibility, the proprietor was allowed a spirit licence! Some at least had staid up to—

“Put.

An enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!”

A lamp left unextinguished in the bar ignited the whole premises; the spirit that at first had stupefied them, now in flowing endless flame surrounded them.

“For in a moment fierce and high,
The demon-spirit blazed into the sky,
And far away o’er street and square
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While firemen like visions there,
Revealed before the burning mass,
Full and shadowy let the long hose pass,
Shrining its own grand element.”

The quickest and the most collected flung themselves from the first floor windows out on beds and quilts held up, as well as on the arms of the bye-standers; thus thirty-three were saved, but others in their heavy sleep, or only half-awakened

when the spirit store, "like a furnace mouth cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame before their eyes," rushed madly to their ruin, thus seven were burned to cinders.

The most touching incident related to a young married woman who had in its cradle her only little child; in her first terror, she flung herself from a window, some one before her had forced open, and she was caught unharmed by the ready help below; but then she missed her child; and only she was restrained by force, she would have rushed into the flames, to her own certain destruction, in the endeavour to save it!

Instantly rewards were offered, ladders brought, and every effort made to get the babe out; it was thought to no effect, when two dear little boys came running from the blazing house, sadly burnt to be sure, but the infant in its basket safe between them.

These children were cousins to the little cradled child, and had been the day before to see it, when, coming in the morning to the fire, and witnessing the mother's agony of feeling, all personal apprehension became buried in affection, and under cover of the smoke, and still imperfect daylight, they scrambled in, and either by some ladder, or some stair they knew that was not totally consumed, they reached the unconscious little innocent, saved it from a cruel death, and bore it to the arms of its frantic and now fainting mother! while a little time in hospital sufficed to heal their wounds.

I shall now but glance at the last Gown and Town row ever Dublin city exhibited, for forty years ago the Trinity Sunday riots were properly, however rudely, put an end to by the then Provost (Elrington), afterwards Bishop of Ferns.

I blush to think of the deeds of wanton mischief we joined

the College-men in, on that last wild night; they, however, were not without some plea of justification. Newspaper editors had slandered them, others had ill-used them, and the watchmen and police had not protected them.

It cannot be denied, that to balance this account the city and the police and watch in the precincts of the College, were held by the students and their allies, a mob of well-clad gentlemen, from eight in the evening until four o'clock next morning, houses were wrecked, and founts of type destroyed; and when the troops did come out at last, only seventeen prisoners were made, and that from their neglect and over-fatigue. Some of those who were for punishment rusticated on their own parole, for longer or for shorter periods, with time for study and reflection, became distinguished members of society. So much does the result of zeal depend upon direction, that the *wildest* of that night proved the *wisest* in the days to come.

How can the disgraceful Gown and Town rows be still allowed in the first of English Colleges, so many years after their cessation in the Sister Island? A newspaper* stated lately that an undergraduate at Oxford, wearing an eye-glass, "received a blow which struck the glass into the eye, and probably destroyed the sight for ever! Another had his jaw broken or dislocated."

Other tricks of the more juvenile in old Trinity, in Dublin, were so innocently laughable that one or two may be recorded.

Church Lane, in front of the fine church of St. Andrew's, lately burned, was then the principal depôt for "out-lyers," or men who lodged in town, and not within the College walls,

* *The English Churchman*, Nov. 17, 1859.

to keep their caps and gowns. On this sort of liberty of theirs, they thought an innovation had been made by setting up, within its precincts, one of the new watch-boxes. This they levered from the wall with pokers brought from friendly rooms, and, forming a funeral procession, they committed it bodily to the deep, at Carlisle Bridge; and if the watchman was not half-seas over when it was taken, most certainly the box was before it was missed next day by the authorities.

We supposed the poor Charley got deservedly dismissed for losing his box: which his successor remedied by staying in *his*. So the lads were determined to have box and all away, but not into the Liffey; there was water nearer. Accordingly, taking advantage of a sad, raining, stormy night, pokers went again to work behind the box, while the Charley had a nap within; but the mounting to the shoulders was too much for even a bulky's rest. However, it was now too late; he was to be made an offering to King William, of glorious memory, who now again presides over the crystal fountain that flows for thirsty souls in the centre of College Green. There he was placed "stern on," a raking flow of the high-pressure fluid encircling his trembling limbs, while his shouts from so perfect an acoustic instrument as the box turned out to be, being echoed and re-echoed from the Bank and buildings all about, the perpetrators required to use their nimble feet, to save them from the astonished Charleys, who flocked as the crows do round a brother that's entrapped, too late, however, to avert the sad catastrophe.

Honesty compels me to acknowledge, that my love for the library was less for its books, than for its ball-alleys, (fives-courts), and I sought the Academic Groves, more for

gymnastic exercises, than for Grecian studies. Our meets were diversified by threatening showers, causing us to congregate in one or other of the buildings in the rooms of some popular party, and the entertainments we had there were various; sometimes a 'Thunder' from the 'Times,' would roll out from under the brilliant eye of some gifted and good-natured individual.

The thunderer of that day was a Waterford man, the son of a clergyman. Graduating in T.C.D., he had joined the Lawyer's Corps in —98, and then the Cheshire Militia, and leaving Blackstone for the billets and the barracks, volunteered into the line, and finally settling near London, placed on half-pay by his regiment being reduced, he showed the world that his pen was as sharp as his sword, and which it might be said, he used with a two handed force, hewing down all opposition, and cutting out a course of rare prosperity for the journal, and for himself, for many years, an income something like two thousand pounds per annum!—such was Captain Edward Sterling, of 'The Times.'

We had also thunderers of our own, in another, and equally amusing way; N——, W——, and others used to extemporize Greek orations, until the very echoes harked in to the Homeric stanza, for Doctor Burney says, "The Greek language being itself accentuated and sonorous * * * * derived all its merits and effects from the excellence of the verse, and sweetness of the voice that sung, or rather recited it: for, mellifluous and affecting voices nature bestows from time time to time on some gifted mortal, in all the habitable regions of the earth; and even the natural effusions of these must ever have been heard with delight."

So it was with us, until excitement grew uproarious, and then like oil on the troubled deep, would flow out some love strain, or lines more beautiful. It happened thus one twilight afternoon, Wolfe, of the "Not a drum was heard" and his friend were standing by the fire, discussing and occasionally reading lines of original poetry, it was impossible from the buzz in the room to say exactly what they were, (I subsequently got a copy of his "Sweet Mary," which it might have been; and as that is a poetic effusion rarely seen, I place it at the end of the chapter) but a gleam of the nearly setting sun then beaming out, his friend in a hasty yet affectionate manner, bundled up Wolfe's lines, pushed them into his breast pocket, and seeing many of the men fly past the windows towards the Park, he cried,

"Rouse up,
For shame, your brothers of Pharsalia have
Already ta'en the field, and cry aloud
To battle."

We all rushed forth, soon the choice of men was made, the barriers fixed and guarded, and then

"The noise of battle hurtled in the air." *

Much as we admired Homer, he gave way to hurling, and many a barrier contest resembled the defence of a well bastioned city; the fun was fast and furious, it being entered on under such excitement; consequently, several accidents occurred; one had an eye shut up, another lost some teeth; and though the game was won by brilliant play, it caused us to reflect that there was something in the Statute, by which it was 'ordained'

* Julius Caesar Act ii., Scene 1. "Hurtled, is probably the same word as hurled, which, according to Philips, means to fling or cast." Knight's Shakespeare. London, 1857.

“that the commons of the said land of Ireland, who are in the different marches at war, do not henceforth use the plays, which men call horlings with great sticks, from which great evils and maims have arisen, to the weakening of the defence of the said land” (Statute of Kilkenny, A.D. 1367).

SWEET MARY, BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

If I had thought thou could'st have died

I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,

That thou could'st mortal be.

It never through my mind had passed

The time would e'er be o'er,

And I, on thee, should look my last,

And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again;

And still the thought I will not brook,

That I must look in vain!

But when I speak, thou dost not say

What thou ne'er left unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou could'st stay e'en as thou art,—

All cold and all serene,—

I still might press thy silent heart,

And where thy smiles have been:

While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,

Thou seemest still my own—

But there, I lay thee in the grave,

And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,

Thou hast forgotten me,

And I perchance may soothe this heart,

In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn

Of light, ne'er seen before,

As fancy never could have drawn,

And never can restore.

CHAPTER XI.

SKETCHES IN AND OUT OF COLLEGE.

OLD CROW STREET—REMARKS.

EVEN now to give the names of the many that adorned the meets, and patronized the balls and breakfasts in T.C.D. might be an infringement on the privacy of society ; the eating was excessive and extremely good, although never did it extend to that exuberance of variety, recapitulated as the College breakfast in the "Memoirs of a Stomach."

Then there were hurling balls, and hand balls, and balls at which we were all-*macks*, and the lady patronesses who honoured them, instead of being Duennas or Directresses, they did the dancing with the aid of the grateful, if not graceful, youths who waited on them, and finding our days often long enough for dull work we reversed the inimitable Tommy Moore's idea, and sang with all our hearts that,

"The best of all ways,

To shorten the days,

Was to turn a few hours into night, my dear."

So, with shutters shut, and candles lighted, dancing came off merrily.

"Oh ! could such heart-stirring music be heard,

In that city of statues described by romancers.

So wakening its spell even stone would be stirr'd,

And statues themselves, all start into dancers !

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,

And the flower of beauty's own garden before us,

While stars overhead* leave the song of their sphere,
And list'ning to ours hang wond'ring o'er us ?

Oh, what a bliss, when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam, and foot like a feather,
As dance the young hours to the music of May,
Thus mingle (dancing) and *sunshine* together."†

Thus was the time agreeably occupied, until the cold collation, served up with all the warmth of Irish hospitality, strengthened us to say,—farewell !

At such a breaking up how cautiously they scanned the magnates of the land. It were a history of the College, in such a *brochure* to attempt to glance at them, but of one, who obtained an Oriental, as well as European celebrity, I preserved a sketch, as he then appeared, on the margin of my scrap-book, and from which the engraver here places him before you. I am not prepared to say it is a photographic likeness, the sun had not been brought to do such duty then, but it bears a general resemblance, and conveys a true idea of the man, as far as his externals.



"His nose was so aquiline as nearly to meet his projecting chin ; and his small grey eyes, red and bleary, peered beneath his much worn cap, with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion.

"His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare and patched, in several places, while a pair of large brown leather slippers, far too

* Those up-stairs, who, although they did not join the festivities, left their Greek and Latin, to imbibe the harmony from below.

† Moore's Irish Melodies, Tenth Number.

large for his feet, imparted a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance; a gown that had been worn twenty-years, browned and coated with the dust of the 'Fagal,' covered his rusty habiliments, and completed the equipments of a figure that it was difficult for the young student to recognize as THE VICE PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"Such was he in externals;—within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the College; a distinguished Grecian, learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects; a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of Eastern languages, able to reason with a Moon-shee, or chat with a Persian Ambassador, with a mind that never ceased acquiring; he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles; no character in history, no event in chronology was unknown to him, and he was referred to by his contemporaries for information in doubtful and disputed cases, as men consult a lexicon or a dictionary.

"With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-sought knowledge, in the affairs of the world he was a child. Without the walls of the College, for above forty years he had not ventured half as many times, and knew actually nothing of the busy active world, that fussed and fumed so near him, his farthest excursion being to the Bank of Ireland to fund occasionally the ample income of his office, and add to the wealth which . . . it was notorious he possessed, as he loved."

I am indebted for the above particulars to a printed slip, since lost, which I obtained from some College friend. It was enriched by a number of humorous anecdotes, now not

worth detailing at length ; such as a half-penny with a hole in it being drawn from his grasp by an invisible string each time he stooped to clutch the prize, until at last, on his knees to take it up, he said to Dr. Wall, "he saw it walk away."

I believe he *did* suggest that a small hole should be cut in the buttery door, to admit the little cats, at the time the carpenter was making a larger one for the full-sized animals.

At another time, one of the fellows, who possessed his confidence and was a great favourite, had occasion for a temporary loan, which the "Vice" was willing to entrust him with; but in bringing out the gold the aged receptacle gave way, and the precious coin fell about the floor! Panic-struck, he pinioned the Doctor, and groaned out, "You know I have the utmost confidence in you, but just oblige me by getting on the table, and *I'll pick up all!*" The Doctor was obliged to humour him, but got the loan.

He desired a hole to be dug in the park, to bury some offensive rubbish ; "but," said the actuary, "what shall I do with what I take out?" "Oh," said Jacky, as he was called, "dig a hole large enough to hold both."

So like a sweep was he in appearance, at a distance, that a lad being brought up before the Board for giving him so undignified an appellation, the youth said in his defence, that the chimney of his apartment wanted sweeping badly. "Ah, yes," said Jacky, "that may be, but then there was no sweep in the court but myself;" and accordingly the lad was fined.

A swallow had been shut up in his room. To Jacky's eye, on the sash-bar, it appeared as large as a crow, and he took down all the authorities on the genus *corvus* in the most profound Natural Histories; and Dr. Macdonnel, his

confidential friend, who came in, could not persuade him it was a swallow until he had weighed every line, and compared every characteristic.

The elections of Members for Parliament were, and are still, a sort of legitimate excitement greatly enjoyed, as the "freedom of election," in some measure, relaxes the restraint usual within the college walls; and the "lads," as they are familiarly called, contrive to take the rest. Thus the barriers put up for law and order were quickly demolished, and chosen files of faithful men conducted the supporters of each party to the hustings, or they tried to do it, and the abduction and the rescue, or retreat, led mostly to very pleasant, and rarely to mischievous rioting.

The calling of the voters, the Provost presiding in the chair, often assumed a grandeur from some momentary incident. Thus, on one occasion, a "scholar" of the house was called three several times; but not appearing, the Provost, Dr. Elrington, rigid martinet as he was, stood up, and evidently affected, said, "I regret and I deplore, I am authorized to say that it is unnecessary to call Mr. Nisbett again; I am informed that he is at Mallow, with but a faint hope, for the recovery of his health. The University, I fear, is about to lose him, and in losing him, the College loses one of its brightest ornaments."

That noble fellow (long since no more) was always amongst those who rolled out the Greek orations, and he gloried in wandering in and expatiating on scenes of nature.

"But his heart was touched with holier feelings;
Knowledge—he loved it with a chastened love,
And held the proudest wealth of its revealings,
Poor to the sacred wisdom from above."

The chairing of the chosen members was, at times a really beautiful exhibition. The Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, the present Recorder of Dublin, and Mr. Lefroy, when returned, were got into a chariot at the Examination Hall, the place of election; a countless throng of elegantly-dressed young men and lads then grasped, with gloved hands, apparently interminable ropes covered with ribbon (I think orange and blue) attached to the carriage, and four or six abreast, a mighty column, the whole proceeded, not in solemn silence, but with considerable respect for order, through the principal streets that led to the residences of the newly-created members, the occasional well-timed and harmonious cheers reaching and ringing in the squares beyond.

It was a scene of unmixed joy as looked on from the windows overhead: that glorious procession of fine youths, as they passed along, their faces beaming with excitement and with triumph—once beheld, it could never be forgotten!

Then there were

“Fellows of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,”

who delighted in issuing pasquinades during the election to keep up the excitement. Not having thought at the moment for their preservation the raciest have passed away; I give, however, an idea of them by an impromptu, which was scribbled off on receiving some showy oil-cloth table-covers, during one of those contests, as

AN ELECTION SQUIB.

“While we teem with addresses,
Of what each man professes,
These printings a moral unfold,
The outside so fine, with a true surface shine,
All so fair for the crowd to behold,

Such fanciful covers, will let no one discover
 All that's hollow and empty below!
 Like worldly pretensions
 They'll hide true dimensions,
 And deceive, with a gloss and a show !
 And 'tis thus to that crowd,
 Whether quiet or loud,
 A resemblance will strike on the mind,
 As each thing that we see, ocean, landscape or tree,
 Reads a lesson to struggling mankind ;
 In the orange and blue (for your good men and true),
 Each conservative loyalist's fervour we view,
 In the soundness of colour,
 We also discover,
 That loyalty's ever the course they pursue.
 The speckled dark green, hot Repealers we deem,
 And these specks like their manners are rough,
 But when they soften off, 'tis so with this cloth,
 The value beneath's plain enough.

A glance at the state of Dublin at that time, 1817—18, may not be amiss ; the precincts were extremely unsafe. A Mr. D—, shot in his own defence a man, of two that stopped him at the corner of Harcourt Street, where the Wicklow Railway Station is now built. Another man was shot, not a quarter of a mile from that, at the end of the terrace nearly adjoining Ranelagh, Canal Bridge, while endeavouring to escape over a gate, on which he hung until morning, suspended by harness he had taken from stables in the rear !

The outlets to which some of my College friends were rusticated, were still more unsafe ;—A young medical practitioner, but late a College student, was challenged by the first of three men on the footway near Ballybough Bridge, and being quick and practised with the gloves, he sprung back to separate his men, when the nearest up to him went down with awful force, his skull getting a fracture from the curbing of

the footway ; the second likewise dropped, but not so forcibly, when the third "levanted" as the word was then. Neither police or watch could the doctor get to aid him, and yet for the good of the vicinity that he loved and resided in, he wished to make a prisoner ; at last a footman came, who was handsomely rewarded for doing so : one of the tumbled men had got away, but the other, the leader, made a clean breast of it before the magistrate, and cleared the neighbourhood ; while still more singular, a watch and purse in the foot-pad's pocket belonged to the doctor's friend and neighbour, a resolute man, but, being a minister and man of peace, for want of skill in self-defence, he could not bring his powers to bear, and so was robbed, when a lighter man escaped, and did the state some service.

There was a curious trial at a subsequent time before the Recorder, of a fellow, who on the Finglass Road, attempted to take the gun from a gentleman on a jaunting car, who was returning from shooting.

The citizen had fortunately for him, taken up a foot-foundered seaman, who was on his way to the capital, and the sailors gratitude as well as pluck, rendered him a faithful defender of his new made friend.

In his evidence on the trial I have alluded to, he had no idea of the round about way of the lawyers, and getting rather huffy at being questioned, as to being "put in fear and terror of his life ;" the judge seeing the honesty of the man's intentions, took him in hand himself ; Jack, delighted at the relief, said his worship was a gentleman, and if he bid him spin a yarn about it, he'd tell him all that happened.

After stating what his feelings were on being taken from

the road, for which he was so badly fitted, he said, a vagabond land-lubber came right up to the gemman who had allowed him to sit next him on the car, and putting a pistol to his breast, he cried, "Your gun, or I'll shoot you!" "Shoot," says I, your worship, "who did you ever shoot?" and with that, your worship, my knuckles went right between his eyes, and down he went, and here he is;" and suiting the action to the word, he skipped across the table to the dock, and held up the prisoner's head to the judge and to the court, as he would have held a head of cabbage in the hope no doubt, that the owner would get the dressing which he richly deserved.

The Thespian fights and riots of the College men, are now scarcely worth recording; the greatest was in resisting the unfair demand, made by a baker, the proprietor of a huge black Newfoundland dog, for whose services as soon as he became popular, the crusty owner demanded five guineas for each night he went upon the boards as the "Dog of Montargis," to ring the bell, and show his wrath against the player that enacted the murderer of his master; at last, after much mischief had been effected by the mob, although opposed at this time by the College men, the T. C. D's ultimately gained the day, or rather the night, and the baker was induced to offer fairer terms, but as good, though not so noble looking, a four-footed actor had been educated to tread the boards, thus was Othello's occupation gone, and a retriever installed into his place, to retrieve as far as possible, the losses of the manager, even by so popular a piece.

Excitement is Paddy's element, no sooner did one flame die out, than another would be kindled, if only for the fan of the thing. The Countess Recamier with her diminutive draperies

for ladies caused as great a stir as crinoline does now.* The garments were elastic, and fitted so closely and ungracefully around the ancles, while they widened upwards, that they might have been called the peg-top fashion.

The extreme of the absurdity had scarcely reached the Dublin streets, nor had the public eye become familiarized to it, when Mrs. Edwin, a charming actress, and then most popular, ventured to realize it on the stage in her most favourite character, *Letitia Hardy*, in the *Belle Stratagem*; but Paddy would not stand it, his taste was too good for such a graceless garment; and the pet of all, from the pit to the pigeon-holes, was saluted with astounding cries of "Off! off! off!" In vain in dumb show did she try to brave the storm; at last, in tears, and curtseying low, she left the stage; when the manager appearing with his "What's your will?" the deafening calls for "clothes" too plainly told the want, and the "gods" cried out, "She left her frock behind her." The manager then bowed his one, two, three, while that exquisite performer, Jemmy Barton, led off on his violin some good Irish air, "Fly not yet," or "Fairest, put on awhile," wittily appropriate, to beguile the time, until the requisite change being made, the favourite came out, all grace and smiles, in the ball costume of the character, with enough, if not an exuberance of muslin drapery put on, even without crinoline.

But we had more rational moments in our theatricals than I have sketched. Kemble and the tragical stars that succeeded him had always a welcome; so had Braham, and every singer of taste: and it is well known that the Dublin

* See Lady Morgan's Letters &c.

boards have given to London some of those who best held "the mirror up to nature."

With all his fun and frolic, there is a seriousness about Paddy, a species of *reality*, that prevents him swallowing down everything, however trifling, that may be meant to amuse. Thus pantomimes, to be eminently successful, must be excessively expensive; dramas must not only convey and uphold a good moral principle, but must be showy, and apparently adventurous and dangerous. Thus *Pizarro* had an extraordinary run, and a vivid sketch of it, in rollicking verse, to the tune of "Ballinamona Ora," was sung to excited crowds about the streets, and in the galleries of Old Crow Street before the rising of the curtain, and when *Rolla*,

". . . . while making a bridge smithereens,
Was shot by a villian from behind all the scenes,"

notwithstanding the oddity of the words that had previously, like a prologue, described the event, there was a universal feeling expressed of pity for, and sympathy with, the hero who had saved the little child.

The *Cataract of the Ganges*, too, possessed a wondrous charm, where the princess (enacted by Miss Jarman, at Astley's) appeared to make her escape by riding up the real cataract! It was truly a clever and a somewhat dangerous feat, performed by one of Astley's boldest riders, who for the moment, in the excitement of the life and death pursuit of the princess, dressed exactly alike, took her place, rode up (and away until out of view of the audience) a very steep and watery stair, that appeared from the front like a roaring cascade, and disappeared (the termination well concealed) in the usual grave in *Hamlet*.

The most successful pantomime was *Punch's Festival*; the scenes were all familiar to the people, being from Dublin and the vicinity. I have only space to notice one single trick, or rather feat of mechanism: the clown, becoming a pigeon-fancier, steals the lamp-man's ladder, ascends a well-known barrel-shaped pigeon-box, and in his anxiety to fill his pockets with the juvenile brood, he climbs on top. The lamp-man takes his ladder; a number of children come to seek the merry-go-round, which for the nonce is gone to some adjacent fair, but Harlequin, spying Motley on the top, is determined, while he brings down the clown, that the children shall not be disappointed; thus with one touch the box and pillar split like an umbrella reversed, the ends representing four horses and four carriages, on which eight little boys and girls are placed, and screaming with delight, as the audience are also, they are carried rapidly round, while the unfortunate clown is stuck up on what was the roof, spinning round also. And now the beauty of the mechanism appeared; the little vehicles and horses were contrived to screw towards the ground, and on reaching it, flew off the stage like tangents to the circle they had been describing! the pillar, on which the clown still clung and sat, deprived of the arms and governing weight, flew round and round still faster, until at last he reached the ground, and was whirled after his youthful companions of the ring. This feat of mechanism never failed to draw down the thunders of applause which it really deserved.*

There was one other popular actor of that day, Mr. Plunkett, of Portmarnock, well worthy of a notice. Though last

* Milner was the machinist.

not least, for he was over six feet six inches in height, and muscular in proportion ; his forte was tragedy, yet we could not class him among the tragic actors ; still he was a ready and a powerful aid to any charity that appealed to him, for he always filled the theatre to overflowing, whether he "tore a passion to tatters, to very rags," or *performed* a national war song, as he did Bruce's Address on some of those occasions.

There was something ludicrous from the start when he came on as *Richard III.*, his favourite character, for he looked more like the "big-boned Warwick" than one

"Sent before his time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

He seemed to agree with the commentators, that the character of *Richard* "could not be over-acted;" he looked every inch the man whose "school-days had been desperate, wild, and furious," and his strut while he pronounced the lines,

"Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass."

brought down thunders of applause on the closing of that scene. Every syllable that could raise a laugh was eagerly caught at, as if placed by the bard of Avon to provoke it. "But I was born so high," exactly fitted the furious giant that walked a head and shoulders over every one, although nothing could be further from the fact than that "he seemed a saint when most he played the devil."

In the Tent scene he was a very madman, when he started up,

"Distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,

With forms to his conceit;* . . .
 And every tale condemns me for a villain,
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!"

The vociferation of applause was tremendous, when *he was himself again*, and shouted,

"March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell."

And

"Richmond, come forth, I'm hoarse with calling thee
 To battle."

To such a pitch of frenzy and fighting fury did he seem wrought, after slaying so many Richmonds, his awful falchion gleaming in the air, that people were seriously alarmed for the fate of a favourite actor, (Conway, who performed *Richmond*,) an able and accomplished swordsman, whose only method, as he said, to get *Richard* to die at all, was to act on the defensive, until he had used up the wind of the great amateur, which naturally prolonged the fight until excitement became uproarious. At last, from sheer exhaustion, down he went, but only to be encored to fight again if able, but certainly to die again, until through pity and the fatigue of laughing, *Richmond* was allowed to announce,

"The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead."

Though lost to sight, to memory dear, the gods would have the dead man out, to make his bow before the curtain, and thus to raise still one cheer more, that made the roof-tree ring again.

* Hamlet, act ii., scene 2.

Some grave remarks connected with Old Crow Street and an ancient cemetery should here come in, but there is not properly space or introduction, and even if the stage was what Schiller found it, and Macready and others endeavoured to make it, to "rank with the Church and the School, among the primary institutions of the State,"* still, the scenes I would have noted are too solemn and too serious, however affecting, to form the link between the melo-drama and the masquerade, the curtain and the carnival.

From the extreme condensation of the journal-notes, placing these incongruous materials so close in juxta-position, the cutting of them out has become a reluctant necessity; I must live in hope of being able to introduce them in the appendix, or with some other fragments of "IERNE." I shall therefore close this chapter with a few lines from the inexhaustible Moore, expressing my feelings on the matter—

"I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
 Oh! not where the *world* its vigil keeps:
 I'll seek to whisper it in thine ear,
 Some shore where the spirit of silence sleeps;
 Where summer's wave un murmuring dies,
 Nor fay can hear the fountains gush;
 Where, if but a note her night-bird sings,
 The rose saith, chiding him, hush, sweet, hush!"

* Sketch of Schiller, "Lives of the Illustrious." Partridge and Co., 1856

CHAPTER XII.

SKETCHES AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHARACTER IN DUBLIN.—
THE GREAT FANCY BALL, MAY, MDCCCXIX.

THE wit and humour of the Irish even under adverse circumstances, particularly of the lower order, has not been often over-rated, although it is not always met with of a very high order; there can be no doubt that fancy may lead many to cultivate and bring out this sort of elasticity, but which coming as it does, often unexpectedly, has an irresistible charm, that at times tells well for Paddy's advantage, as it did with Titmarsh, in his very amusing tour, when he tendered the *little* sixpence, the legal fare for the longest drive possible under the regulation; he admits he could not resist the humour with which the driver covered the horse's head with an old sack, that he might not see how small a coin he was getting for all the miles he had travelled! Of course the wit won another six-pence.

As a not unfit preface to the sketch, I may be enabled to give of the representation of character at the fancy ball, a slight acquaintance with its reality may not be amiss; I was perhaps not only a cultivator of such humour, but possessed of an ear ever ready to imbibe it. It was thus, as I waited for a friend at a car-stand in College Street, only a few years since, I heard witticisms like the following:—

"Why was the thief they *tuk* in the College this morning and had before the Board, like my car wheel? Do you give it up? Because he was a *knave* in the middle of the Fellows."

"Aye Bill," said a bystander, "and you might say, *the spoke all hard at him.*"

"By Jim an' I Paddy, but your a *rattler at a riddle*;" of course alluding to Paddy's occasional employment with the plasterers' wire sifter, which obliged him like the rest of the world, to take bad and good as it came; but Paddy being a roving careless fellow, and fond of the drop, the first speaker, determined to take him up, said, "Well Pat, I'll give you a purty one, it might be no harm to you to recollect; Why is a spendthrift like a cobbler? Do you give it up? Because Paddy, he draws his *all* and his *end* follows."

At this bit of satire, there was a great laugh at poor Paddy's expense, but the elasticity of wit coming to his relief, he said quickly, "It was but natural for him to feel his *end*, when his *last* was so near!" Encouraged by the laugh this raised, he continued, "I was thinking Bill, and you know I'm a bit of a sportsman, that as I am used to it, you say I might have a *turn at a riddle*—Now what's the *raison*, that when your ould garron of a horse is clipped, he's like a blinked greyhound?"

This well-put sally produced an immense roar of applause for poor ragged Paddy, at the well-clad driver's expense.

"Do you give it up," said Paddy. "Well then, when he's clipped, he hasn't a hair (*hare*) to turn, no more nor the dog."

I was thus infinitely amused, but words cannot convey the

action ; there was a book-stand close by, and after loitering a little, and picking up a pamphlet to beguile the time if it should be necessary, I got up upon ' Bill's ' decent car ; I told him that, with a friend for whom I was waiting, we would want a drive to Sandymount, and as I greatly relished the fellow's humour, wishing to rest an injured leg that rendered standing painful, I told him he should have a sixpence extra for the accommodation of the seat, and telling him the reason, when really I believe the poor good-natured fellow would have missed a fare, sooner than unseat me.

" They have put up that figure to Moore," I said, " since I was here last, but indeed I can't say its a statue of him ; our countryman, Tommy, was not that burly size, nor had he ever such a stoop."

" Oh sure yer honor, when they had the money galore, they thought they could never make enough of him ; them that has the money, seldom has the genia, and so they made him out of all sight too big, and in regard of the stoop, as you say, sir, it wasn't nathural to the man at all ; but it is said he wrote a clever book, I don't know indeed, but Jem Kelly that keeps the standing there, says he has Moore's view of Society and Manners ; and so you see sir, he's just stooping by way, to take his sketch from under the portico, and indeed be-night manners is bad enough there ; I'm sure I'd like to show him in a purtier way than that ; he could be singing to the harp of his country, or the *shamrogue*, or *drownin* it as often he did be all accounts, and then he'd have an emblem."

My witty carman here got quite loquacious and excited, and as Gerald Griffin describes Moore at Sloperton, " eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion ;" for him to wait

long in quiet was impossible, so he wheeled me out into the large space, and moving round like a fly with one wing, as their practice is, to wait for passengers, he continued—

“Or sure, sir, he could be singing Willin’ton’s name, and he never dun a betther, with the great ginerall upon a shield like by his side. Ah, sir, Willin’ton was a fine man, and it was a beautiful *iday*, after he ‘unchained the world,’ as the song says, to bid him to *axe* for the freedom of his own country; so we got it at last, *betune* the great Dan and himself, but to be sure Tommy, as we call him, we’re so fond of him, kept them to it.”

Seeing I was pleased and attentive, he went on—“With submission, your honour, they’ll have to do it again, it is thought too, to let *that* stand, they’d only be wronging the mim’ry of the man they *ris* it for. Where we’re goin’ presently, I’ll show you, there’s six streets meet below there, lading to the Theatre and the Music Hall; he was great in both, and still it’s a one side of the College where he got his *edication*, and that’s the place, sir, for a statute of Tommy Moore, where he could, all as one, as welcome his English friends coming “to sport awhile in Erin’s Isle,” as the song has it; and I’m sure it’s myself is always glad to see them, for they’re rayal gintlemin, though many a hard word they get from the crathurs that doesn’t *know*, and God help them, never mixes *with*, the quality.”

My friend arrived opportunely at the conclusion of this speech, and we spun away to the “six streets” on our route to Sandy Mount, and we certainly agreed with witty Bill that drove us, that a “statue” at the meetin’ would have an excellent effect. Having a desire to draw him out as we rolled

along, I asked him what would he, if he had a voice in it, propose to do with the big figure at the Bank? "I am sure," said he, "I am taking a liberty with larned gintlemin like your honours; but Jem Kelly of the Book-standin', that reads a *dale*, says that as Mr. Moore was always terrible fond of flowers, if they'd just whiten him with a brush of paint, and send him out to the College Gardens, there beyont, he'd make a fine statua through the trees, he's so big he might be taken for a great philosopher, and he'd be decenter than them craythurs they put up without a tack of clothes upon them; and God knows that if real nakedness be a beauty, we have enough of it for awhile yet, in ould Ireland."

But now we got to Sandy-mount. It well repaid the little time that was consumed upon it; it is what the Rock Road was before the rail deprived it of its *rurality*, and if a sight of the better class of Dublin tradespeople taking their enjoyment innocently, after their working hours or on a holiday, be a pleasure to others, as it is to me, that is the road to enjoy it on; but Sandy-mount itself has grown into much beauty.

If the man that spent his time and a fabulous sum, flagging and filthy-flooring the noble area of Trafalgar Square, was sent to that little suburban hamlet of Sandy-mount, he could learn what might be made, and is made, of a more hopeless place than he had to act upon.

By this introduction to "my Notes of the Fancy Ball," I find I must reduce a score of pages down to five or six, yet I must admit that I wished to give an idea of the people as they still are, as fond of wit and humour as ever, but more chastened, and I trust more prudent, more reliable.

With the steam and the rail, masquerading is over; novelty

must be found in something else. We have already return tickets for Australia! and this antipodean attraction may be ✓ shortly much improved by the option of coming home by Japan and California, with liberty to call at the Sandwich Islands or at British Columbia.

Through tickets, no doubt, will soon be issued for the Alps and Appenines, to which a few years may add the option of going on by Constantinople to the Caucasus, and home by the Baltic; or of going down the Euphrates Rail and Persian Gulf to Kurrachee and the Indus, and returning in less time by the *Great Eastern*!

Forty years ago we could not look forward to the accomplishment of such circles of the globe, and were therefore happy to gather some knowledge of them in the round room of the Rotunda, at the top of Sackville Street, as fine a room and as fine a street as any city in Europe can boast of.

But, on the route, even to glance at the humour that predominated, and the entire reliance placed in the (ticketed) characters in the really open houses, would be an impossibility; well received everywhere, the great stream worked its way to Sackville Street, and there, amongst a thousand comical devices, the trick first originated by the witty and celebrated Dean Swift in London, was played off with boisterous effect, the characters, by *strong inducements* (with the exception of the ladies), being got out of their carriages, while dances were got up around them to the music of Macbeth, a never-ending stream of passengers kept pouring from the coach-doors, to the astonishment of the staid and steady English officers. Others, dressed as villagers, danced the Irish

welcome or long-dance, up the brilliantly lighted noble street, ever and anon approaching the desired goal at the head of it.

"Your honour," said a coachee to a paterfamilias, as we entered the assembly rooms by the door under the clock, "don't let me brake the nate half-crown to drink your health to-night, a little six-pence 'll do it, and you 'll never miss it, divartin yourself within."

The speech unfortunately made no impression where it was meant to tell; but other ears were open, and so clamorous did the coachee's very Fetch become, that even the door-keepers were deceived, and would have turned a noble patron out, enveloped in a coachman's capes, had he not sliely exhibited to them his crimson card of office.* Now indeed he triumphed in character, into the room he forced so naturally, that the family-man believed his *very* driver had passed in the confusion.

"Ah, your honour let your purse-strings open a little to the poor; didn't I bring you, box and dice, the seven of you across the water, all the way from Merrion Square—a job id have cost you half a guinea—just to set you down, and I'll come up to your orthers any time till daylight, for a little dollar, the never a lie in it."

"You scoundrel, there's a shilling, that you don't deserve, and if you follow me one inch further I'll have you turned out and given in charge. How could such a fellow have got in?"

Peals of laughter followed such successful sallies, but detail, however interesting, would exceed the space allowable.

The first singers of the day, Sir John Stevenson, Mr.

* As one of the noble patrons, the late Lord Rathdowne, then Lord Monck, who with his many admirable qualities, possessed an infinite fund of pleasantry and humour.

McCaskey, &c., in characteristic groups, sung, "Here in cool grot," "Hark, Apollo," "The chough and crow," and a number of beautiful things. Hundreds of characters equally well supported moved about, and at suitable times made their obeisance to vice-royalty in character. The Countess of Talbot entered with exceeding grace into the humour of the entertainment. Many articles of Irish manufacture she became possessed of, and was exquisitely fitted with white satin shoes by an amateur crispen, who gave the produce of all he sold to the charity—the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society—in aid of which we had assembled.

There was now a move to the pillar room, vice-royalty leading the way, conducted by the stewards to the centre of the ordinary side-seats in that beautiful apartment, where their Excellencies with even more familiarity and condescension enjoyed the varied amusements of the evening, and the excellent quadrille dancing, particularly of the Messrs. Heaviside as dandyzettes, in the extreme of the fashionable morning costume of the day—coal-box bonnets, as they were called, of enormous size, trimmed with deep lace, ribbons, and roses, and frocks as exuberantly ornamented with flounces and flowers as they were limited in length and elegance, which, however, had the *one* advantage of showing off the very graceful lady-dancing of these accomplished gentlemen.

At times an Indian chief, it might have been "the last of the Mohicans," would take his stand at top, look all down the room, and when the set would cease, would start off in his war-dance of defiance.* His nasal tones, and rattling bones,

* Captain Verling, who by residence in the wilds of Canada had become almost an Indian.

sinewy, and almost naked frame, proclaiming him but late from the Lake of the Woods or Winepeg. Contrasting with his outre figure was that of an infant school boy, six feet six in height, whose humanity and charity, like his little satchell on his shoulder, all looked up to.*

Very able and successful efforts were made to picture the leading characters of the day; one by an anticipatory bill, printed and sold for the benefit of the charity, caused infinite laughter at the expense of many there, and some not there, and there was a brilliantly lighted show of a carnival, in which all the characters seen were, by cleverly extemporized descriptions, made to suit the most remarkable personages of the evening, the proceeds at something like a shilling for each gazer at the show, greatly aiding the charity.

Mr. H. Bunn, as Jemmy Brian O'Shaughnesy, played the Irish airs on his *fiddle* so "dirty," he delighted the dancers and professionals.

Mr. Samuel Lover's clever *puffs* were swallowed eagerly. Bradbury, the famous clown, was a decrepid old gentleman, extremely well supported. The Messrs. Glascock and Messrs. Bennett and Wildrige were, as well as many others, ballad singers. One of the most amusing incidents of the day being the origin of the tune to which the now well-known ballad of "Judy Brallaghan" was sung.

Mons. St. Pierre, an accomplished and popular dancer of that time, had been induced, as an attraction for the Hibernians to undertake for his benefit at Crow Street Theatre, to dance a real Irish jig, which he faithfully perfected himself in, but

* Samuel Rosborough, Esq., the indefatigable Secretary and Treasurer of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society,

the native fiddler he had learned from, and relied on for his tune and chief effect, had in the celebration of his prosperity rendered himself so incapable of performing, that St. Pierre went in despair to Blewett, the composer, to make him out a jig he could dance his new acquirements to. Blewett, certainly, laughed at the oddity of the circumstance, which raised a doubt in the mind of the foreigner whether he was serious or not, when he said he should see St. Pierre dance his jig before he could do anything for him.

The dancer exclaimed, but the other insisted, that he should not only dance, but dance like a devil, as he intended to do for his benefit, in order that the composition might have some chance of suiting, and some spirit; accordingly to work both went, the dancer with his heels, and the musician with his head, and whatever the Irish tune was to which the steps had been learned, BLEWETT'S JIG, which was extemporized then and there, supplied its place at Crow Street, to the great delight of the 'gods,' and the less ethereal auditory, who, if they crowned him by an overflow, they nearly killed him by their encores.

I shall close this brief notice of scenes, never to be forgotten or re-acted, by inserting one verse of a comic song revived at that time (after the peace of 1815), and as appropriate now in 1860, as when at Vauxhall, after the peace of Paris, 1763, it was first sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the character of Mrs. Casey, to a rare Irish tune.

"The British Lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on,
Right (friendly) usage, NEAT FRENCH WINE
A landlady must thrive on.

At table d'hôte, to sit and drink,
Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glasses jingle.
Your Rhino rattle, come men and cattle
Come all to Mistress Ca - - sey,
Of trouble and money, my darling honey,
I warrant I'll make you *aisey*."

The latter part of the same summer, the early part of which witnessed the great fancy-ball at the Rotunda, ushered in the

CLOSE OF THE KILKENNY THEATRICALS.

The last season, and which, on that account, was probably the most brilliant of those intellectual assemblages, extended from Monday, the 11th, to Thursday, the 28th of October, 1819, both inclusive; and as the theatre held nearly two hundred pounds, about a thousand pounds went each season, clear of expenses, to the local charities. I have purposely withdrawn from my notes the incidents of the route, and the road to Kilkenny, which another chapter may better admit; but on our arrival we found the city crowded to excess. Having, however, secured our quarters, in due time we found ourselves in front of the *Proscenium*, over which was tastefully inscribed the motto,

"WE SMILE TO SOOTHE THE WRETCHED."

There was an indescribable charm felt on entering the elegant little theatre, where the admission to all parts of the house was the same; nowhere, almost, but at Bath, in those times, could the same feeling have been experienced: Kilkenny was the Athens and the Bath of the Emerald Isle.

Amateur theatricals of a very high order had been, for a number of years, a fashionable recreation in Ireland, an ex-

cellent summary of which may be found in the *Dublin University Magazine* for, I think, June, 1850, where it is mentioned that so long ago as 1759, Kane O'Hara, one of the company, wrote *Midas* for the amateur sassembled at Lurgan, the Hon. William Brownlow's; and Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV., went from Curraghmore to Dromana, in the county of Waterford, December, 1786, to witness the performances got up there, on a scale of great splendour, by the Earl and Countess Grandison; but about 1802, the united strength of talent seemed to concentrate in Kilkenny, and continued there for a period, as we have seen, of fully twenty years.

"At eight o'clock the curtain was raised, and a general burst of approbation marked the feeling of the audience at this moment; Mr. RICHARD POWER then came forward to speak the promised address, and was welcomed with rapturous applause."* After some very beautiful and appropriate introductory lines, which were enthusiastically received, Mr. Power continued,—

"Should any ask, why, in its noontide hour,
Like Spanish Charles, I quit the sovereign power,
I will a tale unfold; and in my rage
Our green-room secrets publish on the stage.
Know then, my actors are grown restive all,
Nor longer hearken to my sovereign call;
Some to strange lands a wandering spirit drives,
Some take to business, some have taken wives!
My thanes fly from me, and too soon *Macbeth*†
Must stand alone upon the blasted heath.
But late my plaguy rogues, as if combined
They had together a round-robin signed,

* *Kilkenny Moderator*, Saturday, October 30th, 1819.

† Mr. Power was eminently successful as *Macbeth*.

Wrote word, *this season their engagement ends!*
 Shall I expose them? Though they are my friends
 By Jove I will."

Then taking a packet of letters from his pocket, he read
 Mr. ROTHE's apology, and observed,

"Yet shall his memory live ever here,
 And still shall *Beverley, Othello, Lear,*
 Reign in your hearts, while feeling owns a tear." }
 Next comes a grave epistle—post-mark *Mallow*—
 "The senate calls,"—excuse most shallow!—
 "The times are out of joint, and public men
 Must do their best to set them right again;
 So farewell gew-gaw plays! Yours, Wrixon Beecher."
 Now all this comes because he's grown a speaker.
 What! would the proud *Coriolanus* shun
 That spot where first your voices sweet he won?
 Though listening senates hang on all he says,
 He owes it all to the KILKENNY PLAYS."

What next? a note official, signed JAMES CORREY,
 Who says he is "indeed extremely sorry."

* * * *

And who like CORREY e'er from sorrow's eye
 With sunshine laughter every tear could dry?
 When this sad city mourned her favourite dead,
 And deemed all comedy with LYSTER fled,
 When all around was gloom and sad dismay,
 CORREY burst forth, and re-illumed the day.
 Nay, too my youths who dashed through thin and thick—
 ANNESLEY, SHEE, HELSHAM, and my namesake DICK—
 Though now they shave, think grey-beard parts unfit,
 And even Lord MONCK vows he'll the harness quit.

But ah! sad tidings from the North: for there
 CRAMPTON writes word, *the state demands his care!*
 I'm chained here by the leg, and made in vain
Herculean efforts my release to gain.'
 He by the leg! good friends, what chain could bind
 That leg so supple, or that heart so kind?

But let Fate cast his part howe'er it can,
He'll always act the *Irish Gentleman*.*

* * * *

And lo! what bright star wandering from her sphere
Shines on our orb, this parting hour to cheer?
The fair O'NEIL dispels night's vapour dun,
It is the last, and *Juliet* is our sun!
Arise, fair sun, and with auspicious ray
Shed thy kind lustre on our closing day;
So may thy beams, by no dark clouds o'ercast,
Increase each year in splendour ne'er surpassed."

At this distance of time it would be unwise, if it were even possible, to give a detailed critique of the several performances at that last great meeting; there was a mass of talent brought to bear upon every 'cast' of character, that the most experienced tragedians declared it would have been impracticable to produce elsewhere; thus in *Douglas*, Messrs. Beecher, Rothe, and Richard Power; with Miss Walstein as *Lady Randolph*, could not be exceeded; but I must skip to Wednesday, the sixth night, when Miss O'Neil appeared as *Juliet*.

"On her entrance this evening, the entire audience, influenced by a simultaneous feeling of respectful admiration, stood up, while the house rang with enthusiastic plaudits."† Her performance was deeply and distressingly beautiful; no language could do justice to the overpowering energy and feeling with which Miss O'Neil uttered the lines,—

* Mr. Crampton was an unrivalled representative of Irish gentlemen, such as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. From his great height, being some inches over six feet, great activity, and strength, he was called the Hercules; while his brother, the late Surgeon-General, from his symmetry and grace, was called the Apollo Crampton.

† *Moderator*, Oct. 30, 1819.

"That 'banished'—that one word, 'banished,'
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. In that word
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain—all dead! Romeo is banished!"

The child-like simplicity and beauty of that great actress's performance in the scenes with the nurse had won the observers hearts to a very reality of sympathy with her, and in her own chamber scene, when the nurse and Lady Capulet leave her, all the whole soliloquy from

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again."

was painfully effective: even now my blood creeps cold at the very contemplation of it; it was no longer acting

"The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,"

was brought up so forcibly, that in the mind's eye, as we heard them elaborated, calculating the consequences, we were startled from our day-dream by the electric effect of the great tragedian's delivery of that terrible passage,

"O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: Stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo!" * * *

Miss O'Neil's *Belvidera*, and the acting of Mr. Richard Power in *Jaffier*, (*Venice Preserved*) was almost equally distressing; Mr. Rothe's *Othello* I believe never was exceeded.

In the *Gamester* it might be said, as was observed when Kemble and Mrs. Siddons sustained the principal characters, that the acting surpassed the author.

It will not be denied, that as a tragedy, the *Gamester* has many defects, and that it might, probably, have been made to

end more effectively and more happily ; but for these defects, the great talents engaged made more than amends, and as the audience got gradually absorbed in the piece, the fine passages that do exist, combined with matchless acting told with so wondrous a force, that numbers wept audibly, and Mr. Rothe's two daughters were so wrought on by the recklessly devoted affection of *Mrs. Beverley* (Miss O'Neil), and the poignant agony of the *Gamester* (Mr. Rothe), so vividly portrayed in the prison scene, that they fainted off, and were carried out senseless to the corridor.

Each performance was equally well filled, but the eleventh and final night, at last arrived. The *Richard the Third*, of Mr. Beecher, and the *Richmond* of Mr. Richard Power came off with great faithfulness and force, and after much laughter provoked by the performance of Lord Monck, Mr. Corry, Mr. R. Power, Jun., Mr. Gyles, and Mr. Annesley in the *Agreeable Surprise* ; the curtain dropped, but soon it rose again, displaying the whole company on the stage in crescent form, when Mr. R. Power as their distinguished leader, came forward to speak an epilogue, written I believe by Mr. H. A. Bushe, from which I can only give about a moiety as a part of the

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

* * * * *

HAPLY some future traveller may say,
While in this town he makes a short delay,
Pointing to where, her court Thalia held,
"Here RICHARD pitched his tent of Bosworth field:
Here youthful orators their strength would try,
Poise on the wing, ere yet they learned to fly.

* * * * *

And Stephens poured her sweetest warblings here,
The seraph-tones still vibrate on the ear ;

* * * * *

Here fair O'NEIL, with nature, feeling charmed,
And won the wisest, and the coldest warmed ;
And now, mature in honours, flings the light
Of setting radiance on our closing night."

You too, our patrons, never sued in vain
For kindness, critic censure to restrain ;
You fanned each hope, and silenced every fear,
And cheered with beauty's smile and still more flatt'ring tear.
Oh ! while this breath I draw, my grateful mind
Shall cherish all these scenes have left behind ;
Full oft shall fancy bring them to my view,
And memory, lingering, half their joys renew.
So when death claims some victim for the tomb,
And loveliness consigns to early doom,
With mental eye, the widow'd partner sees
Her imaged form—he hears her in the breeze ;
Entranced, in fond regret, his feelings know
A charm in grief, a luxury in woe,
And thrill with second rapture, wandering o'er
All that had won, and all that pleased before :
Such solace still remains, and just gives strength
To utter what we must pronounce at length,
While to the utmost bound our bosom's swell,
And quivering lips scarce falter, "Friends, farewell."

The feelings of the audience were much affected by the delivery of this address, "and on its conclusion acclamations burst enthusiastically from all quarters of the house." The dramatic company then sang the National Anthem, and the curtain dropped !

We may fairly presume, that at this last season, opportunity did not offer for bringing forward *Coriolanus*, which was Mr. Beecher's great character, and in which, as it was

well expressed, he completely carried away the audience, particularly in the final scene.

Besides the grand ball, in which the whole theatre was thrown into one splendid area, there was at least one farewell supper, at which most admirable speeches were made, especially Mr. Richard Power's; excellent songs sung, and infinite wit and humour displayed, but to us, from an adjoining county, the hour of leaving came while we were still amid the festive scene; long worsted hose were drawn over our silks, and shorts, Irish diamond buckles and dress shoes, up high above our knees, as we turned from the supper-table; then with large box-coats and over-shoes, we ascended our vehicles, and as we rolled along in the sombre grey of an October morning, we thought that we never could forget the animated, affecting, and beautiful scenes we had witnessed with so much pleasure, and that while life remained, (nearly adopting Moore's words), there would be, as there was at that instant,

“ * * * * * Relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which time could not destroy,
Which might come in the moments of gloom and of care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KILKENNY ROAD—THE NAVAL SERVICE.—

CHARLEY BUNTING.

THE road reminiscences on our route to Kilkenny having been unavoidably excluded from my last chapter, it may not be amiss to touch upon some of them, particularly as that interesting line was retraced soon after, in company with sailor friends, more particularly with one whom we must recognize under the name of "Charley Bunting." He tandem'd with me to the capital and back; and by his fondness for hailing old blue-jackets and ship-mates, I am enabled to place at least a skeleton of the variety of amusing "yarns" that beguiled our journey. What do we not owe to the jolly blue-jackets? Besides protecting us in our island homes, the recollections of our happiest moments, and of our most adventurous days, are associated with them.

How many youths would have been sailors, but for possibly a fond mother's dread of the wild teachings of a navy life, but time has worked, and is working out the change that was necessary in that glorious service, and now we have the pattern mother of the realm confiding her darling child to its rough keeping. The *Army and Navy Gazette*, of this very week (March 31st), while I am pruning down my voluminous notes, says (p. 214) with tact and truth:—

“ Our children must be sent to sea young, if they are ever to know that hard profession well and zealously ; it is only early that they can be trained and broken-in to its habits of discipline, and its severe labours, as well as absence of luxury. But in parting with them thus early, every parent knows how much the risks are increased of their doing well in after life, as far as their moral and religious welfare is concerned. They may become good sailors ; but it is best known to many an English household how many a one, who was the hope and the pride of a family, has become an outcast, a wreck, and a shame. The temptations are very great in the early stages of a young sea-officer’s life, and he is often too young to know right from wrong, until wrong has led him too far astray to recover himself.”

Charley Bunting, the most juvenile of my nautical companions, was the youngest of a numerous and highly respectable family ; and as it appeared to his parents that he was not likely to inherit much of the property they enjoyed, he was entered at eleven years old in the Royal Navy, and with such interest as generally attaches to good connections. The Navy, no doubt is now, as I have observed, a much better school for youth than it then was, if we may judge from the circumstance to which I have alluded, and by such specimens as a Hall, a M’Clure, a M’Cleverty, or a M’Clintock.

Bunting was, however, a gallant little fellow, and in leading storming or boarding parties seemed to have played his part right well. He had a bullet-wound clean through the palm of his left hand ; while on another occasion his right hand was divided by a sabre-cut, and had been but partially united by prompt surgery.

It was probably a misfortune to him as well as to the service, that at twenty-one, by the death of his father and elder brothers, who had died off one by one, he was left in full possession of the property; but thus;—with all his follies and his frolics, was Charley Bunting, now my road companion.

The way-side inn of Ballitore was our first stage. It was the half-way sleeping house for families *en route* between Dublin and Kilkenny, which latter had its many attractions, besides being the half-way to Cork. The journey was again broken by a night's rest at Clonmel, and very often Fermoy came in for patronage in a similar manner.

The inn of Ballitore, which was not in that pretty village, but on the great turnpike road above it, was perfection; it has been well remarked, that pets and posies have ever been good leading-marks for creature comforts, as

“Where flowers are cared, and animals spared,
The comforts of home are sure to be shared.”



It was so at Ballitore inn. The nice, little, sunny, white-curtained windows shone with cleanliness, and glowed with the radiance of “Burke’s superb,” and the various showy blossoms, Balsams, &c., that decorated the window-sills, on which basked a beautiful puss or two; and every animal, whether cat, dog, or horse, seemed of the family, and not to know what fear was. There was an association of ideas in connection with Ballitore, which the “superb” above oddly enough brought to my mind, that from that spot went Edmund Burke, of the “sublime and beautiful.” It was at Ballitore School he received his earliest education, in allusion to which it was written,

“‘Ive read in foreign climes of Ballitore,’
 He said, ‘and of its celebrated school,
 Where Irish youths imbibed that classic lore,
 Which taught to win the field, or senates rule.’”

Burke, to his infinite credit, to the last kept up a correspondence and connection with the Shackletons (original proprietors of the school); and Mary Leadbeater, not unknown to the poetic world, Mr. Shackleton's sister, when at Mr. Burke's seat in England, on a visit, wrote a description of it, which, though very pretty, is scarcely terse enough for the present day. Not so the great orator—

“Who that ever hath heard him hath drank at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring the fire and the force,
 And the yet unstained spring of her spirit were shown.”

On a former occasion, in winter, we had hailed a timber-toed friend, who had lost a leg in Trafalgar; and as he had an inkling of the route of a set of coiners, “shiver his timbers” but we should give chase: and as he determined to join us for the spree, it really did appear as if he meant to shiver some of them, as he stowed a lot of drumstick-looking weapons into the dog-cart. “Only spare splices, my hearties; there's no knowing, when we're going free, where a spar may snap, and these are my timber toes, you see.”

He was a capital horseman across a country, with at one side a sort of leathern bucket for a stirrup-iron, and two or three spare “timbers” to the saddle, where the huntsman carries his horn. But his cheering us to spring the horses at the snow-drifts, to “put way on them, and mounting on the gunnel, to preserve the trim, and keep her from going over,” was most amusing and exciting; however, between his energy

and our own exertions, we did succeed in heading the coiners to Ballitore, and having them apprehended. But Byng, our timber-toed hero, was quite distressed that he had not been enabled to range alongside of them, that he might have marked his displeasure of their daring to sail under false colours into a port where he could not only board them, but lodge them, in a manner that would take the shine out of them, and stop at once their brilliant circulation.

We left Byng to follow up his quarry, but we may judge of the man, crippled as he was, from his having rushed up the rounds of a very high ladder, as he would the rattlins of his ship, if necessity required it. The ladder was loose at the top, and had been reared in all haste to the wall of a noble mansion, where the roof was on fire, and the landsmen had failed to ascend it with a rope to haul up the engine-hose; but Byng popped on his knee-hook, flew up the rounds like a monkey, and when the shrieks of the bystanders signified, "It's coming out from the wall!" Byng turned coolly under, and restoring the balance, made the parapet, lashed the ladder with one end of a rope he had carried up around his waist, and while help now joined him, he hauled up the hose, and the fire was extinguished.

Another feat of as fine a fellow, at that time ashore for want of interest to get afloat, was related as we rolled along. The largest cutter that had ever been seen in the Irish waters, a smuggler, had been taken by the *Musquedobit* schooner, a beautiful corvette the French had *unintentionally* provided us with; but the schooner, in endeavouring to come to an anchor in the 'man-of-war road,' impelled by an easterly gale, and the in-draught of Dublin Bay, took the

ground on the Bull, immediately north of the Bar; those on Board being somewhat strangers to the locality.

With the eagle-eye of a thorough seaman, our shore-lieutenant, from below the Pigeon House, saw the emergency, and his opportunity to, serve or to save his friend the captain of the schooner, and possibly save also a noble vessel. He sprang into a boat, but rowing, where the men already had a heavy pull, was too slow for him. With his practised hand at the helm, the boat had in a moment as much canvas as it would bear, and bounding along sufficiently free, she realized the words of the chorus song,

"The sails how they lighten the troubled way!
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
'Tis the canvas that carries her swift away."

Arrived alongside, the lieutenant hailed his friend, and sprang on board the schooner. Then getting her covered with canvas, as she was sharp and deep, she lay down so much on her beam-ends, that in one awful squall, and being made the most of, with still something of the rising tide to come, she floated, and fetched a tremendous stretch to windward. Being now on the top of the tide they soon had the ebb with them, and the *Musquedobit* not only got to sea, but the poor lieutenant got a ship again, and he certainly deserved it.

Passing through Kilcullen on the market-day reminded us of a rollicking adventure, that, however laughable, might have ended seriously:—

Three Paddies, not the better for drink, had got upon one horse, as the more active of the coach-passengers, on foot, as

was usual, ascended the steep hill, leading out of the town—"My eyes! there's a deck-load," said Bunting—"I'm blowed but that craft will founder if we don't manage to clear her of the deck-hamper." So, suiting the action to the word, he popped a farze bush under the horse's tail, and two or three pitches, as he said, cleared the quarter-deck. But now she was 'down by the head,' while he screamed with delight, as Paddy after Paddy came tumbling, like bags of bran, unhurt from off the *Rozinante*; but their feelings and their pride were hurt, and Bunting would have got well punished, but that we mustered strong in his defence, and fortunately no stones were near. Still, as the 'finest peasantry' came hurrying from the crowded fair, that day in the town, to enjoy the row, we would have got the worst of it, but for the inimitable coachman, Pat McLaughlin, who now, driving our conveyance, came in sight, with guard and bugle, and four spanking horses. Pat, who had been a pugilist, along with his other excellent qualities, seeing at once the state of things;—

"Tucking up his fingers for a fight,"

Cried out, "Boys, honey! these are my passengers, and I can't wait for all the gentlemen to fight it out with you, though I'm sure it 'id be very pleasant, if there was only time; but I'll tell you what we'll do:—Make a ring, and pick out your champion from amongst yourselves, and I'll stand three rounds with him; and whoever proves the best man shall have half-a-crown from every mother's sowl that's with the coach."

This speech being received with cheers, a ring was made. McLaughlin gave his horses in care to his guard, Sutton, and entering the ring, after a little play and blowing his man,

merely for form sake, he stretched him with the edge of his open hand, and the unfortunate innocent, lay phlebotomized in a manner not necessary to be described—but deaf to every call of time.

While the crowd were rapt in admiration of the science of the man who did it, a few half-crowns were handed to the original tumblers, and to the “bottle-holders” of their champion, while we gladly scrambled on and into “The Fair Traveller” coach, delighted with our fair-ing.*

After a week in the metropolis, amidst “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” at Anthem’s, for which Dublin cannot be exceeded; and at Assemblies, concerts, and comicalities, we were joined on last evening at dinner, at Macken’s Hotel, in Dawson Street, by an old ship-mate of Bunting’s, a Captain Hitch, R.N., who (an entire stranger to Ireland) had just landed from the sister kingdom, to hold some nautical inquiry, and my hero gathered a few friends to meet him. I did not fail, however, to tell him that it would be well to break up in time, as we were to start early in the morning; but he seemed to have adopted the idea—

* Unfortunate Patrick McLaughlin, who drove Dan. O’Connell, six in hand, round Merrion Square, &c., was a terrible example of the effects of inebriety; possessed of a rare combination of skill as a coachman, and courage and dexterity as a man in overcoming difficulty, he had saved the Cork (by Cashel) Mail from highway robbers, both at Littleton and at Longford Pass, for one of which services he was presented by the Post-office authorities with a four-in-hand whip, beautifully mounted in silver, and his “feats of arms” inscribed on it, the butt of which it was melancholy to see such a man carry about, when he was by no means old, but an emaciated, half naked, and whole stupid, disgusting, begging drunkard, until, probably, the ditch he had so often kept the coach from, received his desecrated carcase.

"When friends that we cherish around us are smiling,
Oh! how can we think of the future or past?
The present so sweetly our senses beguiling,
We only regret it is flying too fast.
Then bid me not waken one thought of to-morrow,
To darken those moments so joyously bright;
The future, alas! may be clouded by sorrow,
But all shall be happy and glowing to-night."

Although they did *not* think of the morrow, there were many pleasant sea-songs, the most original of which was one sung in full chorus, to the noble tune of "The Glasses Sparkle," and made, as well as I can recollect it, a famous noisy sailor's song.

THE BARK THAT PLOUGHS THE MAIN.

"Give me the rough, the open sea,
And a bark bounding o'er the wave;
Stout spars, full sails, the wind all free,
And room for the good and brave.

CHORUS.

If any pain or care remain,
With those who creep upon the shore,
Let them board the bark that ploughs the main,
And care see never more.

I love the jolly seaman's life,
On the top of the mountain wave;
Or home he flies to child and wife,
Or speeds to the wreck to save.

CHORUS. If any pain," &c.

There were numerous other verses, with not quite as much poetry as sentiment, and many marine adventures were related, the most interesting, of which sketches from the life, was that of one of the Gore family. He had been begged almost from a widowed mother by a gallant commodore, in command of some vessels in the Mediterranean, and to whom

he was in a slight degree related, but who had a great affection for him. Thus the little "powder-monkey" (for he was but a child), in his full "tig" of middy's uniform, used to run, often as playful as a kitten, by the skirt of the gallant captain, as he walked the quarter-deck; at other times,

"His eyes were uplifted to heaven,
 And was it dismay that affected his breast?
 The dread of the deep that pervaded his feelings?
 O, no; 'twas a passion more keenly express'd,
 'Twas the throb of affection,"
 "To home and to kindred he'd bidden farewell;
 He strove his sensations to smother;
 But mem'ry had bound round his bosom her spell,
 And he mused on the words of his mother:
 "My hope is thy conduct, thy father is dead;
 Be true to thy king, and ne'er shrink from thy duty;
 The turrows of age on my temples are spread,
 Thy sister has nought but her virtue and beauty."

It so happened that the commodore's cruise had been up the Levant, and off the Syrian coast, and telegraphs being then at zero, in the short peace of 1802-3, although he might have heard of Toulon having been given up to the French in lieu of ample equivalents, he had certainly heard nothing of war having been declared again. He therefore entered Toulon as a friendly port, and the wind being almost 'dead in' at the moment, did not find out his mistake, until letting go an anchor far up in the harbour, he was boarded and taken possession of by the French authorities.

While this was being enacted, and the captain was dumb-founded with amazement, scarcely knowing what to do, the future glorious sailor (the little child by his side) kept his eyes not idle; the captain felt more than once a pluck at his skirt from his little *protégé*, and stooping down the little bell-

like voice rang in his ear, "She'd fetch out, sir, the ship would fetch out." "She *would*, my little fellow," said the gallant commodore, the blood mantling to his cheeks as he perceived the wind had already shifted a couple of points. He accordingly with quietness, as if merely arranging the better mooring of the vessel, gave his officers concise and clear directions. At a given signal many of the men flew to arms, and secured the foreigners on board, the cable was cut, and a crowd of canvas, "haul'd taut," was wooing the fresh breeze; the many guns of that great fortified harbour now opened on the ship, but the commodore greatly paralyzed their efforts, not only by the excellent gunnery he brought to bear upon those of the defences most likely to be mischievous to him, but he also sailed so closely under one line of forts, that few, if any, of their guns could be brought to bear upon him, while at the other side their discharges were limited by the certain injury they should do their own fixed defences and their people, with but a little chance comparatively of striking to effect so swiftly passing an object, as the gallant ship now proved to be. Accordingly, away she went to sea, with comparatively little injury, but with a large body of first-class prisoners.

Gore turned out a prince of sailors; but one wild and gloomy night, when he had arrived at the rank of captain, a squall carried off from the ship which he commanded some yard or spar, and with it half a dozen of his blue jackets overboard. The captain himself was the first to see it, and losing not a moment he heaved out chicken coops, and every fitting for to rescue lives; and then, being an incomparable swimmer, jumped overboard himself to assist his men, and swimming

about, one by one he had them all hauled on board ; but just as the last was going up the side, another awful squall swept the vessel from the gallant captain. She was brought round as quickly as possible, floating blue lights set burning everywhere, boats manned and lowered, though great the risk. His next in command kept the vessel cruising about the spot until daylight, and the whole of the next day, but the gallant fellow had died to save his men, for he never was seen after ; and we may observe, almost in the words of the last verse of that beautiful song, "The Sailor's Grave," by Mrs. Shelton, that—

" Although no stone may tell
His name, his worth, his glory,
They lived in hearts that loved him well,
And they grace Britannia's story."

As we had dined very very late, it was then nearly three o'clock of a fine morning, early in the summer, and I again reminded Bunting of his honourable undertaking to return the next, or rather that day, and that our relays of horses on the road would be in waiting. Being chivalrously honourable, up he at last started, with the "Ready, aye, ready," so characteristic of the service, saying, "Blow me tight, but we'll go now, just now, and bring Jack Hitch along with us," for indeed all the rest of the party had left him. Hitch, his friend, remonstrated, though little loth, as it appeared to me ; so I plead guilty to aiding the visionary views of Wicklow scenery, that had somehow brightened up the Hitch horizon. Wicklow, the Switzerland of Paddy's land, it is known, enjoys a world-wide and well-deserved celebrity ; but then our route did not *take in* the beauties, but *took in* our friend, by going at the wrong side of them.

All this was Greek to him, and at that hour and place no chart could be consulted, while Bunting clinched the thing, by saying naively, "You know you can return by any of the vehicles you meet at any time coming to town, and should you come as far as Blessington, *our* first stage, we'll feed you like a fighting-cock, for I have ordered an *especial* breakfast." The latter part no doubt was true, but the vehicles existed only in the dreamy distance.

But now arose the difficulty of "warping out of dock," as Bunting said; in other words, getting our luggage tied and tightened up for travel at that early hour. Our dinner, coffee, &c., was all paid for before the agent went to bed at twelve o'clock at night, as was the custom of the house; but my friend Bunting's gear and fittings were "stowed away" at *Abbott's Hotel opposite*, no bed for him being to be had at the house we then were in, and where we always stopped. Across the way the sailors soon shifted, but it seemed with little ballast.

A surrender, on the payment of all dues, was speedily demanded of the luggage from the sleepy-looking porter, whom the street-door *broadside* had knocked up; but no such *forwarding* was he inclined to aid. The agent was in bed, the bill could not be got, the trunks could not be moved.

"I tell you, my tight chap," said Bunting, "our anchor's short, and I see you're not so ready to 'stand by' as I expected you to be; but I'll soon find a way to 'pipe all hands,' and then you'll find I'll be attended to."

With a quickness and a mischief I was not prepared for, Bunting seized the congregated bell-wires in a corner, and performing to perfection the movement of a ship-board pump-

ing—above, below, on every side—the bells rang out such clanging peals, that doors flew open, and frightened faces peered from every chamber along the various passages; but as no *fire* appeared, the chill of morning air quick banished all these spectral figures, save the agent and the owner of the house, who wisely judged that cutting them adrift was just the readiest way to clear themselves of clinging noisy sailors. So the bill was brought and paid, boxes gathered down, and off we set on foot, with due camp followers, to start our nags from Dycer's, of "the Green."

This in itself was not so easily to be accomplished. There was but one man up, and while with his aid and our own servant I got the horses fed and looked out our "trap and tackling," Bunting and his friend were cutting sundry *dogs* (which were for sale) adrift. Whether the sailors feelings were hurt at finding them, as they said, "without sea-store," or that they wished to try their fighting powers, the record does not tell; but fight some did, and at that noiseless hour each bark and bay, from blood-hound or from beagle, from watch-dog or Newfoundland, echoed from the hollow yards, and was re-echoed from the empty streets without. The din was terrible, and in self-defence, as well as just to chance our getting out, I had to lay about me well with a prime cudgel accident provided, and turning headless barrels over some of the dogs, hand-carts over others, and the remainder into single stables, we were at last enabled to establish peace.

Then just as the sun came peeping over the high houses of Saint Stephen's Green, we rolled away for Tallagh, tandem. A blessing followed us, no doubt, as just before at Abbott's Hotel, but the blessing was, that we were gone!

Although we had had no sleep, there is, no doubt, a charm in the balmy air; a freshness irresistible, every bank and brae seemed bursting with May flowers, the birds enlivened every spray, and then the Dublin range of hills, from Kingstown up to lofty Kippure, of two thousand feet in height, with all that glorious fringe of fascinating places, extended right before us, every dell and dingle brought out by vivid light and shade, at that most captivating hour. And then again, the beautiful blue sea just opening as we rose upon the hill, until at last, like a great lake, it spread so placid and so beautiful from Dalkey hills all round to Howth, with its pharos in the centre, and just beyond, the gay white villas of Clontarf, so celebrated in our Irish history.

The Englishman that we had "Hitched" was lost in admiration. It is true it would be hard to find a finer panorama, but soon we rounded Tallagh hill, where talk is held to be so cheap; and burying ourselves beyond its barren sides soon hid our picture.

It was then the sailor kept a good look out for any approaching vehicle, but alas! that road had been some time abandoned, and was then in its transition state to a great, wide, and winding turnpike-road, that rounded every hill, and often went round further than it need to do so. No vehicles were therefore met with, until at last, though not without strange surmises and thoughts, of where the vehicles could have gone to,—Blessington we entered, and our sailor-friend was cheered by seeing in the lucky horse-shoe form, over the door of Dowling's little Inn we drove to, the magic words, "THE DAY COACH OFFICE."

Accosting Mr. Dowling with joyous and familiar air,

"Pray, sir," said he, "how soon do you expect the next coach to start for Dublin?"

"Well, sir," said Dowling, with a wise and thoughtful look, "opinions on that head are different."

The sailor was amazed.

"Some say we'll have a coach in two years, but I myself don't think she'll start for good three years at least."

Well might the truant tar, so anxious for return, exhibit his amazement; but worse, no car was to be got, no Larry Doolin cried, "Sure I've the one for you." Away they all were gone to Naas, with a large wedding party.

"May be his honour 'id take a stroll after his breckquest, to have a view of the fine watherfall of Poulaphoooca, 'tis hardly three mile off, and Lord Miltown's fine place before it. The neighbours 'id be coming back, and then, when one of of the bastes 'id feed and rest a little, he'd rowl him into town in no time."

- This plan of Dowling's was too slow a move, for our faster lads, and while we all discussed our plans we dispatched a marvellous fine breakfast.

It appeared clear to the sailor, from what old Stingo the landlord said about the waterfall, that by keeping company with us a little longer, something more might still be seen. Accordingly right on again we started all together from the way-side inn.

We *did* our Rusborough, and with pleasure saw famed Poulaphoooca at its most interesting time, just as a mighty Gothic arch of stone was being placed, as if by giant hands, across that "Demon's Pit," of which a view is given at page 67; and now, except the mountain scenery to the left, dreary,

dim, and unrelieved by sunshine, we had nothing to cheer us on but our natural good spirits. Our groom most certainly was a thorough Paddy ; his mere outline sketches of fays and fairies, rogues and raparees, with the Irishman's inherent apprehension of the former, and power of amplifying the deeds and daring of the latter, afforded us considerable amusement, and at all events a clue for enquiring into some of those adventures that had facts for their foundation, which the reader will find corroborated in the Gleanings from the Glens when we arrive at them.

Holt, and Holywood glen which we drove through, had, therefore, their attractions ; Donard too, that pretty little mountain village, it was better for all parties, and for the new road too, to have passed through as we did than to have abandoned it for the bogs beside it. However, sometimes on old, sometimes on new road, we left the way behind us, picked up our relay, and more than one good incident at Baltinglass, which want of space compels me to omit, and nothing offering to freight our captain, or rather our captive, back by, we carried him to Bunting's residence in the centre of the county of Carlow, from whence, after a moderate refreshment, and a rest of an hour or two, he was despatched to meet the night mail in the next town, on the whole as much pleased as we were at his adventure.

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CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLEY BUNTING AT THE BALL, AT THE INN, IN THE FIELD.

A FEW days after our capital cruise, my sailor friend and I accepted an invitation to a ball, given by a military magnate, afterwards governor of some West India island, who at the peace of 1815 (retiring for a time) had built himself a palatial residence near our large county town.

As we rolled along the beautiful country roads of the county of Carlow, mostly canopied by over-arching trees, and as lights shone from almost every mansion, or appeared with fairy fleetness to flicker through the trees of the various demesne drives, my sailor companion could scarcely be controlled. He compared our route to the "unequalled" Persian valley described in "Lalla Rookh," and broke out in joyous strains to the Tyrolese air and Moore's stirring words,

"Merrily every bosom boundeth,—

• Merrily, O! Merrily, O!

Where the song of Freedom soundeth,

Merrily, O! Merrily, O!

There the warriors' arms

Shed more splendour;

There the maidens' charms

Shine more tender.

Every joy the land surroundeth,—

Merrily, O! Merrily, O!"

Merrily we entered the avenue of Argandza, and the blaze of brilliant lights beaming out at once upon us from the General's mansion. We deduced, like Lalla Rookh's ladies from his taste for illuminations, that the gallant officer would make the most exemplary governor imaginable.*

At a reasonably early hour, an excessively large party had assembled in the noble reception rooms, which extended nearly two hundred feet in length; but as very many of the company knew nothing of each other, although

"Tapers shone, and music breathed,
And beauty led the ball,"

still, it was so far a rather stiff and formal party, and although we had some excellent, well-ordered quadrilles and waltzes, and some good trios and duets, I think the ice of the evening would have been scarcely thawed by the warmth of a joyous laugh, were it not for my comical sailor friend.

Ever ready for fun and frolic, and with a good ear and great love for music, he at once agreed to accompany an English young lady (a relative of our host's) in one of Moore's Irish Melodies, for which the fair songstress professed much admiration, but declined to exhibit in alone; so the sailor was quickly ranged alongside the piano.

A prelude and a symphony, played with excellent taste,—a sweeter commencement was never heard of that touching melody, "The Last Rose of Summer." Perhaps it was a little stiff for Irish music, and the son of Neptune felt quite

* "With their usual good logic they deduced, from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharía would make the most exemplary husband imaginable."—*LALLA ROOKH, conclusion.*

silenced; but the lady ventured half a glance at her presumed supporter, as much as to say, "Where is the second which you promised? Where is the harmony?" On this appeal it certainly did steal forth harmoniously upon the ear.

The sailor had a fair tenor voice, apparently well practised in duets, therefore the effect of such a ringing harmony and such a thrilling pianoforte accompaniment on the general public (for so I may call the auditors in so crowded an assemblage) was such as to create a silence that contrasted only the more strangely with the bursts of laughter round the piano, which even the most formal found it impossible to repress.

The cause of this so nearly rude hilarity soon spread like wildfire, and although the lady stopped on the completion of the verse, the approbation of her friends all near, and the encores of those removed too far to express in words their pleasure, brought out another verse, to be received by genuine laughter, as was then expected.

"'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But the deep magic in the chords,
And in the lips that gave such power,
As Music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,*
'Encore! Encore! Encore!'"

It appeared that, while the lady sang,

"'Tis the last rose of summer,"

the gentleman sang, "The Groves of Blarney;" and thus, although the music suited exactly, the kind of cross-singings

* "Light of the Harem," Lalla Rookh.

produced, like cross-readings, were extremely ludicrous. For example, while the fair songstress breathed out,

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them,"

the sailor's accompaniment, or invitation, ran,

"And if a lady would be so engaging,
As to walk alone in that shade around,*
'Tis there the courther he might transport her,
To some dark cave or underground."

* As much for the sake of rhyme as for reason, I have adopted the words "shade around," instead of "shady bowers," as usually sung; for it is probable, whoever was the author of this fanciful description of the "Station of Lady Jeffries," must originally have made some attempt at rhyme to "ground," and would scarcely have proposed a walk in a bower, although he did put

"The comely eels in the verdant mud,"—

a sarcastic description of a neglected and half-choked fish-pond, which from the slack of water and the slush of mud, was turning into an amphibious property, as Paddy expressed it, with dubious islands producing verdant duck-meat. Also, there might have been a complete circle of bowery walks, in which the poet might naturally invite folk to take a round. The ordinary invitation of an Hibernian gate-keeper is, "Won't your honour take a round of the place?" while the unfortunate Paddy, who had been recklessly "going his rounds," and spending his limited earnings in the *SIN-PALACES*, where there are too many licensed attractions allowed and encouraged, being desired by an A or B 35 or 36 to "move on" from the centre of the Seven Dials (here in London), said, "He was only waitin' for his own door to come round, an' he'd pop in, an' give not the laist trouble in life!" ✓

He had been "going his rounds"—the origin of which sneer, deservedly applied to a person found drunk, has been clearly taken from the ancient Celtic, and as he says, savage mode of drinking so humourously described by Sir Walter Scott, in his note on that passage in the *Lord of the Isles*, beginning,

"Fill me the mighty cup."

A humourist remarked, "that as the lady sang for company, it was the company that were transported;" and the joy beame contagious. Thus, until the settled hour for departure, no private party, for real pleasure, could have exceeded the General's grand parade ball.

A select few, ladies as well as gentlemen, at the breaking up of this grand assemblage, adjourned, by previous invitation, to the hospitable mansion of a gallant Captain in the neighbourhood, whose pleasing daughters were not amongst the least of the attractions of his house.

An elegant supper there awaited us, and a few good songs, some humorous enough to extend our diaphragms with laughing, so recommended by the doctors; but after some more quadrilles, country-dances, and drawing-room music of a high order, we, that is, my friend the sailor and myself, proceeded to our hotel; but, unfortunately for us and for the peace of the vicinity, all others stopping in the house had been in some hours before, the latest, probably, when our second party was beginning. Worn out with waiting, or under some mistake,

It seems the cup, which has been preserved by the McLeods of Dunvegan, in Skye, was originally a chalice, bears date A.D. 993, and "resembles antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland;" and being a quarter of a yard deep, may hold above a gallon. But the manner of drinking by the Streak, or round, for twenty-four or forty-eight hours in succession, is too long for insertion; however, the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer filling, the cup went its rounds, and still, as they dropped off DRUNK, they were barrowed to bed! and this, Sir Walter Scott says, in the last generation, and adds, that at one sitting there was a water-drinker, who proposed to walk to his bed-room, but it was a permission he could not obtain. "Never such a thing had happened," they said, "in the castle;" and so the barrow men carried him off accordingly.—"Lord of the Isles," Constable, Edinburgh, and Longmans, 1815.

the house was shut up, and we found it, in any ordinary way, impossible to gain admission.

To tramp it home, in silks and pumps, a good ten miles to our country quarters, would never do, and it was not easy to bar a house against my sailor friend. "He'd board them through the ports;" so "up her side" he went, as he said, like a bat, by the projections of the old Queen Anne door-posts, and soon he rattled at a second story window; but, whether lucky for him or not, it would not open, so down he came, as nimbly as he had ascended; and ere he could arrange a second attack upon a spot more vulnerable, we heard the window opening that had been assailed. Much more out of fun than fear or apprehension, we buried ourselves within the deep recess of the entrance door.

The weary traveller that we had roused appeared too stupidly tired to hear or heed our barely suppressed laughter, for slap! shut went the window. Of course he concluded he had been mistaken, but my sailor friend determined he should thus mistake no more, so he resolved to "bowse" him up.

"Rest, weary traveller."

he certainly did not sing: but up the wall he ran again, and thundering at the sash, I thought he would break it in, but down the "rattlins," as he called the door sides, he came, like *William* in *Black-Eyed Susan*. The traveller was quick on foot, and this time swore, and cursed, and shouted, "Robbers! robbers! Robbed he was going to be; and in the house he'd stop not a moment longer." It was pleasant for us; there were no watchmen in that country town, or we might, in self-defence, have had to beat them, amongst our other feats of the night; but as we kept so well ensconced

without, the shouts for help, within, of the frightened traveller brought, at last, the "boots" to the front door, who instantly we seized, and silenced. He, truly Irish, with but a word from us, entered at once into the humour of the thing.

Leaving us his light that we might slip to our beds, he poked out into the street, which was then just little more than darkness visible, from the grey approach of morn; gas, or even oil, being hidden things to country towns at that time.

After making a cast around, for form sake, and peering into each recess he addressed the figure in the window,

"The Lord be betune us an' harm! but yer honour drames too heavy; there's not a Christian crathur here at all, at all. It's all a drame, yer honour. Think o' yer family, if you have 'em, an' for their sakes get advice at wanst in the mornin', when ye rise, as with God's help ye will: an' forenent the door ye have one Doethor Pethrie, the best of min, and the greatest docthor in the siven counties. An' now, good night, yer honour, an' that ye may keep yer mind at rest, an' pay attintion to yer sleep, is poor Paddy's prayer for the on-settled thraveller."

CHARLEY BUNTING IN THE FIELD.

I HAD been persuaded to mount my sailor friend upon a little high-bred horse, a famous jumper, and quite up to his weight; but I had my doubts, with his maimed hands which I have alluded to, that he could hold him.

We drew one of those sunny gorse covers at the western side of Carlow county, generally a sure find, and so as surely he was "at home." Away we went, showing a fine front,

until heavy quickset "raspers" began to thin the field, but still the dogs led on at a pace tremendous, and we could do but little, only mind our riding. To my surprise, when we were sufficiently select I spied my favourite little nag, on which I had placed the sailor, gallopping along to join me, but as nature sent him, save his bridle!

Being as petted as a fawn, and knowing me and my horse, it was not difficult to secure him, and at the earliest moment possible I sent him back, that he might take "on board" again his jaunty rider; but neither tale nor tidings could we get of Neptune's son, until we had earthed the fox, and then I gladly saw him coming on, unhurt, to join us. His horse had "bull-finched" him completely in one of the great hedges he had rushed him at: and not being able to hold the reins, from the spirit of the horse, he was compelled to let him go, but kept between his knees the saddle-gear, which the horse burst through and abandoned. "Blow me tight," said he, "but it's a fact, I could not help it; but then no one could blame me, for my moorings came home to me."

By those who saw it, I am told there never was a queerer sight, than to see a booted and a scarlet-coated fox-hunter doing hobby-horse on a fine new saddle, in a high thorn hedge.

His want of hands to hold his horse, even a splendid-tempered and well-trained hunter of his own he mostly rode, led him as often into difficulties as his want of head.

He sailed along one day at the usual pace, when old Mat Jones, the huntsman of the Tullow-Club Fox-hounds, on an unwieldy, long-legged horse called "Scaffold," occupied, unfortunately, to his infinite discomfort and chagrin, and to

all appearance permanently, the only decent pass a long line of tremendous quickset, stone-faced fence presented.

"Get on, Mat Jones, my boy; come, heave a-head, my lad, or I must board you," said the sailor.

"Oh! Mr. Bunting! Mr. Bunting! a leetle time, if you please," poor "Scaffold" all the time hard struggling, but his movements getting still more complicated.

"I say, Mat Jones, I can't keep Bergami from bearing down upon you, so look out, look out;" but there was no use in looking out, or back, he'd see nothing there to please him. However, "Bergami" *did* rush on, and charging poor "Scaffold" with his chest like the steam ram talked of, away the quartett went, all together, into the other field, not only without a fall, but with scarcely a scramble. Jones just glanced at his rescuer, as the sailor and "Bergami" flew by him, saying, "Thanks, Mr. Bunting, thanks;" and stirring up old old "Scaffold," we all bowled merrily along.

There were a brilliant pack of little beagles, a smaller craft that Bunting delighted in, as he said he could more easily sail with them than with the speedy fox-hounds; and so for fun, and just to gratify him, out we went on a free day, that is, a daynot occupied by our list of meets. We had most excellent sport, and really lots of fun, but even hares will take contrary places; and a wall on Craig-a-Luig,* that would try a Galway man, came right in front of us. There was one fair rideable spot we, the older hands, had passed before; and kindly cautioning our sailor friend, he followed, as he thought, closely in our wake. But by-and-by, a shout from Bunting

* Craig or Carrig-a-Luig, the Rocky Gull.

caused us to look round, and lo! he positively had jumped his horse into the mud walls of a cabin in process of construction against the stone wall we had just rode over unobstructedly.

"Avast heaving, lads," said he; "lay to a bit: by Jove, I'm pounded regularly. Here I am, almost wet-docked; but, my eyes, I can't even try to warp out," meaning, of course, to lead his horse, "as there's no dock-gates." With a general laugh in which Bunting joined heartily, we wheeled about, and getting a fellow with a spade, he gave a shilling to have himself *dug out*, that is, the door-head dug away, and the jambs so widened as to pass without a squeeze the ill-used Bergami!

Puss being either lost or run into during our emancipating operation, while beating for another hare we were entertained with an account of an adventure, a short time before, of one of Bunting's cloth, who had been on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood. It so happened that the only "mount" readily available for the gallant Captain Lawson was a horse possessing all the best field accomplishments, and but one defect, which was, an abhorrence of water; he could neither be got to jump over or to wade through anything of a river; but Lawson was satisfied to run his chance, for he said, as he was such a water-dog, they might come to 'trim' better than people expected.

A rattling fox gave them a brilliant run, some of the first-flight men going from bank to bank, over a deep and dangerous, but comparatively narrow river; and now came the trial of the nag, that was neither fit for the Whissenden Brook, or for the Loch of the Bay; but the fox being run into, to the

astonishment of the select, the gallant sailor, on "Hydrophobia," came spanking up, "making all sail," as he wittily expressed it, "in the wake of the fleet."

"Lawson, my dear fellow," said his friend, "how did you get your horse across the river?"

"By Jove, I towed him over;" said the captain, and it appeared, from his description, that having drawn the strong rein of his bridle through the idle ring of the snaffle, from which he had unbuckled it, he made a noose on the horse's under jaw, and a capital towing-line; he then coaxed the horse, as he walked by the river-edge, as near it as possible, where the bank was weakest and most perpendicular, and acting at a favourable moment, he threw his shoulder suddenly against the horse with all his force, and so launched him "broadside on," as he expressed it. With his tow-line in his teeth he now struck out for the other bank, and between swimming and wading, when he reached the desired side, he hauled in the slack, shook off the spray, and getting his helm to rights, he made chase with such speed that he soon forgot he had been water-logged, and came up, as they saw him, just as they had closed with the enemy.

But to return to Bunting. On one occasion, when visiting his County of Kilkenny tenantry, he had asked a number of friends to meet him at dinner, at the club-house in that city; but in parting from his man of business, or a friend at one of the tenants' houses, after a hearty lunch, the *dhuc en durrus*, or stirrup-cup, had proved too much for him, and not arriving in Kilkenny till his dinner was quite over, he shouted at the club-house for the ostler, who perhaps had gone to supper, to take his nag; but no ostler, or even waiter, coming to the

door, he charged up the steps into the hall, which lay quite open. There, still unattended he charged the stairs; and exemplifying what a spur in the head can do, attracted by the jovial sounds that issued from above, he reached almost the bosom of his friends. He "surrounded them," to use an Irish phrase, at all events, by riding round the table; but after shouts and cheers of reiterated welcome came the tug of war. The pony had had his time for reflection, and down the stairs he would not go, even though mad-cap Bunting mounted again to ride him; it was clearly now no go. He ordered the naughty nag, like a bold child, into the corner, to be there made up for the night; and thus, while this eccentric biped and his friends enjoyed the host's excellent findings, the quadruped, almost alongside of them, enjoyed the ostler's food and fittings.

I had it from Bunting himself, that next day he had to drive to the barges at Thomastown, to hire or to borrow a tackle, to sling the pony from a spar let out of the windows over head; and that he paid five pounds for the damage to the room and house, and a pound or two to his decent tenant for the cuts and scrapes the pony got, by the scrapes he brought him into.

Still more innocently harmless were other tricks. He had a rich old father-in-law, to whose house he drove with his wife, at times, to dine, and was always welcome. The old gentleman was justly proud of the perfection to which his family had brought the cultivation of flowers. On one of these dinner occasions he brought in himself to the drawing-room, from the greenhouse, a crown hyacinth of unusual splendour to exhibit. After the old man, flattered by the admiration it

received, had taken it all round the room, the sailor said in the simplest way,

"I think I could show you as fine a one at my place, Kilgarron, when you come to dine to-morrow."

The old gentleman protested that it could not be, and upheld the honour of his house; but his son-in-law, the sailor, equally obstinate, proposed to bet a pound, to go in charity, that he would do it. The bet was duly recorded, and the ladies, some of whom were charity-collectors, enjoyed the thing, because they knew that no matter which side lost, the poor-box gained.

Some excellent music now beguiled the time until the carriages were ordered, and then,

"In happy mood we drove away,
Anticipating joys next day."

True to his word, on the arrival of the patriarchal family at Kilgarron, the sailor did produce a glorious hyacinth, with some little ornament upon the pot, to set it off, and it was at once pronounced by all to be as good as the one exhibited the day before. On this the old man, pulling out his pound (which was thankfully received), declared that the flower was as good as his; and only that he had left his own at home, he would say, there it was, for in truth he saw no difference. "Nor is there any," said the Jack Tar; "and I am sorry to have to ask you, after losing your money, to be at the trouble of taking that beautiful hyacinth back to Rathboy, from whence I brought it when coming away last night;" adding with much humour, "but, you know, you can leave it here if you like. I only said I would show you as good a plant at

Kilgarron as your own, and there it is, and I won the wager fairly. Why did not you keep a better look-out?"

Even the old patriarch could not be angry, and we all sat down to dinner, with many a pleasant joke at his expense.

Alas! poor Bunting!

"Where be your gibes now? your gambols, and your song"

of "The Old Commodore?" "He had gone out too young to know wrong from right" and in the words of the gazette I have already quoted, "wrong had led him too far astray to recover." He never did recover himself. He lived too fast for the best constitution, and used himself up at still an early age; courtesy had not even then invented the better

"Custom of entertainment."

After learning his early death, on passing Kilgarron a few years since, where he once so joyously resided, I could not but think that the acquisition of a fortune was a misfortune to poor Bunting. On active service, under the control of the crown and the commodore, with exciting and laborious, as well as anxious and noble duties to perform, he would not have plunged beyond his depth, and we might still occasionally have enjoyed his pleasant yarns; and when taught

"Not to outsport discretion,"

he might have lived amongst us with an honourable retirement.

Full of these reflections, on arrival home, I found that a beautifully-plumed talking bird that I had reared and petted, to have presented, with a rarer subject, to the Dublin Zoological Society, had broken loose in my absence, and had

drowned itself in a water-butt, that stood near him. "Ah! here again," said I, "is the abuse of liberty;" and sitting down alone (my family were at the sea), I penned the following lines, with which for the present I close my aquatic incidents.

LINES ON THE ABUSE OF LIBERTY:

SUGGESTED BY

A JAY DROWNING ITSELF IN AN ADJACENT WATER-BUTT.

A bright-plumed Jay, with ample scope
For air, for health, and whim,
Would with his betters more than cope,
And, as he talked, would swim.

He watched, from day to day, the hand
That tied his cage and sighed,
While self-sufficient, on his stand,
He scorned what care supplied.

He eyed the fluid, dreaded nought—
Will not reflection come?
Till dipped too deep—ah! want of thought—
Too late we ruin shun!

Left to himself, he tried the noose—
Ah! fatal, foolish hour—
He pulled, and tugged, and then got loose;
But LIBERTY'S NOT POW'R.

To breast the wave that circled near,
In giddy joy he flew;
The dazzling eddies, false as fair,
Soon hid his plumes from view!

His gold-tipped wings, aerial meant,
Now but increased his woe;
He gurgled, choked, and downward went,
So foolish pride's laid low.

MORAL.

Thus youth restrained, oft longs for rule,
A man in thought, though scarce from school.
Ah! long restrained, too soon set free—
Too soon possessed of liberty.

Freedom thus "outsports discretion,"
Stops not short of full possession;
The golden gifts by Heaven sent,
Easily got, are idly spent.

In brighter circles meant to soar,
He sinks in Bacchanalian roar;
Liberty effects his ruin,
Phantom pleasure while pursuing.

Deceitful fluid, too, tempts *here*;
Puts vice in such seductive gear,
Lulls our senses, "fools each bent,"
Relaxes nought, till we consent.

The tiny warning, felt within,
Is hushed before each little sin;
At last the plunge, and then our woes,
For "Vice oft seen familiar grows."

CHAPTER XV.

WESTPORT—THE KILLERIES.

"Oh what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot bring forth
One bliss like those we felt of old,
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold!
No, no! her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave."*

I HAD promised a valued, and now lamented friend, to visit him at Westport, a town of Mayo, at the head of one of the most beautiful bays of the Atlantic, about one hundred and eighty miles from Dublin, a little to the northwards of due west. There were the additional inducements for, at that time, so wearisome a trip of seeing, first, so interesting a country as I had heard the extreme west was, secondly, the "City of the Tribes," and lastly, to pass, in all probability, on my return, where Dick Martin ruled

"The houseless wilds of Connemara."

Accordingly towards the end of July, 1826, I placed myself beside the driver of the Galway mail, at the Hibernian Hotel in Dawson Street, Dublin, on his comfortable box-seat. It was one of those bright summer nights when the twilight

* Moore's Melodies, 10th number.

almost meets the day, and the dreary flatness of the road to Ballinasloe, where we left the Galway coach, was quite intolerable. I just remember one little rise, near "Tarah of the Kings," that varied the wearying sameness, by a distant view of the beautiful lake of Belvedere. At Ballinasloe we entered, ~~what~~ the coachmen called from its extent, "the Continent," which was so thinly passengered and peopled, that drivers having offended, were sent there (in quarantine) as punishment, to conduct the three-horse or pick-axe post-coach team, its slender intercourse barely supported.

The then desert scene by Castle Blakeney and its immediate foreground, formed but little change, still the glorious Alpine, pale blue heights of Connemara began to rise in the western horizon, and led to newer subjects for our conversation or for silent contemplation by one amongst us, whose home, perhaps, lay deep amidst them, where

"The loud torrent and the whirlwinds roar,
But (bound) him to his native mountains more."

In Tuam Fair a refreshing little incident occurred. A colt, untrained and uncontrolled, jumped right across the pole before the wheelers and staid there, until our dark leader was removed. I have often since thought that other Tuam dark leaders might have been removed from off, and far away from the election poll, with even more advantage to their cause and to the public. But our leader to again, on and on we went, dropping our slender little bags of news, and even these were few and far between. No book-post then, or penny-post had swelled the importance of the postal route, the echoing horn of the lonely guard in the empty streets at mid-day seemed scarcely to awaken the only half-alive in-

habitants. Still on and on we went, until with the fourteenth set of horses we had had from Dublin put to, at Castlebar, we reached the half-way hill to Westport, and there the setting sun, my second evening! was lighting up that most striking place, its noble bay and timber-clothed verdant islands, and its woods being so grateful to the eye, after the unplanted district we had passed through; then in the distance, far beyond "fair Westport town," the giant frontiers of the mighty wave, "Muilrea," with Clare and Achill islands, reared their grey-peaked summits to the clouds, beyond which in the extremest distance, in all that magic of obscurity, which enabled superstitious fancy to create the "Phantom City," lay the "broad Atlantic."

Gerald Griffin has so beautifully and so concisely told the little legend that I cannot resist inserting his version of

THE PHANTOM CITY.

"A story I heard on the cliffs of the west,
That oft thro' the breakers dividing,
A city is seen, on the ocean's wide breast,
In turreted majesty riding.

But brief is the glimpse of that phantom so bright,
Soon close the white waters to screen it,
And the bodement they say of the wonderful sight
Is death to the eyes that have seen it.

I said when they told me the wonderful tale,
My country, is this not thy story;
Thus oft thro' the breakers of discord we hail,
A promise of peace and of glory.

Soon gulfed in those waters of hatred again,
No longer our fancy can find it,
And woe to our hearts for the vision so vain,
For ruin and death come behind it."

Our first impression of Westport from so exceedingly beautiful a panoramic view was thus most favourable, and on a nearer approach we found that, with enough of nature, a modern regularity pervaded it.

A sparkling river, with three handsome bridges over it, runs right down its centre, while on either side were terraces or quays, the eastern being occupied by the range of the hotel, which included Petty Sessions Court, Linen Hall, and many public offices; opposite, the town occupied the hill-side, having a "diamond" and a market-place, branch streets from each, and a connecting street parallel to the quays and river, and then, to sea-ward or down-stream, just at the quay-end lay Lord Sligo's beautiful demesne.

The courtesy and kindness of the late Marquis to visitors, almost strangers, at Westport can never be forgotten, while his activity, although more than twenty stone weight, could scarcely be surpassed. Cards were placed at our disposal for the shooting in the mountains, and for the hospitalities of his lordship's elegant mountain-lodge at Delphi, near the Killeries, the latter of which compliments only we accepted; in the interim his lordship "ciceroned" us round the "lions" in the vicinity, the quay, the race-course, Caherholly or the deep-sea roadstead. The only interruption to the roll of the four-in-hand and the eloquence of anecdote that poured forth so entertainingly from his lordship, was by a drunken fellow who lay right across the road. "Take him up behind," said the Marquis, "we'll make a case of him, and give him eight and forty hours at least; up with him," said he, as the footman dragged the unfortunate individual out of the way. "Oh, my lord," said the inimitable Hall, who drove us, "you

wouldn't be so hard on the poor fellow, the evenin's raw enough, and I'd willingly share his complaint, and we'd *both* be the better of it. That'll do, Jim, his lordship will let us pass him *this* time any how." "Well, Hall, I suppose it must be so," said the Marquis, and on we rolled.

On returning we heard a pleasant anecdote of his lordship and the Right Honourable Denis Browne, his uncle, the presumptive heir to the estates up to that, there not being any family. The "Right Honourable," as he was called, and equally blessed as his lordship in being about twenty stone, had expressed an anxious wish to see the lodge and great improvement down at Delphi; accordingly a kind of four-wheeled one horse drag received the quarter ton of good-humoured nobility, at the hall door of Westport house. Quietly they crept along as became their humble equipage and limited horse power, until turning one of the "zig-zags" that headed the hill the town was on, his lordship was handed the "ribbons," he knew so well how to handle, attached to no less than three splendid greys, harnessed "random tandem," which were as quickly attached in front of the wheeler, in Indian file, which the marquis preferred, as the road was in many parts narrow.

In vain did the Right Honourable remonstrate; pinned to the seat by his weight, he was compelled to listen to the happy consolation of the Marquis, that for once they were upon equal terms, had an equal chance, and only ran an equal risk of one of them inheriting all. But it is a fact, that singular four in hand performed the sixteen miles of narrow mountain road in perfect safety, although a part of it at the Sheffri lead mines went up a kind of gallery, an ascent of nearly

nine hundred feet in height, without either parapet or protection.

There was also a pleasant anecdote about the bathing tower his lordship had constructed for the ladies; it was a circular area, a moiety of which, on a nice strand, the tide commanded, and within the high surrounding walls were fixed all due appointments. Adjacent was a half tower, the sea-side being entirely open to the ships and harbour, built to encourage the Westport youth in the manly art of swimming.

At the proper season, all being duly finished, the ladies, the *élite* of Westport, as courtesy demanded, were conducted to a private view of the several elegant arrangements, before the public opening. But lo! since the days of mother Eve, the gentle sex are open to temptation; they saw the amphitheatre's wide bounds, not "brown with shade, or pine or cypress clad," but girt by heavy marginal enclosure.

"Nature had" not here "so play'd her part,
That everywhere she seemed to vie with art;"
Still "the bright goddess, toil'd and chafed with heat,"
Might deign "to bathe her in the cool retreat."

But Diana's times are passed away, and modern ladies like to see, and if you will, be seen; so, with the quick decision of the fairer sex, jumping to conclusion, they left the massive structure for the lords of the creation, and possessed themselves of the more simple and exposed, but still more sunny accommodation. It is true, no Actæon here gets

"Wildered in the wood,
To raise a blush, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn."

But a facetious friend informed the Marquis, who took it quite good-humouredly, that the fair sex were, for once, untoward (un-towered), and so the ladies' bathing-place at Westport remained untowered, unenclosed, uncanopied.

The "Rector of all the Connemaras"* was our next attraction. He had accepted at sixty the perpetual curacy of Louisburg, as in some degree a mitigation of his labours of love in the ten parishes in Connemara, which he recently had charge of; and our dog-cart having come to hand, from the hilliness of the road, we tandemed the ten miles due west, along the southern shore of Clew Bay.

As we drove along, how lovely and how changeable was the ocean! Here, where some of the three hundred islands in the bay gave entire shelter, it was placid as a mirror, the little lawns and woods of each green isle gradually descending to the eastern water's edge.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again, upon the lap of morn." †

At the western side, each island that sloped so gracefully towards the east was cut down perpendicularly by the impatient

* The last Archbishop of Tuam, having been charged in the House of Lords with uniting parishes, and giving no less than ten to one incumbent, the Rev. John Seymour, who had resigned them for the curacy of Louisburg, wrote a triumphant reply, signed, (late) "Rector of all the Connemaras."

† Lalla Rookh.

rushing of the broad Atlantic; even in the calm we viewed it in, we could see the angry foam arising from the restraint of the great ocean swell, and the curling waves dashing high upon the beetling cliff, or breaking upon the narrow strand, the conical "Clare Island" standing out alone, the guard and watch-tower of the bay raising up its eighteen hundred feet, and nearly perpendicular to seaward; "Achil" now added grandeur to the distance, its serrated cliffs of Alpine height flanked our extremest west, whilst the giant mountain "Nephin," as boldly formed the eastern limits of the picture, the Erris mountains and the bay to Newport filling in the space between.

The charmingly situated little manse now coming into view, almost on the ocean's verge, thus the easiest approach for visitors, I thought of the lines from the little poem of Grana Wail* and (Queen) Elizabeth (A.D. 1575):—

" From Achill steep, and Island Clare,
Where the wild eagle builds 'mid clouds his nest,
And ocean flings its billows in the air,
I come to greet you in your dwelling fair."

As I was coachman to the expedition, I now soon got the word to wheel down towards the bay, and as we cautiously descended by a zig-zag road from the height we had been travelling on, our cheerful Westport friend, looking down on the minister's homestead that lay under us, cried out in a fine manly voice, that made the hills re-echo it, "Let them alone! let them alone, I say! We are not going to stop."

From the various turns in the road, we could now be

* "Grana Maol," I believe, Grace of the Headland or Promontory.

scarcely less than half a mile from the house ; but, as the bird would fly, about two hundred yards. Our friend, with a quicker and more practised eye in such a case as visiting an outlying poor curate, had observed that the maid, on seeing us, had directly made chase, within the fowls enclosure, with murderous intent ; but, as we meant with our two-horse power to return to dine at Westport, our humane director wished the bipeds to live a little longer, and succeeded.

We occupied the hour our horses were allowed to feed and rest in searching out the venerable and "perpetual" curate. He was an eloquent man and a good Irish scholar, but we found him, like a true patriarch, breasting the rolling billows of the Atlantic, teaching his fine boys how to land un-harmed in a surf, as the day might come when the knowledge would be useful to themselves and others.

Their simple costume was quickly resumed, and the whole scene was a picture, as he walked up beside his sons, hat in hand, his silvery locks floating in the wind. After a light refreshment, which he pressed upon us, our host accompanied us up the heights, with staff in hand, and introduced us to a few of his parishioners. Never did I see a truer picture of the Patriarchal Pastor than that noble specimen of human nature, with his cheerful, winning, heavenly smile for every one, and of no matter what persuasion.

We left him with reluctance, and turning our backs to sun and wind, which now had freshened a little, we much enjoyed the reversal of the landscape of the morning, every object gilded, or gloriously lighted with the setting sun behind us.

Next day we started for the Killeries (of which the engraver has given a pleasing view to accompany this part),

making a rest at Delphi Lodge, and, owing to a singular accident, it was near being our "last resting-place" for ever. The mountains are so steep behind the lodge, that in order to improve our view a little we embarked in a small boat upon the "Fin-lough," out in front; but, as our party was more numerous than its general freight, by the time we got to the centre of the lake, the boat had sunk to where the planking had completely opened with the sun, when filling and foundering appeared to threaten instantaneously! Panic or delay would have been fatal. Fortunately we had a pair of right good oars, and bending to them steadily with our utmost effort, we made for shore, while the "passengers" baling out the water with hats, caps, and cans, as fast as it came in, we barely held our own, until water-logged and sinking, at last she "touched the silver strand," when, jumping out, we released the ladies from their perilous position, who, to do them justice, had behaved like heroines.

Leaving them to rest and ramble about Delphi, we (the gentlemen) walked to Bundurrough, on the Killeries, where two naval officers and a picked boat's crew met us, for the purpose of going round the "head," and across the "little Killery," and seeing "Renvile," from whence the charming letters on the Irish Highlands emanated; but such was the Atlantic swell that rolled in with the tide and wind, which by our fresh-water "induction" we had allowed to come together, by no effort, even although we double-banked the oars, could we weather the head, we therefore beached the boat to rest the men, and climbed the mountain at the Connemara side, opposite to Muilrea, the highest of the mountains there, and we were repaid by a panorama that a chapter

would not do justice to. The great Killery, which has been compared to a Norwegian fiord, in the immediate *locale* of the water, and its outline resembles the Menai Strait; but then the towering height of the mountains, which immediately overhang it, give it a grandeur that more than compensates for the want of finish in which the Menai so far exceeds it. The general effect cannot be described; painting may do something, poetry more, and therefore we may say, with the Orkney poet, David Vedder, alluded to by Hugh Miller, I think in "The Cruise of the Betsey":—

"With glowing heart and Island lyre,
 Ah! would some native bard arise,
 To sing with all a poet's fire
 Thy stern sublimities,—
 The mighty tide, the rushing stream,—
 The promontory, wild and bare,—
 The beetling cliff, where sea-birds scream
 Aloft in middle air."

Returning to our boat, we ran fast enough up before the wind, left Delphi in almost the sunset, saw Doo-Lough,* in all the gloom of its black grandeur, and the various mountain ranges, sinking into the darkness of night, while many of the summits were still tinted by the sun's bright setting rays. Perhaps the slow descent of Sheffri† had its leaden effect upon us, but ruminating on what we had seen, and full of thanksgiving for what we had escaped, in comparative silence we came again in sight of the famed Croagh-Patrick.

* *Dhu*-Lough, is the black or dark, as *F'in*-Lough is the bright lake.

† At Sheffri are extensive lead-mines, and the descent of the hill is (or was) long, steep, and dangerous.

We had been only able to take a glance since our arrival at the fine old Murrisk Abbey, which lies at its base, but the silence of the night, and the view of the mountain, brought to our minds a charming little poem, written on a visit to the Abbey by the minister :—

“When every sound was hushed, except the roar
Of distant waters, where the Atlantic rolls
His sleepless billows o’er the rocks.”

And we thought how applicable were some of the concluding lines, with which, I close this chapter :—

“When, from this solemn mansion of the dead,
I rose once more to look on living things,
My soul was full, and with unconscious gaze
I fixed my eyes upon the pointed peak
Of famed Croagh Patrick. Not a cloud was seen,
As soaring to the heavens its cone arose
Alone in all a mountain’s majesty.
Who hath not felt on such a soothing eve,
When gazing on a cloudless mountain’s head,
A swell of soul, heaving in thought sublime,
When, leaving earth below, it soars aloft
To join with blessed spirits in realms above?
Then is the reign of Faith, and earth is lost.
Oh yes; and while we learn the sober truth
Taught by all nature, which these bones * declare,
While all that’s earthly crumbles to decay,
And bears upon it—‘All is vanity,’
Faith cheers the soul, and bids it look beyond
This mould’ring, frail, and clay-built tenement,
To that alone which is NOT VANITY,
To those bright scenes where the redeemed join,
In spotless robes, around the heavenly throne,
Th’ angelic choir singing, a SAVIOUR’S LOVE.”

* Murrisk contains a mass of human bones—“countless silent skulls.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PILGRIMAGE—CONNEMARA—GALWAY HARBOUR.

I WAS well inclined to pass over the pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, could I conscientiously do so, for in a published letter of the Rev. D'Arcy Sirr's, dated 9th of June, 1852, he states that, "from the enlightenment of the people," and the effects of the famine, the pilgrimages to Croagh Patrick had ceased, and that the 'Bell,' so called, had been sold to the Royal Irish Academy for five pounds. We were for attributing such a happy result, in some measure, to the dawn of light from the education of the rising generation, and we had wished, pretty much with the feeling so beautifully expressed by Sterne, that a tear, over such weakness and folly, had, like that of his recording angel, blotted it out for ever! but, alas, it is with the still ignorant again growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength.

The Roman Catholic priests have, at times, opposed those things, as we read of them at Ardmore, driving away, even by force, the postulants from a fabulous stone, the legend of which is, that it came *freighted* with bells from Italy.

But, as regards Croagh Patrick, although we performed the pilgrimage so far as the climbing of the hill, space compels me at present to omit details which can be found in the

hermit of Glenconella by Mr. Eneas M'Donnel, he himself a good Roman Catholic, but it is for those whose flocks stray out upon so unprofitable a mountain to aid in the restoration of them to the abundant pasture, and the TRUE SHEPHERD.

I place at the bottom of this page a description of the sort of bivouac that takes place at a pilgrimage in the East, that certainly has a better foundation, but bears a singularly close resemblance to the assemblage in the streets of Westport the night before the 3rd of August.*

We hastened our descent from Croagh Patrick, distressed and amazed; a glance was more than enough at the holy well of Murrisk, to which I shall apply the words of the pleasant Oxonian in his recent little tour in Ireland, in preference to any remarks that I had made.

*BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

From "Environs of Jerusalem." Nelson and Sons. 1857.

"On the evening before the grand ceremony, the pilgrims assemble on the plains of Jericho, generally near the fountain of Elisha, where all manner of languages may be heard, all varieties of costume may be seen . . . devotees, in short from every land are assembled; and their wild bivouac, on the eve of the ceremony, is such as the whole world, perhaps, could not match. The gesticulation, the vociferation, and the excitement of nearly all, indicate that superstition is here holding its highest carnival, that man is here in his most fantastic, if not his most degraded character. To the Christian traveller, such a scene would be amusing, how he forget that it is religion.

"These crowded devotees are reputed followers of the Lamb of God. They pretend to hold the religion, of which the Bible is the depository, as Jehovah is its author; to a man, they think they are on the way to glory; and this tumultuous scene is a stage in the journey. It is fostering a delusion which substitutes a ceremony for the Saviour. If the Bible alone contains the religion of truth, where do we find its warrant for these scenes of riot?"

"These pilgrims (*some fifty years ago*) used to drink diligently as soon as they had finished their prayers, laying aside the staff for the shillelagh, and kicking off their sandals for a jig on the green. Having paid off the old score, they began a new account like gentlemen!" The sight was pitiable, and had not the actors in it immortal souls, it would have been ludicrous.

Slowly and sadly we turned from the *registry of good deeds but reality of evil ones*, the registry being effected by tying "a piece of rag or thread, as a votive offering" to any tree or twig adjacent to the well, which custom it has been remarked, as in connection with St. Berehurth's well at Tullillesse, county of Cork, "is distinctly heathen."

I close these observations with an appeal, conveyed in the spirited lines of Denis Florence M'Carthy, the champion of freedom and feeling, and the poet of the people.

"Dear brothers, wake, look up, be firm, be strong!

Advance!

From ~~but~~ the starless night of fraud and wrong

Advance!

The chains have fall'n from off thy wasted hands,

And every man, a seeming freed man stands;

✓ But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells,

Advance!

Proclaim that there thou wearest no manacles,

Advance!"

The liquid glory of the western sunset was now approaching; and imagination can scarcely picture so beautiful a scene as Clew Bay presented. The verdure clad, and wooded islands seated as it were on, and reflected by, the mirror'd surface, rendered the landscape another Killarney. But our thoughts were still on the well, and the "well-wishers" if

not worshippers. Dr. Charles O'Connor, an able Roman Catholic writer, in reprobation of the custom which has long ceased in Italy, traces the worship at Wells unquestionably ✓ to the heathens; and even Charles Gavin Duffy has written in his pretty little ballad of "The Patriot's Bride."

"Or by that Holy well in mountain lone,
Where faith believes
(Fain would I b'lieve) its secret, darling wish
The heart achieves.

The approach of our parting hour added solemnity to our reflections, for even pleasure arrangements must in some measure be conformed to, and we were obliged to leave Westport, as I have left my journal notes of it, not half used up; there were the *schools* of children, and of fish, as the fishermen designate them; for the latter Alexander Nimmo's "Heads-of-Bays-Roads" did much service, and for the latter the care for their little *heads*, in the shape of school-houses, which the late Lord Sligo established, did more; for education seemed then to be the great want, the paramount object.

On wet days the planning and sketching of school-houses, some of them proposed in very pretty places, afforded us ample amusement, but the excuse for not slating them as we the Leinster folk would have desired, was singularly expressive of the state of trade in the western ports at that time—the builders could give no estimate of the cost of timber suitable for slates, until *after winter*, as the supply entirely depended on the number of shipwrecks.

As the majority of those ships would be freighted for the Sister Isle, it was a new exemplification of the saying that

England's difficulty would be Ireland's opportunity, strongly reminding us of that excellent satire in the "Arabian Nights," of the owls that were interpreted to have wished length of days to the ruler that gave them the enjoyment of so many ruined palaces.

Being now the men for Galway, we were escorted a considerable distance by the lamented parish minister, who kindly showed us the Cave of Aal, from which Lord Sligo's eldest son takes his title of Earl of Altamont. He also showed us the Church of Aal, then erecting, but as it turned out, by the unjustifiable conduct of the contractor,—at an expense to the acting minister, (who was only curate,) of about three years' salary.

In the cavernous limestone of that country, different rivers sink down, and the late Lord Sligo being anxious to ascertain where, if ever, the Aal rose up again before reaching the sea, after trying various modes, some of which had a beautiful effect, limed the water, and persons, placed to observe in different directions, were thus enabled to declare the true position of the out-break some miles away.

From Aal we now reached Partree, *query* Petrea?—At the entrance on this desert we lost our reverend and revered friend, who returned to have another look at the progress of his little village church and school, but we had still the escort of a "Mayo man" who rode one of those matchless Westport ponies as they are called, but they came from the mountains, and chiefly from Connemara, but it is a singular fact, that so nimble, active, and strong were they, that they successfully competed with horses and wheeled vehicles in bringing stone from the quarries to the coach road, and at

other works, carrying a burthen in their false-bottomed panniers of fully five hundred weight!

As the desert was five miles (Irish) in length, by three or four in breadth, it could not contain less than twenty thousand acres, the whole of which it struck me, if in England, would long since have been good reclaimed land; for no part of it rose to an inconvenient height; it was fairly watered, lay between good market-towns, and some day, as I remarked, the Lough Corrib Navigation would be brought on into Lough Mask near it; the brushwood and bent-grass surface would have formed an invaluable ash, or would have served for kilns to produce torrifed earth, which would have quickly converted the peaty soil into a fine black mould.

As we now rolled on towards Ballinrobe, the former county town and still head-quarters of a cavalry regiment, we were amused with a ludicrous anecdote, relative to a respectable Irish woman, from one of the more southern and more civilized counties, who was being conveyed to a situation she had been appointed to at Westport, but on arriving at the precincts of Partree, she jumped from the vehicle, and ran towards a little police barrack that was near.

"I'll go no farther" she said, "I engaged to go to a Christian country, but ye want to take me into the deserts of Arab-bia, and I won't go." It was only after the greatest effort of persuasion, and a kind escort from her guardians, as she considered the police, that she was induced to proceed to her destination, and it is but justice to Mayo to admit that at Westport she soon found an attraction which secured her at least one faithful escort; had she ever been tempted to cross the deserts of Ar-rabbia again.

Lough Mask is an extremely extensive sheet of water which some day must be turned to use, besides ornamenting the landscape, which with its wooded islands, and Colonel Cuffe's well timbered demesne, it does now with a pleasing, indeed a grand effect from the mountain ranges, which complete the distance.

Before arriving at Headford, it might be, by slightly mistaking the road, we reached the margin of that vast inland water, Lough Corrib, which extends to fully forty miles in length, and was here such a breadth that the distant mountains standing out upon its western shore, formed such bays of the sea as it appeared, that my young companion exclaimed in terror, "Oh, that is the Atlantic, we have missed our way, got at the wrong side of Connemara, and we shall certainly be out all night."

I replied, that I was not quite so Irish as to believe in the legend of Hy-Brasail, and therefore that he had better get down, and dissolve the charm by partaking of some of the water, which finding to be fresh and pure, my powers of persuasion were not taxed farther; but as the reader's curiosity may be raised to know what was the legend, I place in the text Gerald Griffin's pretty little poem on the subject, merely putting as a preface a few words from O'Flaherty's *sketch of the island of Arran*.

"The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see Hy-Brasail elevated far to the west, in their watery horizon. . . . The Hy-Brasail of the Irish is evidently part of the Atalantis of Plato, who in his *Timæus* says, that island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake, on which the Rev. Dr. Croly has

written some fine lines,* but they must at present give place to the legend of

HY-BRASAIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST,

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

ON the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sun-shine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the Isle of the Blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtailed the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,
And he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance reflected its smile;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
Oh! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the Isle of the Blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again:
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.

* "This island was greater than both Libya and Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighbouring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the continent which borders on this Atlantic sea."—Plato's *Timæus*.

The warning of reason was spoken in vain;
 He never revisited Ara again!
 Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
 And he died on the waters, away, far away!

There is a pretty little legend of the Rhine, translated by Dulcken, which closely resembles that of Hy-Brasail, only that it is an imaginary "maiden of peerless beauty," and not "a region of sun-shine and rest," that forms the attraction.

"The boatman in yonder shallop
 Is seized with a wild delight;
 He looketh not on the breakers,
 His gaze is towards the height.
 I ween the waves will have swallowed
 Both boatman and bark ere long—
 And 'tis Loreley who hath done this,
 By might of her magic song."

Our romancing was however soon at an end, by the reality of our entering Headford, an exceedingly well-ordered little town, where we certainly came up with both lore and lay, the latter being chanted by the neat peasant girls that sat at the doors lace-making, while the lessons in the art we for the first time received was lore of a kind so entertaining; we were very glad to be allowed to make purchases from their after hour's manufacture of the very pretty cushion lace, to make presents of in our own less industrious part of Ireland, where Cowper's appropriate lines would always remind us pleasantly of our entrance into Headford, where sits the

"Cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
 Content, though (poor) and cheerful, if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
 Just earns a pittance and at night
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light."

We had now come upon a model estate, as to its management, that of Mr. St. George, which, even in the mere passing through, afforded a refreshing pleasure; but much against my desire I find myself obliged as it were to rush in this part of our journey somewhat abruptly on the capital of the west, not that we had an apprehension of night closing around us, but that I have no space at command; I am therefore constrained to leave out pages ready for the press, and pass over altogether copious notes of the effect of the subsequent working of the poor laws on well-managed estates, like that we were passing through. Interesting particulars of the authors of "letters from the Irish highlands;" of the great Gonne Bell Martin estates, and the Turloghmore drainage. I must live in hope for space in the appendix for an abridgement of them, or in some future fragments from IERNE, if induced so to gather them.

The approach to Galway from the north is decidedly grand. The rural improvements, common to the precincts of all large towns, formed the immediate fore-ground; the town, or rather the *City* of the Tribes, I beg their pardon, formed a clear, business-looking, sprightly middle ground, while the distance was formed by its noble bay; and there was many a mast, and market boat, and hooker flitting across its mirrored surface,—some to coast it round the iron shores that lie north or south, others to anchor in its roadstead, the hookers to their home in the Claddagh, and the market boats to cross the bay, to the many little village nooks, the loved homes of the peasant passengers, but to which Galway, as a town, either to sell, or to buy in with a part of the proceeds, has its many attractions. Over and beyond that pleasing,

happy picture, which we could not but dwell on, the whole horizon from left to right, for more than ten miles directly in front of us, was broken by the fine range of county of Clare hills, which form the southern shelter of the bay, and reaching a height of more than one thousand feet, while rising in parts from the very water-edge, had an extremely beautiful effect, their azure tint, that would have mixed, as it often does, with the evening cerulean sky above them, being vividly gilt with the setting and reflected rays of the mighty luminary, that was now dipping down almost to the north of the picturesque Arran Isles, that seemed to sit upon the waters, greatly to our right,—their then crowning Pharos, as we gazed in admiration, being lighted up, to add still one more charm to what must be always remembered as beautiful, for

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

Beside us; as we rolled along, and admirably placed, the fine schools, on Sir Erasmus Smith's foundation, assured us Galway was not totally neglected.

The trivial deficiencies of Galway Harbour, for they are no more regarding it as only a steam-packet station, have now been so much discussed, that it is scarcely necessary to allude to them. By the aid of the wood-engraver I am enabled to place on the opposite page a diagram, showing a ready and immediately available mode of connecting Mutton Island with the shore, in the necessity for which I am glad to find I am borne out on general principle by Captain Veitch, R.N., however we may slightly differ (from the difference of our professions), in the detail of carrying out. For the same reason, in an engineering point of view, the direction of the shelter pier,

GALWAY.

Lough Atalia.

Rinmore.



PLAN OF THE ANCHORAGE AT GALWAY,

Showing a practicable mode, suggested by the Author of "IERNE," of embanking to Mutton Island by a road in continuation of Dominick Street, a rubble-beaching and a railway, between which might be an extension of the Corrib navigation, as shown, and as much ground gained, for commercial purposes, as would pay a great part of the expense.

The Station shown would command, at the sides, the road from the town and the railway from the dock; and at the ends it would command the packet pier and the inland navigation. From the proposed Pier-head Red light, to the proposed Bright-light on Hare Island, centre to centre, would be one sea mile (6,000 feet). And from either lights to Nimmo's Pier, at the river mouth, about the same.

(900 ft.) it would be obviously more prudent to extend due south by compass, as shown on the diagram, than risk, or rather ensure, to a certain extent, the silting up, if an angle were formed by the pier running more east, where the "masking" of the harbour may be considered sufficient, by Kilcolgan Point, the Tawins, Ardfry, and Rinville, which form an amphitheatre in that direction, at an average distance of two miles, and rise boldly from the water level; besides, by the direction of the five fathom line marked thus as taken from the survey of Commander Bedford, R.N., 1845, it may be seen that a shorter pier run south, would give deeper water, more shelter from the prevalent winds, and really more space in the anchorage.

I trust every nautical man will admit the propriety of changing the bright light from Mutton Island to Hare Island, to render it a "Fair way" light, which well opened from the red light proposed on the pier head (temporarily on screw piles until the pier can be built), would lead clear, in mid-channel, up from the Atlantic into the very anchorage; the vacated island might afford a site for a good barrack or battery, and thus worth as much to the government as they might be induced to contribute to the harbour work.

In the interim, instead of running anything out from Rinmore, half a mile to reach two fathom water, and be injurious to both town and railway, a timber jetty on well-loaded or screw-pile tressels, might be run out in the direction of the word "station" on the diagram; this would at once reach three and a half to four fathom water (low springs), even its supports would in some measure break the swell, and might be assisted by a piling out to the temporary red light pro-

posed, while the extension of the embankment of the common road as far as at first practicable, and the excavation for the Corrib navigation, with its high outer embankment for the railway, the building of even a temporary station, &c., would all greatly add to the shelter. The railway extension to the pier might be easily provided for; Galway must improve under even present circumstances, and the Crown, being absolute owners (in trust though it may be for the people as their thoroughfare) of the "foreshores" and everywhere the tide flows, have it in their power to give to the railway company an undeniable title to as much of the land, &c., between Mutton Island and the shore, not only as they may want to embank for their railway upon and to excavate the stuff from, and so form the Corrib and Pier-head Canal, but a surplus to lease or sell ultimately, that with the present general benefit would be sufficient to repay them and warrant their appropriation of sufficient funds, which it is clear they can command. (See Note at end of chapter.)

The first step to so great a general and continuous improvement, might have been before the recent Baronial and County at Large Road Sessions. One shilling presented to open the line would have sufficed for law to do it, but the county at large and the Barony might well provide two-fifths of the sum required, for the one item, the road to the place, the pier ought to be, which of course should have the required embankment, from Fair Hill, &c., under it.

In the spring of 1859, the writer had the pleasure of handing to Mr. Lever, in Waterford, a trace of the diagram now engraved in these sheets, with a somewhat similar explanation to what is given here, and a year before that (22nd April,

1858), the columns of the *Dublin Evening Packet*, and next day those of the *Dublin Daily News*, contained an allusion to this project by the writer, who now lays it in a more permanent and practicable form before the public. In April, 1858, an idea had not been breathed about the starting of the Lever line of packets, but the writer was of the same opinion then that he is now, that no one Irish port, would support with the necessary reciprocity a weekly traffic, which our western neighbours are equal to, and Mr. Lever promised at Belfast, Dec. 9, 1858, and as Foynes requires only a timber jetty at the east side of the anchorage, the tenth paragraph in the article alluded to was in these words—"Foynes being therefore ready, and Galway sufficiently so for a season, a mail and passenger packet might be started weekly from New York, touching at Halifax, to arrive alternately at Foynes and Galway."

Every day would improve such a traffic and consolidate it, while at both of those best circumstanced Irish ports, there would be the time (at least at present) required to make up respectable freights, and it might be no disadvantage to the line to have the captains particularly acquainted with that noble estuary of the Shannon, "all of it a refuge harbour," lying under their lee, and in case of necessity available hours on the home trip, before they could reach Galway. I close this lengthy chapter, which I trust may be in some measure useful, with

OUR ATLANTIC TIES.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SUCCESS OF THE "LEVER" PACKETS, AND THE TRANSITORY, OR PARTIAL, FAILURE OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It was said of a sage and philosopher old,
Who seized ships from afar, and in liquid weighed gold,

That had he but whereon for his fulcrum to rest,
 He'd have moved the whole earth from the east to the west.
 That spot is now found, and the LEVER's applied,
 At the "City of Tribes," long the boast and the pride }
 Of the "Bays of the Sea," * where Atlantic ships ride. }
 By the lever and axle, the pully and screw,
 We change the old world for the shores of the new.
 The east to the west secure, now shipping take,
 The mighty Atlantic's to Britain a lake,
 A mere ferry, with craft passing quick side to side,
 And the fleets of IERNE, in Hy-brasail† ride.

May this link of connexion be strengthened each hour,
 By commerce, by language, affection, and power;
 May that spark of heaven's light, sought to bind shore to shore,
 Be securely rekindled—extinguished no more!
 May the message of love, or of law, or of learning
 Spring forth with a speed past all human discerning:
 Run these kingdoms across—passing glens how profound—
 Traverse rocks, cliffs, and heights, in mid-air—under-ground;
 Sink through billows and breaker's, that spark of heaven's flame,
 On Columbia's fair shores to rise up from the main,
 Fraught with news to our allies, our kinsmen, and friends,
 Of the peace or the plenty that Providence sends.

And oh! that these ties, linking Britain's proud race,
 May bind faster and faster in love, joy, and peace;
 Be the means to an end, spread the gospel still more,
 The blest light of the Bible, from shore round to shore,
 Implant Christian feeling, humanity's friend,
 Raise up preachers and pleaders, their efforts to lend;
 Free the sad, sable brother, the Turk and the Jew,
 The Brahmins and Budhists, and the poor Pariah too,
 May the message of love return home to our doors,
 And a light beam anew upon Erin's bold shores.

* A name often given to Connemara. It may be a query whether the latter may not mean, "Lands or slopes by the sea."

† We trust the legend inserted page 221, explains this allusion.

ON THE FACILE IMPROVEMENT OF GALWAY HARBOUR.

(*Note referred to Page 221.*)

WITH the consent of the Crown and Admiralty, which it is believed would be cheerfully given, the embankment from near Fair Hill across to Mutton Island, about 180 perches, might be proceeded with at once, not omitting to provide a sufficient beaching of heavy rubble, still as it would be executed, for want of which, a large portion of the Kingstown railway was carried away on its first formation, while the Stanley Sands embankment, Island of Anglesea, made by Telford so many years before, from its adequate rubble protection, received no injury.

It cannot be doubted, but that the independent parties interested in the work, viz., the Railway Company, the Town Improvement, and the Harbour Commissioners, would be able amongst themselves to arrange a mode by which the roughing out of this embankment might be effected, pending the presentment which cannot now be obtained until next Spring assizes, when the portion of road through Garryglass and at the west of the Claddagh, with the finishing of all, might be presented for and executed.

To the Steam Packet Company might be left the formation of the timber jetty alluded to, as they would probably, and it is to be hoped, have the best interest in the preservation of it. In the interim, the communication with the Mutton Island station might be made at once available, by gravelling a road on the embankment, and repairing the whole as a mail line, including the connection *pro tem* by the old road, through the Claddagh, to Dominick Street Bridge; the whole distance then, about one mile and three quarters British, from Eyre Square to the Packet Jetty could be performed satisfactorily by all parties in omnibusses, pending the more direct railway connection, shown on the diagram being formed.

At the public meeting held in Galway in July (1859), under the presidency of the High Sheriff, was reported in the *Times*, it

stated that the Lords of the Treasury did not consider Galway a case of "extreme urgency, as the naval officers, who reported to the Admiralty 30th Nov., 1858, in favour of Galway as a packet Station, state that some slight works which may be executed at a cost of about £2,000, being quite within the power of the Harbour Commissioners, will provide for the more pressing wants of Galway as a packet station, and that passengers and goods might then, *generally*, be landed and embarked without risk, and the steamers might be navigated with safety, and be in the roadstead with tolerable shelter and security."

I have added this quotation to my already too long note, to show that there is high nautical and Government authority for believing that for a comparatively trivial sum, "say £2,000," the Transatlantic Packet Station at Galway, could be put in reasonable working order, which it must be admitted, it now, is not. But it would be advisable to go farther, and by the Packet Company taking the construction of the timber jetty on themselves, and the Trinity Board or Ballast Corporation that of the lighthouses, the passengers might be landed and embarked always without risk, and the steamers be moored with very good shelter and security, instead of only tolerable as tolerable does not do for a continuance.

I must conclude this intensely interesting subject to the "Isle of the West," with a few words on "The Claddagh boys," and the encouragement the nation may, and are called on to give to such noble schools, for seamen particularly, when the return must exceed in £ s. d. all proportion to the expense possibly to be incurred.

To take the matter shorter than I would otherwise wish, it may be seen even on the diagram that the Claddagh, as a fishery station, is just now in the way; while at Barna, or thereabout, the hardy fine fishermen would be the right men in the right place. About three miles from Galway by land, a single line of rail might be extended there, which might also suit for a bathing station, and arrangements advantageous to the railway company.

The fishermen, besides better and airier lodging, would be saved the "beat," either in or out, at all times, of fully six miles ; to round Mutton Island ; and always afloat, he might sail at any moment that either wind or tide favoured him ; while at unfavourable times, he could run before the pitiless storm at once at any hour of tide, to his new, and it would be expected, well-contrived, home and harbour.

Carrigna Beacon Rocks, and Cloughaboy, already form breakwaters to the little bay of Barna, with fully a fathom and a half of water at low springs within it, and less than that, for fishing boats for the Atlantic is a mockery and a shame. Some piers in times of old having been built so high and dry as to resemble Fives Courts more than fishery harbours, and for the former purpose some of them were positively used !

It is believed there would be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary site near Barna, as government it is deemed are the owners of the hundred acres of Lough Rusheen (on the spot), one third of which could easily be converted into land from the high grounds between the lake and the bay ; and the vacated ground of the present Claddagh, for commercial purposes with the advancing strides Galway must make, would enable the crown at a large profit to offer this great boon of a deep water easily accessible pier, and airy almost elegant homesteads and gardens to the now excessively crowded and inconveniently placed, but industrious Claddagh families ; who, if taken kindly, have, it is expected, too much sense not to gladly avail themselves of it. But the pier should be run out, and its advantages felt and experienced, before a man or a boat should be expected to change, and possibly it might be desirable to widen and sink the drainage outlet of Lough Rusheen westward, sufficiently to make the improved lake answer as a quiet water for wintering the boats in, leaving nothing further to be desired by the boatmen, their place of worship being already on the spot.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHACE.

“ * * * * O thou great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thee to hear! * * * *

* * * My hoarse sounding horn
Invites thee to the chace—the sport of kings—
Image of war, without its guilt. The muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock;
Or, on the river-bank receive thee safe,
Light bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.

Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green arrayed—
A band undaunted, and inured to toils—
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspired by thee,
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.*”

HUNTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WITHOUT going quite so far back as the old huntsman of his Majesty King George III. who but recently recounted, to the infinite amusement of his hearers the pleasures of the chace, about 1760 or 70, when the hounds used to be most orderly

* Address to the Prince of Wales—Somerville's Chace: London, 1767. See, also, the account of the review, by Her present Majesty, of the rifle volunteers, in Hyde Park, particularly the notice of the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles. June, 23, 1860.

We'll rise him at six in the morn,
I'll hold ten to one that we kill him,
If Lang gives a blast of his horn,
We'll surely all follow Sir William.
Sing tarala, &c.

The last time we met for the chase,
At Kicoltrim the "Babbies" assembled,
We drew round that beautiful place,
Had sly Reynard been there he'd have trembled.
Sing tarala, &c.

The red rogue broke from Coolyhune copse,
And we led off with Bowler and Jolly,
We brushed him by hills, dales, and rocks,
And we ran him through hazel and holly
Sing tarala, &c.

Of the bogs and the brakes we kept clear,
But the brooks and the banks disregarded;
Dick Lang pushed us on with such cheer,
The country all round we're sure hard it.
Sing tarala, &c.

Poor Reynard he came to disgrace,
For the ducks and the geese felt his ravage,
He ran for his life through each place,
To the beautiful sight of Rock-savage.
Sing tarala, &c.

By the Palace of Marley he ran,
Ballycrinigan rocks scrambled over,
Up by Knockamulgurry each man,
Went as if he was going in clover.
Sing tarala, &c.

Like Eagles we ris on the hill,
All Waxford we saw underneath us.
But the rogue was in front of us still,
And we hadn't a turn to breathe us.
Sing tarala, &c.

We ran him along towards Blackstairs,
Where the best horse in Europe would stumble,
Mick Sinnott, with Bill Garrett's mare,
Like mountebanks, down they did tumble.
Sing tarala, &c.

Then he thought to get on to the rocks,
 Which before us ris up like church steeples,
 But we snaffled the wily old fox,
 Or we'd all ha' gone home limping cripples.
 Sing tarala, &c.

Brave Dick Lang blew his horn right stout,
 And you'd think we were going to a berrin',
 The people so crowded about,
 When they hard he was dead as a herrin'.
 Sing tarala, &c.

Then like Hosiers they *footed* along,
 Each sportsman had aired his red jacket;
 A few of them dropped from the throng,
 But in Meeshall they ended the racket.
 Sing tarala, tarala, &c., &c.



DICK LANG,

*"Working home" from the Knockamulgurry Run.**

* Dick Lang was certainly a better conducted man, if we may judge by the character that he left after him, than the celebrated Jack Murphy, the huntsman of the Mr. Garrett, who is so freely alluded to in the song. Unfortunate Jack Murphy, being reduced by drink and dissipation to the one pair of leather inexpressibles, having probably

I shall now proceed to give a few truthful, however hasty sketches, of scenes arising out of

A SPRING MEET-ING IN CARLOW,

With our own "Darlings," as the Tullow Club Fox-hounds were called. This was a gala day, and the meet was at Oak Park, where Lord Talbot, then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was staying—and whose presence we expected, and were honoured with, in the field.

After a long and pleasant *conversazione*, and close draw, through the demesne, "the find," if not *in* Oak Park, was just outside the wall, in what I heard a Paddy call, "amphibious ground," a bulrushy, brambled tract, studded with dry nobs, that ran outside the wall—which has since lost its doubtful character, by being included in the demesne, and added, at much expense, with great taste to the lake, islands, and planting. It afforded then, as I believe what is left of it solid does still afford, ample cover for hares, pheasants, and foxes.

Having stolen away from the club, *la conversazione*, I followed the 'whipper' out, through a mere door in the wall, that shut off the demesne from that swampy jungle.

I was so fortunate as to be able to point out to Jemmy Lambert (the huntsman), the cunning blackguard with the white-tipped brush, slipping away, under cover of a long thorn hedge, towards the Kildare country.

The field was so great, that 'justice to Ireland,' to the got into a bog hole, turned out, the next hunting day, in the buff with which nature had provided him, depending upon the skirts of his long scarlet frock making a perfect union with his brick-coloured tops, which they certainly did not, as was very obvious to the shocked beholders!

hounds, and to the fox, compelled us to look on in silent admiration. And so we let sly Reynard run ahead, while the 'Darlings' worked his whereabouts through all the tangled maze.

In the meantime, the welcome and now crashing music gradually brought the Court to the extreme bounds of the demesne, where courteous loyalty, in such a case, allowed his Excellency the precedence. Just as he emerged, the hounds got well together on their fox, and compliments were ended.

Being so unfortunate as to miss my hunter, number one, through the over-cleverness of a servant, I only had my hack to ride, a well-bred, tightish, quick horse, but like most of our Irish nags that can do a little 'at the other side,' his fencing was superior.

So away we went due north—his Excellency, the huntsman, and myself. The Viceroy's mare did wonders, with the weight she carried. The rest of the gentlemen stuck inside the wall, got jammed and jostled by each other, where but one could at a time pass through. I heard this afterwards from those so fixed, but it left our field as select as could be wished for above a mile of heavy ground, until we reached the River Lirr, which, turbid and swollen, and with steepish clay banks, looked not quite inviting; so addressing vice-royalty, I said,

"Your Excellency, this river cannot well be jumped across, and I fear the bottom is but indifferent; however, if you will allow me, I'll feel happy as far as in my power lies, to prove what it is made of"; and so, accoutred as I was, I plunged in—and, indeed, the huntsman on Dan Donnelly quickly followed.

We floundered through, and seeing a cattle track, that eased the over-hanging edge on the other side, at the moment my struggling nag approached it, I vaulted from his back, throwing my feet up high and dry upon the bank, and with a cheer I disengaged him.

Lambert, the huntsman, did the same; while, giving the horse a moment to shake off the wet and to steady himself, I glanced behind, and heard his Excellency say, "Ah, Bessy," to his powerful mare, "we could never think of doing that." And courteously as he waved an adieu, was all I saw of him.

Here Reynard changed his mind, and ran N.E. towards Castle Dermot; another half mile brought us to a country road, and brought in a few, who having a 'shower of foot,' perhaps had taken the bridge of Ballaghmoon to the right, and had put the road behind them at a railway pace.

The work was here cut out for a mile or so by that veteran sportsman, late of Geraldine, on his King's plate horse, old Norfolk, but the older Newtown Wood's intricacies proving too much for so accomplished a daisy cutter, just leaving it, with his brilliant lead, he came to grief; happily, as we afterwards learned, unhurt; but the pace was such, considering the frequent fencing, that he never showed again. The strength now lay in the white collared Tullow men, and the Darlings ran breast high quite two further miles, and getting more than one *enterpis*, ran into him on the open sod on Barnhill.

Nine Tullow men kept Lambert company, and not one man was there from all the other various hunts composing our numerous morning field! Fancy-horsemen can rarely work in a foul country.

I think it was the very next Spring meeting at the Curragh that "Rob Roy" being matched against old "Ivanhoe," all others for the King's Plate were scratched out, and thus, according to the rules, requiring three to start, there could have been no race; but game for ever! "the Geraldine" got down from "Norfolk," entered him, and put a boy to ride; and so away they went, and "Norfolk" *went away* with his boy-rider, cutting out the work for the competitors, as he had done for us before. To use the language of *Bell's Life*, "he jumped to the head, and stayed there;" "the sure way to win a race," for *win* the heat he did! the others, playing the cunning and the waiting game, made their race too late to head him, and it may be well believed that, with the popularity of "Norfolk's" owner, and so unexpected, so nearly impossible an event occurring, the cheering made the welkin ring.

But to return to our field. We trotted back, a little army, quite four miles, and drew Browne's Hill, where it was supposed the fame of the meet had mobbed him off; at least there was no find, save that the writer found his fresh horse, on which there was much objection made that he should mount—re-mounts and second horses being, in Ireland, then thought not just the thing.

Kilmeany we also drew, but "not at home." At last at Kellistown, before full ninety coats of scarlet, and one-third the number of good hunting green, a grand dog-fox jumped off, and was well away, but for an over-sanguine sportsman, who, in attempting to control the many, murdered the poor fox by driving him back into the mouths of the excited and close-at-hand pack! Perhaps it was as well it was so; with

such a field and so composed, and a rather difficult country, jealousy would have outstepped discretion, and lives might have been lost in such a marvellous and multitudinous contention.

It was not many days until we tried the Oak-park ground again, to oblige our neighbours of "The Pink and Peach Colours" and Meltonians staying at Newbridge, or in the Dublin Garrison, and finding, there or thereabout, the varmint followed the old track towards Castledermot, but leaving the Lirr for future days, he found other means of sinking us. Close by that ancient abbey town of Castledermot, great sand-pits lie, and through these gulphs the rascal ran. It was well just then the field was thinned until I could observe as flankers only two brothers, and with brotherly affection they allowed me to charge the *terra incognita*.

Once on the top, though I gazed from a dizzy height on depths below—like Quintus Curtius—I *should* plunge in, but unlike him, almost in mid-air, I sprang from the saddle, and by a desperate effort made my horse's landing and my own on top of a huge heap of sand; it is true there were "*no bones broke*," as Apollo says in *Midas*, but, being mortal, I was blown and giddy. Just then a reviving crash pealed from the Darlings, as they hit him "on the tainted green" beyond. My friends detoured and joined me with a welcome, as I came to life again, at the pit's mouth!

It was evident the Red Rover now was bent for a Kildare earth, but Paddy's very soul entering into sport, to extend the fun, he stopped him out in time, and so we ran to Corbally, where at last he got to ground.

The roads had marvellously befriended those that liked them best; so a very few moments brought a gallant throng of red-coats to the hill. These just began to plume themselves after the rumpling they had got, when sounds of terror from the rear put all to flight. It was,

“Let those ride now who ne’er did ride before,
And those who always rode now ride the more.”

A besom-heel’d brute of a horse, up to some tons, with a dray after him that nearly filled the narrow road, and wheels like those of a Cat-a-ma-ran, came flying fast as he could fly, from the fright of hounds and horn! Down hill he came, and certainly, though laughable it was, to look coolly upon the impending ruin that so closely followed us required no common nerve, although to those with speed and perfect power over their horses, it was obvious that a *certain* safety lay in their fleet steeds. The difficulty was, at such a pace, to leave the road at all. However, the writer and a friend, now Governor of a first-rate fox-hunting pack, did charge a farmer’s bawn, or court-yard, and from thence got into his “home park,” from whence, since Gilpin’s ride to Edmonton, no scene so comical had ever passed before admiring spectators!

“In turn the mighty hunter flies.”

The welter-weights, some sixteen, eighteen, twenty stones, in hunting trim, going it like four-year-olds, and riding for their bare existence (for it was all down hill, and, not being used to the thing, their pace seemed matched but just to clear the road for the huge equipage that thundered after them),

their horses were as terrified as themselves, and, in the words of the immortal Spenser—

“Like lightning’s flash that hath the gazer burn’d,
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 That back again upon themselves they turned,
 And with their riders ran perforce away :
 Ne could the (hunter) then from flying stay,
 With reins or wonted rule, as well he knew ;
 Nought feared they what he could do or say,
 But the only fear, *that* was before their view,
 From which, like ‘mazed deer, dismayfully they flew.”*

THE KILDARES

Next obliged us with a meet at Ballytore, a ride of twenty miles for some of us upon the good pig’s skin, but men from “Ormonde” and “The Groves” did twice that distance, and *looked* at all events the freshest folk we had.

Solemnly they left the old coach-stable yard at Glazebrook’s pleasant road-side inn, alluded to in Chap. xiii., and moved a goodly array to “lower Kilkea,” where, Reynard being at home, the excitement grew intense ; at last, “away for Corbally !”

The principal outlet from the coverside seemed to be a long and wide green lane, with deep and watery dykes at both sides. In this said lane a Colonel B——, a welter-weight, had placed himself, and though making what play he could, like a great goods-train before the fast express, no doubt we ran as surely into him, but the efforts he had made were quite too much, and down he rolled before us !

No Mameluke bit, at such a pace, could bring us up ‘all standing,’ as the sailor’s say. A friend was with me, close

* *Faerie Queene*, Vol. II., p. 233. London : Charles Knight, 1845.

upon the afflicted colonel, when with one accord we cheered our chargers, and cleared both horse and rider!

The colonel 'never blamed us, never,' he said, "he saw our horses' shoes above him shining in the air, but that if we had not the pluck to have cleared him, we'd have killed him!"

The run was like a whirlwind to Corbally, where with little check they crossed the hill, earthing him most gallantly near Davidstown.

At this last place, Mr. Archbold's well-wooded demesne, we had a meet, with our more metropolitan friends of the Kildares, when our huntsman and first whipper being kindly mounted by members of our hunt on the fox being found and off, away went the whipper, a feather weight, right over the sunk farm road, which is full sixteen feet in breadth between the walls!

"What could have induced you, Darby," said our governor next day, "to ride the horse at such a dreadful place?"

"In throth, sir, when we went away I never knew that such a place was in it, until I see the great long cut before me. I knew there was nothing for us then but to cheer him at it, and with a touch of the spur and the wind of the whip, we 'saw it under us!'"

Brilliant was the run from that, at first towards Corbally, then towards Caedeen, and along the bent grass, close by that huge mountain's side for miles. The writer, with his friend that charged the bawn in the distress we have but recently alluded to, of all that numerous field, were the only riders who kept company with the Kildare Hunt governor (afterwards Sir John Kennedy of Johnstown), when the gallant pack,

which he always hunted, were closing with their fox. Abruptly turning round, he said, "Gentlemen, you must be riding thorough-bred horses." It is curious to remark that this was fact, Mr. Kennedy being on another, the three being perhaps the only clean-bred horses out, hunters being rarely so at the time we write of.

THE EMO'S.

A FRIEND had a brilliant mare, but unfortunately her temper not bearing the excitement of our crowded meets, she had run so often into mischief that, at last getting a severe clap of the back sinew, three months before, he had put her from his stable to out-farm work after she was duly treated. Her beauty and her blood and constitution proving her friends, being right well cared, she lost but little when her owner, desirous of seeing the Emo hounds, while with the Kildares, Tullows, and Kilkennys, his other horses had had enough, he stopped the plough at one o'clock but the day before the Emo meet, and sent the mare ten miles to Carlow for the night.

There was a glorious find next day at Hollymount, and my friend's receipt to manage with a doubtful horse, "be sure to mind your riding," secured him a good start. After a mile or two of fair, sound ground, rattling pace, and several bullock fences, they came upon some watered meadows that tried the nags and thinned the company, as they reached the Fishogue River bank. It was now J. B.—, of Barn-down, on "Boxer," cut out the work by clearing the wide brook from bank to bank! W. C. C. W—n, from Kildare, the huntsman on his grey, the "eye-witness," and his friend, at the same moment taking to the "soil," the superior know-

ledge of the "natives" enabling them to do what strangers durst not venture. How the "ruck" got through the brook, and how many stuck or cleared it, there was not time to ascertain, but the smaller animals, the dogs, who had buffeted the brook with hearts of controversy, as if proud of their escape from the water and the watery fields, took to the hills in earnest; the colliery heights they headed soon, and while with the advanced group just mentioned it was, as the huntsman said, "as hot as they could sup it," with the rest of the gentlemen it was bellows to mend. However the quartette saw no more of them, for the group were thus reduced by the huntsman himself and another being thrown out.

That truly sporting fox ran then for some of the Kilkenny covers in the Castlecomer country, and, but for the brilliant pack that followed him, would no doubt have made his calculation sure, but the plucky quadrupeds, not liking the coal country to dwell in, closed on him with a chorus, that might have been interpreted—

"Strew then, O strew, thy bed of rushes."

For it was in the "Rushes" colliery they ran into him, while the four, amongst whom was our friend with the high-bred mare taken from the plough, keened over him with a woo-woop, as much as to say—

"Oh! why did you die?"

Having probably got somewhat prosy with reminiscences of the celebrated hunting meets in Carlow, it may not be considered inappropriate to give here a poetical description of another meet of a much more recent date, where Carlow was still head-quarters, and "the pace" was still the object;

for the opening of the G. S. and W. Railway branch to Carlow was arranged to suit, and did suit, to bring the racing public to the far-famed course of Ballybar, as alluded to in the following Song, on

THE OPENING OF [THE GREAT S. AND W. RAILWAY-BRANCH
TO CARLOW.

The last line of each verse repeated as chorus.—Tune, *Lilla's a Lady*.

I JUMPED in a 'hack,' and I drove up the quay,
Where the steam-train stood ready for starting away,
A place better crowded, a station more gay
Was ne'er seen since these railways came first into play.

Close by, what great bars cross'd the wide-spreading flood,
Though so graceful and light, o'er the place where we stood;
Bars of iron worked wonders, and for miles ran our way,
But the bell then it rang, and she piped us away.

The train once in motion, she bounded, she flew :
The smoke of the town, and the dust bid adieu.
There were lawyers, and doctors, and parsons a few,
And the men of great science, who raised this hubbub.

Up Liffy's sweet valley, to Lucan we came;
Hazel-Hatch left behind, and neat Celbridge the same.
From the Duke and the College we picked up a lot,
But resumed *low-commotion* while the water was hot.

At Sallins again, then, we slackened our pace,
To *take in* the good people come to us from Naas,
Who bustling and jostling packed tighter the throng;
The whistle it blew, and she whisked us along.

Then into Newbridge, with a scream long and loud,
The nags, how they pranced, midst the soldierly crowd.
"Head quarters" turned "Train-bands," and scorning delay,
They rushed like the engine that tore us away.

The Curragh we crossed with a three-years' old speed,
Like Eclipse or Childer as in books oft we read,
A mile in a minute, we with *ease* did the thing,
But they puffed and they blew till they got round the ring.

At Kildare all the Curragh-men came to the race,
For Carlow, this time, was the spot for *the pace*.
There were lackeys, and jockeys, and grooms out of place,
So stuffed midst the "nobs" that you'd pity their case.

Once again, in swift motion, we dash'd through the bogs,
Where the rail it is surely laid down upon logs;
This dreary scene over, Athy soon appears—
Each station we came to received us with cheers.

And 'twas here that a crowd met our eyes to be sure,
Who thought, for a shilling, good births to secure,
At the end of the *run* a fine dinner to get,
But they were not to make just such *spoons* of us yet.

Thus of all this great throng that were so well inclined
To join in the fun, every one staid behind!
They looked daggers, 'tis true, and they flung down their cards,
To *call us all out*, but "No go," said the guards.

So we past them like birds, 'midst their groans, shouts, and cheers,
And we had not gone long when Magany appears,
Like minuted magic we flew past that place,
To come on a landscape of grandeur and grace.

On, through scenes ever changing, yet beauteous each view,
By Carlow lads loved, yet to strangers so new,
In this valley of *meetings* are mingled in peace,
With the Barrow, the waters of the Burn, Lirr, and Greece.

Each beauty increased till 'twas like one demesne,
From the bounds of the county, to "near the GREEN LANE;"
The Barrow flowed nobly, the boats stole along,
While the engine *stole* us through the midst of a throng.

Then our welcome from town, by that gallant gay crowd,
Was like Carlow boys ever, uproariously loud;
But we sat down to dine, a delighted, gay throng,
And the joys of the day found a *rest* in the song.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEEK IN THE MIDDLE COUNTRY.—HUNTING.

CLOBEMAN Hall, beautifully situated on the River Slaney, a few miles below Newtown Barry, and near their best country, enshrined us hospitably for a meet with the fox-hounds, kept by Mr. Bolton, called "The Islands."

A pleasant morning and some cover-hunting showed us Camolin Park, the Bishop's Wood, &c., and the nature of the ground we might have to try our cattle over, which until then my friend and I knew little of. We found our fine park-galloping was too soon turned into paddock-fencing, and we rejoiced that, having an inkling of the thing, we had selected, instead of the fleetest of our steeds, the quickest under difficulty. This was a most fortunate precaution, for the high banks are often as narrow as a knife at top, perfectly plumb-down, faced with stone in a most impracticable manner; and in that "pewy" country it appeared to us as if one-fourth of the whole land was occupied with fences.

With such an impression, and the friendly jealousy that exists between the members of adjacent clubs, it behoved us well to "mind our riding," and accordingly as the "varmint" started from a nice gorse cover, while the dogs were getting out upon him, we took a rapid, but well-practised survey of the line the lad had taken, and quietly sprang off beside the pack as the last few dogs were jumping from the covert.

It is wonderful what odds a timely start will give to any man ; even a cover's length, or half a field to gain, required all those who were worse placed, to double speed at starting—a very certain way to wind up quickly. The hounds now settling well upon their fox, did the "care and culture" of their governor who hunted them, much credit, while the "pace" was fast for such a country, it being a fact that the numerous fences baulk the hounds, being the smaller animal, much more than they do well-trained horses.

It was at this period of the run our careful study of the ground told well. Without it, unaccustomed to the numerous fences, we could not have lived with them ; but, owing to our wise precaution, we were fresh, and at our ease could hold our own, while we found that others had only neared us by bringing their steam to a high pressure.

And now there was the usual amusing diversity, a little increased, of youths' and the horse-trainer's tumbles, for the thistle-whipping trainer must have time, and the school-boy in experience should take it soberly. Our anxiety (at least the writer's) was for room, and getting into a favourable stretch of grassy fields, small as they were, they called forth the *industry* of hounds and horses. The pace improved, until we ran into him most gallantly, doing four miles, in something under fifteen minutes. So wondrous a performance this appeared, just then and there, that it was said my jolly friend, who rode a welter weight (some sixteen stone), could not have been up, only that he was riding a noted steeple-chaser well *disguised* ! But he really was a horse that had been put in harness, though no doubt well-bred and a rare good fencer, yet mutilated with a cock'd-tail-cut, quite

perpendicular, to match the dash-board, as the fashion then required. The thing afforded many a laugh when once it got notorious.

It was now—

“Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
Search every hollow, and dingle, and dell;
I leave not a print of a footstep behind me,
So those who would see me must search for me well.”

For we drew one of those extensive woods, Monaghtrim, or Killoughrim, or probably Kilboragh,—names not familiar to the English tongue; and although we had *tongues*, welling out from their recesses, that pleased us mightily, the governor was not so satisfied, as there appeared to be an extensive litter of young foxes on foot, and each finding its exclusive admirers in the lively pack; thus the master and his men had quite enough to do, and even then could not induce a lad to *break*; while the break of day at the ensuing ball, looming in the distance as the likely wind-up of that night's amusements, compelled us to leave the hounds to their juvenile entertainment.

The Englishman eats himself into a friendship, club, or charity, while the Irishman, if he does not fight for it, he drinks or he dances himself into it. It was thus we were to be danced into still more friendly terms with our pleasant County of Wexford neighbours at a brilliant ball, which was to come off that evening at Newtown Barry, given by a gallant County of Wexford sportsman to the united strength of the adjacent hunting clubs, and ‘Buncloody,’ as the very pretty village, modernized to Newtown Barry, anciently was called, being a border town, moderate drives to each brought

a goodly array of County of Carlow men to Mrs. Ralph's nice road-side inn, thereat to dress for the occasion.

It may be said almost of pleasure, as of true love, that its course did never yet run smooth. We reached the *hostelrie* in gigs, in drags, and dog carts, just in time to leave outside the torrents, that now poured upon the quickly abandoned pavements in the Inn yard.

To mount the elegant ball-dress uniform of our hunt gave little trouble, but the fairer portion of creation had established the best right in law—possession, of all the chaises, that by any means could be collected for the occasion, and covered cars were not then heard of, up so far in Leinster. Here then, was a fix for us. It is true we had but a few hundred yards to go, but our dress was fragile, and so much white too easily sullied. Miss Ralph relied upon the hostler, and she begged our leave to introduce him.

This was a new light thrown upon the subject, although we knew there was not an animal of the horse kind belonging to the place, but had been taken out with the various chaises; still, our faith was strong—

“For our countryman, Paddy, ‘O, let him alone,
For making a blunder, or *picking a bone*.’”

so we thought that Paddy might somehow work through the difficulty.

“Your honers,” Pat began, “the mistress couldn’t expect me to do an un-possibility;” our hearts died within us—“but if she’d allow *huz* to bring the big market gig to the door, there’s a great paraplu, all as one as a tint, that covers the whole family; and if your honers id be consenting to go in it, you could rowl an elegant new blanket round the full

dress while you'd be goin'; and the Lord knows may be its *too fast* the boys and I id bowl you down the hill to the bridge, easier than playing 'long bullets.'"

By the committee of the whole house into which we had resolved ourselves, this speech was received with reiterated cries of "Hear, hear." Mrs. Ralph was acquainted with the arrangements, and Paddy found plenty of bipeds ready to join him in the spree, and accordingly the *convoyance*, as it was announced, came to the door, and like Esquimaux, every man in his blanket, we went three at a time into the concern, as shown in the leading wood cut of this number, having merely taken the precaution of ordering a pair of our gig lamps to be stuck to the rum vehicle, having a due regard for the lives of the children and the natives, that even the torrents we knew would not keep out of our way.

And now we ran like a meteor down the grovy street, until almost in Moore's words,

"There were musical sounds in the night air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe, as we went, were singing,
That seemed to say, Come, in their every tone."

But we must not dismiss Paddy so quickly; he took so important and commanding a position between the shafts just amidsthips, like the captain of a steamer on his paddle-box-gallery, putting on or taking off speed, that he deserved encouragement, and favourable reports going back, by some of our own servants who escorted us, of our safe arrival at the scene of the festivities, the communication was established, and Paddy and his party continued the profitable and, to them, pleasant employment, until he had a surplus of thirty shillings, as he said, earned for a "rainy day," as he was a

careful fellow, after fairly compensating all his allies and auxiliaries.

The Ball-room was a maze of beauty, the very roughness of the walls of the large store that had been cleared out and a loft removed to form an assembly-room, admitting the profusion of ornament that everywhere appeared; and it is but right I should say, that almost gorgeously beautiful as were its tasteful decorations, they were far outshone by the natural and acquired graces of the fair occupants that now smiled a welcome to us.

The dancing went so smoothly without ceremonial masters, for there were no ceremonies, and being occasionally diversified with music of a high order and quite appropriate, of the time of Arne or Shield, that we were startled at the announcement of supper; but as it took some time to transfer us to the banquetting-room, I may occupy a moment giving an idea, if but an idea, of the fine musical, although sporting, songs and glees that still at that time lived in people's memories, in which there was certainly more of music than of noise.

I subjoin the words of one, and fortunately I was able to procure and preserve the original setting, which, with that of "Sir William Burdett's Hunt," in last chapter, and a few other old and, I believe, rare tunes, if there should be a wish expressed by the subscribers to "IERNE" sufficiently general, they shall be inserted in the second part of the Appendix.

ANCIENT HUNTING PIECE AND CHORUS.

Period—about A.D. 1775. It is thought by Dr. ARNE.

O how sweet the air of early morn!

Hark! how blithe resounds the echoing horn!

Hark! hark! how blithe resounds the echoing horn!

Hark! hark! &c.

See, down yon hill the chase appears;
 The glorious peal enchants the ears.
 Prolong! prolong the swelling lay;
 Prolong! prolong, &c.

Couriers fleet as fallow deer
 Now sweep the vale, the ditches clear;
 Now sweep the vale, the ditches clear;
 Now sweep the vale, &c.

While foremost of the fray, foremost of the fray,
 The jolly huntsman cries, Away! away! away!
 The jolly huntaman cries, Away!

Hark! hark! Echo from her cell
 Replies, Away!
 Hark! hark! Echo from her cell
 Replies, Away! away! away!

Here, again, taste had made a virtue of necessity. Downstairs, where the banquet was spread, the comparative lowness of the ceiling compelled, as it were, the formation of the whole into a noble harbour of apparently infinite extent, brilliant with coloured lights among the blossoming boughs and real fruits and flowers, that tempted within reach the taste and smell! For some moments we were wrapt in silent admiration; but nature is nature, and even in this fairy-land of fancy the indignity of eating came upon us; but the gods themselves might have there feasted. Other excellent glees and sporting songs were now sung, and some of comic caste, by lads "of infinite mirth and humour."

We were thus agreeably resting ourselves and occupied, when that fashionable lead just then in all quadrilles—

"If the heart of a man is oppress'd with care,"
 coming with the force of the full band from the less earthly regions over-head, reminded us that

"The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

Accordingly, as one of the comic songs we had just heard with delight had said—

“Each lad took his colleen her trotters to shake.”

The simile may not very elegantly convey an idea of the sylph-like figures that floated about, until, the small hours of the morning increasing, we were compelled to close with “Sir Roger de Coverly,” and three times three in bumpers of “negus” to our hospitable entertainers.

We gave such *attention*, as Barney O'Reardon says, to our four hour's sleep at Mrs. Ralph's, that we started all the fresher at a fitting time for the “meet” of our own hounds at Myshall in the morning, and the Major's bountiful breakfast.

We had at Myshall a handsome return of Wexford men, and the feasting over the governor's cover adjacent turned out a mountain fox, that in consideration for our visitors. After a push southward, towards Holly-brook, that he might gain an offing, as a sailor would have said, he wheeled up the mountain then eastward, and crossing the *Scrattoe* (query from the Norse, signifying wood), round which there was an artificial race-course, then by Aclare Glen, so famous for its Potteen productions, on to Kilbranish and along that ridge, one of the bastions, it might be said, of Mount Leinster, which rises over it to two thousand six hundred feet in height, then, with heels to hill he ran down to the Clody side, until we earthed him in Clonmullen. The affair was brilliant, and the ground trying beyond parallel, yet the *competitive system* did its wonders. A handsome sprinkling of the “Tullows,” and the Islands being well in, but having all had quite enough of it, we reluctantly bid kind farewell.

On part of the hills the hounds ran mute, and the fog

obliged as to ride almost on top of them, or lose them altogether, while the pace was such that the whipper's short-legged horse, although carrying but the "feather" that cleared the car-road in last chapter, not having foot to stay with us all through, let us know his whereabouts by occasionally neighing after the other horses, and ultimately joined us at the finish. Retracing our steps by Myshall, while enjoying an excellent luncheon that awaited us, we had again an opportunity of thanking the gallant Major for his courtesy and kindness, by which he so largely contributed to our day's entertainment and amusement.

We only had a rest-day, when two *capital* sporting friends, and an old Dragoon officer arriving, we determined to show them some variety by moving in the evening towards the Kilkenny country, the Leicestershire of Ireland, and my companion to the Newtown Barry ball, having a farm-stead and lodge *en route*. We availed ourselves of his kind invitation, and gathering our fittings and findings into a dog-cart, made a descent upon his rural home.

That we spent an agreeable evening may be taken for granted, and it certainly was worth the extra exertion to get to Sir Nicholas Loftus's to breakfast the next morning—at the place of meeting—to be shown through his unequalled stud of thoroughbreds; then of world-wide notoriety, among which was "Hollyhock," purchased by previous contract, when broken down as a racer for Two Thousand Guineas!

To such a man, and for such a treat and breakfast, courtesy was due, and accordingly when mounted, we dwelt a little, to see some young ones Sir Nicholas had in training so lightly tread the turf.

"Greene," said Sir Nicholas, "I wish you would throw your leg across that little animal, and take him over some of those fences, it would gratify me very much indeed." And now Jo Greene (late R.M.,) to gratify him, did do the thing as few could do it—vaulting like a bit of gossamer upon the little racing saddle, although an excellent weight to ride, he seemed to grow a part of the quadruped, he floated on as it were, all round about us, and sailed over sundry fences without a stirrup, to Sir Nicholas's great delight, and to all our admiration; for, like Eman Oge, in the old Irish ballad translated by Samuel Ferguson, Esq., M.R.I.A.

"When mounted on his proud-bounding steed,
(Joseph Greene) sat a cavalier indeed,
Like the ears upon the wheat,
When winds in Autumn beat,
On the bending steed 's his seat;
And the speed
Of his courser,
Was the wind, from Barna'gee o'er Tyrawley."

At last, "Hark! into cover," were the words, and soon the woods and dales resounded with the "music of the chase;" but long before he got away, this music had its close resemblance to unpractised ears in the baying of Sir Nicholas's beagles in their well-placed kennel; remote as that was fixed our old dragooning friend drew up outside. and with the patience that—

"The sentry walks his lonely round,"

he lived in hope that every moment he would have the hunting all to himself.

Meantime, we ran round by the skirt of Brandon Mountain towards the cover-called Boreleigh, on its south side; but here

the sun, coming out with all its after-meridian almost May-day force, and there not being a breath of air, no hounds could hunt. Still the Governor (the late Sir John Power) was almost getting angry with old Byrne, as he said he would lose his fox; but the veteran, nothing ashamed, exclaimed, "It was not hunting that they ought to be, when providence and nature was against it, but tilling the earth, that they might find a plenty for another season."

Byrne, was he poet enough, could have quoted Somerville as an authority, who says—

"The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condensed remains, unless
By some rude storm dispersed, or *rarified*
By the meridian sun's intenser heat."

With such a truth, in such a place, and Mount Loftus being alive with foxes, we could do no better than try back again; where picking up our stray Dragoon officer, we demesne hunted, without the chance of bolting Reynard, until the shades of evening made those think, who had a doubt upon it, that Byrne still was right, for by the aid of the bad scent, the fox had realised the words of one of our oldest poets—most knowingly he—

"Played his part
For whatsoever mother wit or art
Could work he put in proof; no practice sly,
No counterpart of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring." *

The Irish meltonians left us on *their* own ground, while we

* Edmond Spenser's "Ape and Fox," about A.D. 1580.

returned to our own head-quarters; and having perhaps got a little proxy in my endeavour to realise things that, like gratitude, no matter how full our hearts may be, cannot be expressed, I shall endeavour to make amends by giving from the journal notes a versified sketch of a drive to a Kilkenny hunt meet, and an idea of a "short, sharp, and decisive run," only premising, that like the celebrated Nimrod (Mr. Appleby), I have taken the liberty of mixing up, not three or four runs, as he states he did, but a couple of actual runs, merely to increase the incidents in the little poem, and that I believe "Giant" only carried Mr. Baillie in Leicestershire.

As a contrast to Dick Lang, and his slow, boney, old Irish hunter, introduced in the last chapter, I have endeavoured to represent

"THE PACE" ARRIVED AT.—1829.



And the kind of animal that went it at that period, which I

have essayed thus faithfully, however humbly, to celebrate under the title of—

A KILKENNY HUNT "MEET,"

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

WHAT a "meet" I remember one glorious spring morn!
While our hearts beat with joy at the sound of the horn:
The breakfast at Walshes was sumptuous but short,
We all were so eager for out-door and sport.

But I must not omit how we went to that muster,
Like a bunch of fresh radishes, all in a cluster;
For in dog-cart, with tandem, we rolled to the meet,
Thus the going to hunt was almost half the treat.

A pleasant quartette: and to keep ourselves warm,
Our scarlet just blushed like the dawning of morn
From under a benjamin, bang-up, or frieze,
While the girls gazed in wonder, and cried, "Bless my eyes!"

We had chance of a cracked neck, and chanced an upset,
But "Nought's never in danger," was good to us yet;
Into Leighlin we spanked, running up-hill and down,
Two miles to the west lay the real old town.

Now a fair in this place sadly hampered our course,
Yet to try to turn back might have made it much worse;
These fairs are foul things when they litter the road
With litters of pigs, packs, and pumps, a whole load.

On a tight cover-hack one could quietly glide
Through those porkers and peasants so close side by side; }
But the tandem was lengthy, and rather too wide
For the tortuous line that the busy had left,
That all comers and goers might pass 'warp and weft,'
As Manchester here sent its cottons for dresses,
For the maids with blue eyes and the bright flowing tresses.

In vain we called out, "Do pray draw back the stands;"
"There's room enough, plenty," was cried on all hands;
While a humourist bawled out, "They cannot complain,
If both sides are taken by fair might and main."
So Irish a notion met with shouts of applause,
While the horses got anxious, and not without cause,

"Now, boys, we must try it,—let the toes keep away;"
 But the bridge and the brogues wo'nt forget that fair-day,
 For the naves of our wheels, like most knaves in a crowd,
 Increased the confusion, 'midst screams long and loud.

So the tables were turned, the naves struck left and right,
 If simplicity fell, it was no sorry sight;
 All those stands of pumps, brogues, and pigs' feet set a-prancing,
 Small blame to the owners to be figuring and dancing.

While pigs' cheeks to be sliced by the wheels of a gig,
 Was abjured loud and stout by each sensitive pig;
 And their sudden retreat from such porcine promotion
 Gave life to the scene, and up-raised the commotion.

And folks panic-struck at the crashing like thunder,
 Like lightning they quitted—too late they knock'd under—
 For under their stands on their backs they lay sprawling,
 Crying out "*Millia Murther*," like cats caterwauling.

They held their legs up, like fowl fix'd for the dressing,
 While the wheels 'cooked the goose' as they whirl'd in passing. }
 Loud words poured forth—they were not just a blessing,
 But the wise and discreet sat away at their ease,
 While the others were basted with brogues and with cheese.

Chests, cheese, cakes, and calicoes rose ev'ry minute,
 But to feel the depression the Fair had within it:
 Thus the Manchester goods they fell down to the dirt,
 While smart brogues leather'd over full many a shirt.

If John Bright had been there, he'd been put to his tether, }
 The *traces* and trampers found 'nothing like leather,'
 And we just cleared the wreck by a *pull* altogether.
 De Lacy's old Castle couldn't catch a glance from us,
 While the fight and the fighters offer'd such promise.

The Bridge we ascended, kept by Friars of old,
 Is as steep as the far-fam'd Rialto we're told.
 On its crown, then, we paused to look back on the fray,
 And the mass of confusion we caused that fair day.

Every one sought his own, for *his own at the least*,
 While some lost their tempers, some stocks were increased.
 It was now a sufficiently general fight,
 To induce us to fix on a route for the night;

Lest in coming that way we'd have reason to rue
Having raised a prime riot, a fine *phillieu*.
We soon cleared 'the Oak,' and the Kellymount quarters,
Where travellers one time were unwillingly martyrs.

But 'Clara'* smiled on us so blithely and brightly,
We push'd tow'ards the City more quickly and lightly.
Leagh-Rath we passed by, where kings often assembled,
And as laws were explained, the wicked they trembled.

A Paddy declar'd when once placed in the dock,
For joining the 'Whitefeet,' under one Captain Rock,
That the weight of the law had been never explain'd ;
If it had, he'd have true to the law have remain'd.

'John's Bridge' we screw'd over, 'Parade' then we sprung 'em,
Charged the Arch to the Club-house, and lighted among 'em.
Kind sirs of the saddle, excuse this digression,
There's round-about ways found in ev'ry profession ;

But now in your presence I'll be more *concise*,
Pray pardon the word, "short, sharp, and decisive."
With some great guns, of course, we were honor'd that day,
But those only familiar I place in my lay :—

Bruens, Burtons, and Ducketts, of Tullows the pride,
And the Newtons and Stubbers were men that could ride :
Then some Emo's, Kildares, and some Islanders gay,
With the Groves, and the Ormonds, and Blazers—away.
A battalion of companies thus took the field,
In this warfare 'tho' mimic,' resolved not to yield.

And now four and four, as they proudly rode on,
Even Melton could not boast a more gallant throng—
A Field-Marshal † declared, when he saw them pass by,
That to wait for their charge would be just "all my eye."

Harry Lorrequer's hero,‡ we remember with pride,
And his sister, a Willett—they rode side by side—
But disdaining restriction and feminine fear,
She so loved the hunting, she always was near.

* Clara, a well known gorse cover, seen from the road, on the sunny hill side.

† The late F. M. Lord Beresford. ‡ Major O'Flaherty.

Next Hugh Massy, from Glenville, how noble his mien !
 He enjoyed a good jointure—was mate for a queen :
 And Fosberry* ("Red George") with a brogue as rich quite—
 Keen folk, these were welcomed with cheers of delight.

Then Magennis rode hard, when the work it got warm,
 Like gay Ambrose Power, he was minus an arm.
 The "Young Gov'nor" rode Watty, Sir Wheeler, Old Oak,
 A tight horse, a son of the fam'd Hollyhock.

"Big Bayly," with Giant, had made two giants there,
 Yet his eye and his head they were felt everywhere.
 Younger Cooke, on his grey, for Kiltinan did well—
 Then of Rochfort, and Cooper, and Stuart I'd tell—
 These, with Fowler and Watsons all came to Dunbell. }

"Time was up!" into cover and clean through they go—
 "Not at home," said Sir John,† and it was thought it was so ;
 We were leaving in groups, but "Blind Nixon" said no !
 Blind men's poems and travels we cannot deny,
 But a *blind forward horseman* was rare to the eye ! }

Oh ! Nixon, what pain you occasioned those friends,
 Whose voices, well known, for your sight made amends ;
 'Tis true that the charm of "the cry" in your ear,
 Made you banish a feeling to other men dear :
 When your 'courier avant' fell away to the rear,
 You rode at your friend, and seemed glad he was there !

"There's a hound still in cover," says Nixon, "he's *here*,"
 (What the blind want in sight, they make up in the ear.)
 Then old Byrne‡ put them in ; "Hark ! to Warwick," he cried ;
 For Warwick, old hound, was his boast and his pride.

The next moment, "Away !" Warwick still at his trash,
 For 'twas Warwick was heard at "the dog in the bush."
 How soon we reached Clifden, the railway alone
 Would convince us, these days, that the thing e'er was done.

* The late Mr. Fosberry, Governor of the County Limerick Hunt.

† The Kilkenny Hunt Governor (the late Sir John Power), was not then a baronet; but the writer thought it better to allude to him as he is remembered—and when will he be forgotten by those who ever experienced his kindness, courtesy, and hospitality ?

‡ The matchless old huntsman was another governor.

From Clifden to Bishop's-lough, thence to Kilfane,
But well stopp'd-out there, he next made for Grenane,
Tho' he scarce near'd the town, when he chang'd his bold route,
Towards Coppengagh hills, still to baffle pursuit.

Thus pressed hard by the ever true pack, the old fox,
He wheeled short to Dangan, and earth'd 'neath the rocks.
The field was select, but, with skill and with speed,
Sir John was the first with the dogs in their need.

We had guessed that the fox had got into the cliff,
And were viewing the scene which was grand past belief;
The picture, so gorgeous, from Dangan's full height,
Had enrapt us in wonder, amaze, and delight;
But Sir John, till he learned that the fox had no harm,
Could not spare us a breath to say, "Yonder's Brown's Barn."*

But the movements of time I had wished to unfold,
To just glance at the past, the full present behold.
The last of the Stuarts had not fled from these realms,
When the shade was enjoy'd of those oaks and those elms.

When the *cead mille phailtagh*, went forth down the Nore,
And the stranger was welcom'd at every door.

Then the gentle, the simple, the robber, the thief,

- They all came in their turn, and they all found relief.†

Lackengarra the grand, will scarce shield any more
The well-ordered robber, the "Freney" of yore;
Yet the fox hunter still, can thence push from his lair
The sly reynard, more sure, than if Freney was there.
'Tis true, absence, neglect, years of silence and gloom,
Brought all round to mere ruin, and the sale master's doom.

But the fine native oaks and the river sublime,
And the heights and the hills, they defy even time,
Dysard Castle, of old, that defended the fords,
And Grenane donjon-keep, that gave shelter to hordes,
Now but haunts for the screech owl and other lone birds, } ✓

* Fact. The writer, then a stranger to the district, was anxious to learn where he was, that he might return at leisure to contemplate such surpassing scenic beauty, as the Nore near Inistiogue possesses.

† See note at end of chapter.

✓ Cause the mind to recall the sad times we have pass'd, }
 To reflect that all goes to one ruin at last. }
 At least, all that is earthly that man has amass'd,
 That the pride and vain glory of former days o'er,
 Empty praise has no pulse left to throb to it more.*

The halls of MacMurrrough are by humbler men held,
 And the too reckless Irish too often expelled.
 But an era has risen in IERNE's blest land,
 Her beauties and bounties vast treasure command.
 Her lands are unlocked, skill will have now its way,
 The blind squires and the wild Irish chiefs had their day.

* "So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more."
 "Moore's Melodies," 1st number.

"They all came in their turn, and they all found relief."

NOTE REFERRED TO, p. 265.—It was too much the fashion of the day to protect aggressors against the law, on the principle of the adage "that the fox seldom preys at home," and I believe it is not denied, that a Lady Carrick saved the life of the notorious robber Frenay,—but he had robbed those that had plundered her ladyship and carriage on the high road, and restored her her property.

A great forensic orator, speaking to evidence, produced in favour of a prisoner, one of those high-way robbers on trial at Kilkenny, declared that the character of the county then was "*Eager* after prey, and *Flooded* with iniquity, while every *Bush* concealed a robber. Three of the most influential families in the county being those of Agar, Flood, and Bushe.

CHAPTER XIX.

PADDY AND THE PRUSSIANS; OR, FREDERICK WILLIAM OUT-WITTED.

It is some twenty-five years since, in one of my professional rambles in a remote and sequestered part of the county of Carlow, in Ireland, known as the Barony of St. Mullin's, that I was favoured with the company of an accomplished member of one of the fine old Irish families, who trace their descent from the kings of Leinster.

We were taking a preliminary view of the country in which my equestrian companion inherited large possessions, with the object in some measure of opening up its resources. We had left the magnificently wooded demesne of the Kavanagh's of Borris behind us, and as we rode southward in that comparatively narrow part of Carlow, between the counties of Kilkenny and Wexford, to our left lay a chain of mountains, or rather stupendous hills, not less than twenty miles in length, designated mount Leinster, Black Stairs, and the White Mountain, and of singularly irregular outline, rising in some places to nearly three thousand feet, an apparently Alpine height, springing, as they do, almost from the tide-level, from which their most southern base is not very far removed.

On our immediate right as we travelled, the ancient, or more western road nearest to it, in a valley of surpassing

beauty, and almost entirely wooded, flowed the noble and navigable River Barrow—its forty miles of tide-way, fringed more or less, with the pointed pine, the clustering fir, or the ever-changing and graceful larch climbing to the skies, while descending to, and dipping in the stream, was the natural growth of the golden-teinted, venerable oak. Then ever and anon, some fairy-looking fortalice of the olden time, or grander castle structure, frowned from a jutting rock in a commanding position, no doubt to bid defiance to further progress; when this now peaceful region was torn with the civil wars, which are unfortunately too much the history of the country. •

“But there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind;
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud
Banners on high, and battles passed below;
But they who fought, are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved, are shredless dust are now.

* * * * *

And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd stream beneath its ruin run.*

Infinitesimally small, from distance down from whence we rode, and almost beyond the human ken, were the native skiffs or cots paddled along in pairs on the glassy surface of the river, with their fishing lines or nets between them, the hardy skippers rewarded for their patient industry by the occasional capturing of a noble salmon. Against the modern fishery laws I believe, but the cots and the wild-looking Irish propellers, of them, often, if not always, added not only to

* Byron's Childe Harold.

the beauty of our picture, but I must admit to the solidity of our supper.

Beyond this gorgeously beautiful glen, the bottom of which was occupied, as I have said, by the noble river, there, almost a tidal estuary, rose up nearly two thousand feet in height, the somewhat isolated and picturesque Brandon mountain on the Kilkenny side, with its subordinate adjuncts, as seen in the distance behind Dick Lang (page 236). From its middle down, clothed with timber, and its very base washed by the ample and transparent flood. From its woody belt, the grey peak seemed upward to push its

. "Form,
To swell from the vale, and mid-way leave the storm."

Although, as it were, in mute defiance of the sombre giants of Mount Leinster, and the Black Stairs opposite.

Thus flanked on either side by mountains, wood, and water, across which for many miles, there not being a practicable pass for vehicles either way, the sequestered grandeur of this great solitude, with only a little farm-stead dotted here and there, was then, and almost still is, quite undisturbed by the bustle of modern traffic or thoroughfare. But as the smoking iron horse is destined to work his way even there, it may be desirable that the intending traveller should know that a railway is in steady progress, intended to form not only a valuable connexion with the metropolis, but to open to the busy ports of Wexford and New Ross, the but half-developed resources of that *terra incognita*.*

While we thus contemplate with pleasuse the certain advance of a higher degree of civilization into this rural and

* See note at end of the chapter, p. 280.

romantic region, it may afford a passing smile to dwell for a moment, as it were, amongst its inhabitants of even the last century, one of the most remarkable of whom was a farmer's son, named Morgan Kavanagh. Pointing to a grove at the opening of a valley, where

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,"

"There," said my affable and truly noble friend, "there lived MORGAN KAVANAGH."

The mansion of this celebrity, almost entirely concealed by trees, was placed in the opening of a dell, formed by a babbling stream, forcing its way in its passage from the adjacent mountains, between the lingering skirts, or bastions from the hills that there ran far out into the plain. The charm of the situation, and the emphasis with which the name of its former occupant was pronounced, exciting my curiosity, my distinguished companion proceeded to gratify it by the following sketch of the adventures of a man, he said "he well remembered to have seen," and which I have written up chiefly from recollection of his animated delivery.

Morgan Kavanagh being in his earlier days a handy, smart youth, got employment about the "Big house," a palatial residence of the Kavanaghs of Borris, which: I am proud to record, is still preserved in all its natural and acquired beauty; there our hero was not long in learning many ways of making himself useful, and while waiting for errands, being none of your idlers, he had always a ready hand to help the groom, the coachman, or the pantry-boy, in their various occupations; and an opportunity soon offering for bettering his condition, Morgan availed himself of it to reach the summit of his

hopes and expectations, London, to make his fortune, where, he believed, and with some truth, that the wealth of the world was, as it is, very much concentrated.

Obliging and quick-witted, he worked from one grade to another in this great metropolis, until he found himself about six feet two inches in height, and footman to his Excellency the Prussian Ambassador, at the Court of St. James's. It was never ascertained whether it was intentional or otherwise, as regarded Morgan's future, that the worthy Hibernian was induced by attractions, to him irresistible, to visit with his master, the ambassador, the dominions of that eccentric tyrant (as I suppose we may write him) Frederick William, King of Prussia.

Being a handsome fellow, he was not long in rendering himself sufficiently conspicuous.

"His brawny shoulders four feet square;" manly bearing and towering height, made him a figure coveted by even royal eyes, to add a unit to the number of his Majesty's celebrated Grenadiers. And so, by whatever means effected, and it is thought that they were not the fairest, Morgan Kavanagh, actually became, for a time, at least one in the exclusive thousand.

Our Paddy, like most of his brethren, being as I have said, of an adventurous disposition, prone rather to rambling than to settling down, particularly amongst strangers, soon got tired of the restraint of discipline and of soldiering, for *show* only. Although a good-humoured and pleasant fellow, he was fretted that he had now no opportunity of exercising his fighting capabilities, and being not too well pleased at the *advantage* that he thought had been taken of him to get him to, and then to enlist him in a 'furrin land;' moreover,

being in love with his own country and his Aileen, that with a heavy heart he left in it—he resolved at all hazard, to get away. We might fancy him singing nearly in the words of Thomas Dibdin,—

“O, the mountains of Erin are lofty and high,
And our bold (Black-stairs Mountain) bewitchingly grand ;
And delighted with joy is the traveller’s eye,
While viewing the glens of our dear native land.
But let him (my Aileen) behold thy dear face,
He’ll be blind to all other sweet charms of the place.”

His natural cunning now coming to his aid, he resolved to pay off the ‘Proosians,’ as he called them, something in their own way, by practising on them a deceit which few but an Irishman would have thought of persevering to work out.

Fighting or preparing for it being a favourite recreation with Morgan, as with most Irishmen, he no doubt soon became an accomplished soldier. In furtherance of his plan to get away, he was so scrupulously exact in the performance of every duty, that from real merit he was made a corporal.

With his new position, having somewhat more leisure, he embraced in the regimental school the opportunity of adding to his little stock of learning, and as time rolled on, Morgan made himself useful everywhere, became a great favourite, and was raised to the rank of serjeant.

This promotion, which he had laboured hard to attain, gave him many opportunities of meeting with the captain of his company. In those interviews he took care to observe occasionally and with apparent indifference, on the difficulty there appeared to be to keep up to its standard and number this crack regiment.

One day, while waiting on his captain for instructions, two or three tall, but raw and lanky recruits came in. "Ogh," said he soliliquising aloud, "but them are the *quare* kind of *min*! Musha, if three or four of my big brothers were here now, where would them fellows be? In troth, if the length of their bones don't baulk them, the *mait* that's on them never will!"

Such free and easy exclamations, only half understood, varied according to circumstances, and always with a spice of Irish humour, had the desired effect. He was asked to explain himself, and thus was allowed to pour into the ear of his immediate officer, and subsequently into that of his colonel, marvellous tales of his brothers "that almost kicked him out from his own father's house, he might say, for being to them such a dwarf and an abortion. Often they said they war ashamed of him."

"Ah, *Curnel*, your honour," he'd say, warming to his subject, "them are the boys that 'id clear a fair or quiet a *patterin*! I'm sure I'll never forget the afthernoon we ran down to the patterin of St. Mullin's, where the boys of the town and the *nayburs* had just had an illigant bit of a brush with one another, to the entire annoyance of my four brothers, that so much of the divarshun should be over before they got in; so they cried out like thunther, 'Boys, boys, we'll begin it again; and that every man may have a fair start, we'll just clear the place, and then nobody can have an advantage.' So away we walloped right and left and straight-forward, and into the elements went the black-thorns and the shillelaghs till the 'scrimmage' was quashed entirely, and in troth you could have played long bullets down the green of

St. Mullin's full swing, without the chance of cracking a shin-bone—the place was so 'mortially' cleared; but whether being fresh, we hit too hard, or that the boys had got enough of it before we came down, there wasn't a woman's man of them all, of the whole contents of the fair, but was satisfied with what they got, for they never came back that night, to 'thry titles with any one!'" And Morgan went off, humming one of his national chants.

"Oh, the sweetest 'divarshun' that's under the sun,
Is to fight in a fair for the sake of the fun;
And while fists are crossing, and cudgels are tossing,
And every head broken, is of glory a token:
Huzza for the boys, when the ruxion's begun."

Such stories, however amplified and exaggerated, had a certain weight, and the Hibernian's apparent simplicity and almost forward familiarity, without giving offence, obtained for him a degree of credence he might not otherwise have been favoured with.

His exact attention to his duties and martial appearance on the one hand, and his winning disposition and amusing hyperbole on the other, at last gained him an interview with His Majesty, who had long and in a favourable light viewed the active habits of the Hibernian. Morgan was now not very long in obtaining the main and the ostensible part of his desire—leave to visit his own native country, and with a considerable sum of money too, on the pretence of inducing a couple at least of his big brothers to return with him, and become his fellow soldiers. But Morgan also wanted to visit the Green Isle, and small blame to him, that he might meet the girl of his heart, his Colleen D'has, and *feel* her bright

eyes beaming on him, which, as we have shown already, he had not forgotten ; no doubt he said with Banim—

“And when with joy returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there, Aileen,
And a hand will welcome me.”

Just on the point of leaving (as it appeared), he started a difficulty, and discovered a degree of worldly prudence his countrymen seldom exhibit, or get credit for ; something was wrong. The day of departure came ; but still there was the son of Erin. This reluctance to go, after leave and means had been granted, lulled suspicion, if ever it existed. The captain and the colonel both interrogated him.

“Oh,” said he, “I never can go in it : is it for me, an innocent man, to bring disgrace among the chilter on my father’s flure ? I never can go ; I’d be taken for a desarthur, and disgraced. Oh no ! I can’t go ; I’m sorry for all the trouble I gave your honours and that I can’t go ; I darn’t show my face in my own country. If I went poor, desolate, and like a stranger, it ’id be something ; the door ’id never be shut against me, and I’d have a *cead mille failtagh* everywhere * ; but the money ’id be my ruin ; I’d never be let in, so don’t ask me to go.” And so Morgan fretted and feigned, although in some degree his uneasiness might have been real, lest he might not get off to his native land with all he hoped to effect, while to lose the opportunity he had so far ingeniously, if not ingenuously worked out, would have been to him

* “Distress never fails to moisten the eye, and wants no advocate to reach the heart of an Irishman.”—“Observations on Ireland,” by J. C. Curwen, Esq., M.P., vol. I., p. 276.

still more distressing. He wanted more than he well knew how to obtain, but was resolved to have.

In this dilemma his native brass came to his assistance, and at one of the many pastime, however formal, reviews of the eccentric monarch, Morgan, having been brought to the Sovereign's notice, threw himself upon his knees at a favourable moment, and prayed for pardon for changing his mind about going to Ireland after his leave had been so graciously granted. Tyrant as Frederick William is described to have been, his Majesty was so taken with the Hibernian, that the latter ventured to plead the kingly line which, I believe there was little doubt, he had indirectly sprung from, and with a well-assumed diffidence suggested to his Majesty, through his colonel, with whom he was a great favourite, that without a "bit of writing," an authority or a commission, and the *swoord* of a jontleman by his side, on reaching his own country his life, under a dirty suspicion, would not be worth a pin's point or a traneeen.

The Irish blarney, conveyed, as we may well believe, in a mixture of German, English, and Irish, and the infatuation of his Prussian Majesty for his well-known hobby, those stalwart Grenadiers, at last succeeded; the commission was bestowed, the amount of money was increased from the vast stores that more than prudent monarch was known to have, and a passport was granted; and now in truth Morgan might sing from Linley's beautiful ballad:—

"Oh, (too) long I've been roaming in the land of the stranger,
For Fate to my lot then unkind seem'd to be;
But now on my pathway Hope's glad star is beaming,
And Plenty has showered her blessings o'er me.

✓ I fly to dear Ireland with love still unchanging;
Oh! who knows the pleasure and pride I shall feel,
To see the old cabin beside the green valley,
And clasp to this heart gentle Aileen O'Neill?
Aileen, my darling, my Aileen O'Neill."

Mr. Morgan Kavanagh now, by one means or another, reached his old father's humble home in the Emerald Isle, and even the farthest recesses of Ballycrinigan, where at least one warm heart beat high to welcome him, and the side of the country soon rang with preparations for his joyous wedding.

We can well imagine the parents of the idolised Aileen, in the intensity of their anxiety at parting with her, bestowing a kind of affectionate admonition on the adventurous yet faithful Morgan, somewhat with the feeling so prettily expressed by Charles Jefferys:—

"Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart;
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
Its good and ill to share;
And well (we) know 'twill be her pride
To soothe such sorrow there.

Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joy's increase;
And may your days glide sweetly on,
In happiness and peace."

We must also imagine Morgan Kavanagh's reply, for, to those almost heavenly, certainly holy breathings of affection, there are never witnesses, whatever the novelists may do or

say ; but Morgan, who was all heart and feeling, notwithstanding the bit of dash which he inherited, may be supposed to have replied with the sentiment, if not the very words, of F. W. N. Bayley's pleasing ballad:—

"I *will* watch her, I *will* love her,
 She shall be my spirit bride !
 All my heart and thoughts shall hover
 Round her path and at her side.

Though the world should deep distress me,
 Constancy may conquer woe ;
 Love must ever greatly bless me,
 E'en though affliction's tear should flow.

Now for ever I will take her,
 Dear and lovely, pure and mild !
 I, though all the world forsake her,
Will trust, cherish, love your child !"

It is quite true, as may be remarked, if my little story arrives to the honour of being criticised, that it would have been easy to have spun out the thread of Morgan Kavanagh's wanderings and wayfarings, on his, no doubt at that period, tedious route to the Green Isle—when a British admiral was detained in a western port until some ships of his storm-scattered fleet actually joined him on their return from America. And Leslie, the painter, wrote a book on Portugal, while detained at Lisbon, for the refit of the vessel he sailed in. But as Morgan's chronicler's have not handed down the many amusing, and no doubt truthful racy sketches of his "furrin" travels—and holding in mind Cowper's excellent advice, to "hasten to a close," we have been obliged to relieve the fair reader, whose partial eye we hope to win ; from the pleasurable suspense, such a page-filling digression,

describing hardships by land and water, would, no doubt, have produced.

All those real pledges of affection I have endeavoured to describe and with the aid of more gifted pens, having been exchanged, and the wedding over, Morgan was looked up to with admiration and wonder, as a man who had made his fortune and fame without being long about it; he cared little whether he had many or any big brothers, or whether they ever went to "Proosia" or no; but he bought the interest in an adjacent farm of some scores of acres which he managed as successfully as he had wrought upon the rod-ruling Prussian monarch, and handed it down to his descendants, who reside there, or thereabout to this very day. And many of the older folk in that healthy locality, at the time I allude to (about 1829 or 1830) remembered with a pride and an approving smile the story of "the great Sodier," and they always spoke of him as MORGAN PRUSSIA.

There cannot be a doubt but that Morgan Kavanagh having probably been inveigled abroad, had been tricked, or even bribed at an unguarded moment to consent to his enlistment in a foreign service by those who had decidedly much the advantage of him in education and knowledge of the world, and therefore should not have used such advantage to abuse his unsuspecting confidence, and deceive or entrap an ignorant, and so far, faithful servant.

Morgan, with his early attachment, would scarcely have willingly consented to engage in London for such a service as would have detained him abroad; and, therefore, looking to the habits and manners of that time, and the outrageous conduct of Frederick William himself, not sought to be

concealed,* and to the little opportunity Morgan Kavanagh could have had of knowing better, and that even smuggling to defraud the revenue was then looked on more as a choice achievement than as a crime, we cannot so much blame the Hibernian for successfully practising a stratagem to regain his liberty, and do himself what he considered justice; although, in the carrying it out, he certainly must have given the old monarch—whose first and last thought was money—a severe wound in the most vital part, which we may regret Morgan did not see any way of avoiding.

* He shot with pistols, loaded with salt, the feet off one man, and the eye out of another! Having "maltreated a major in front of his regiment with his cane, the officer drew his pistols, fired one before the feet of the king's horse, and with the other shot himself through the head."—Carlyle's "Memoirs of the Court of Prussia."

His eccentric conscientiousness was such, that having caused a functionary at Stettin to be beaten with sticks by the public hangman, but whose innocence he afterwards ascertained, "to give the man the most undeniable reparation, he invited him to his own royal table." Thus "his justice was of his own making," and it is quite possible that a feeling of the kind towards our hero, facilitated his performance of a clever, harmless, and very amusing deception, which ended very happily.

Note on THE BAGENALSTOWN AND WEXFORD RAILWAY—Referred to at page 269.—Leaving the (South-Eastern) Dublin and Kilkenny Railway, at Bagenalstown, the Wexford Railway runs south, to near Gore'sbridge, and there turning nearly east, it reaches Borris (Idrone, as it is at times called) the Petty and Presentment Sessions town of that district, to which place, eight miles from Bagenalstown, the railway has been some time open to the public, and from which coaches and other vehicles start to New Ross, Ennisworthy, and Wexford.

The railway line from hence, is in an advanced state of formation, running towards Ballymurphy, and leaving Graignemanagh a couple of miles to the right, it proceeds by Drommin and Polmonty, where it

leaves the County of Carlow, and soon reaches the cross-roads of Ballywilliam, in the County of Wexford, a most important station to attain, completing nearly twenty miles of the line from Bagenalstown, and reducing, as it must, the five hours' coaching time, consumed between Borris and Wexford, to less than one-half, and that to New Ross to one-third of that now occupied. Unfortunately the engineering difficulty of the country, at the only spot bearing that character, (Ballycopigan-hill), just leaving Borris, where a cutting of nearly sixty feet perpendicular, for almost a mile in length, chiefly through granite rock, has caused considerable delay, but it is hoped, this very autumn, that heavy barrier passed, as the greater part of the line is formed from thence, that it may be opened to the public, to Ballywilliam, when the very best results may be expected to arise, which would not only be felt on the Irish side of St. George's Channel, and by the shareholders to their pecuniary advantage, but would press on the English Companies, in connexion with the steamers from Milford Haven, the railways through South Wales, and the Great-Western to London and the South of England; the importance of completing the then short link, which only would be wanted for a much-required and never-failing traffic, as it would prove to be from the known reciprocity of trade, under present difficulties, and the fact of Milford Haven and Wexford, with a better passage, being just the same distance asunder as Dublin and Holyhead.

It may not be amiss to observe, that Wexford Town, towards which this railway is extending, possesses engineering facilities for approach and for future stations, passenger and commercial, as already pointed out by the writer in the *Wexford Independent*, that few persons, on a cursory glance at the place, would believe, but which are known to exist. The passenger station to be at the head of George Street, only a few hundred yards from White's excellent hotel and large coach establishment; the commercial station, by an extension from thence easily effected on the high level crossing over the quay, to be at the water edge beside, but more southward than the steam packet quay, as described in the paper alluded to, from whence passing for half its route along the harbour edge or reclaimed lands. As Wexford cannot always be a "cul de sac," at Killinick and Rosslare Station (half way to packet pier) a branch might be thrown off, hereafter to embrace South Wexford, by Bridgetown, Duncormick, Carrick, Tintern, and Campile, with a fortunate adaptation for forming a junction with the Waterford and Limerick Line by a railway and passenger bridge and moderate embankment, forming together the rocky heights of Ballinlaw, agreeably, of course, to Admiralty requirements, and which ultimately must be effected

CHAPTER XX.

A RUN THROUGH BRISTOL, BATH, AND LONDON.

HAVING occasion to visit this great metropolis, in order to vary the route, North Wales being familiar to us, with a friend I selected the Bristol line from Dublin; and after the usual tossing and tumbling, the sea voyage over, in running up the Bristol Channel, the Captain pointed to us "homes" so much nearer than we expected, as my facetious friend remarked. I observed to him that they were only sailor's *holmes*, and offered few attractions, one being "flat" and uninviting, while the other, by its very name, was "steep" and less desirable, whereas a real comfort would have been accomplished, if a shelter-pier had been run out from How-rock in Uphill-bay, near Weston-super-mare, where in that case we might have landed, and have had a charming drive of about twenty miles to Bristol, instead of wasting time in dodging about, at half-speed, to allow the Avon to receive of the tide enough to float us up to the ancient city.

At last we did push into the Bristol river, with which, after a little, we were agreeably pleased and surprised; instead of being a shoal and rather flattish place, as the delay for water led us to expect, we paddled quietly up a comparatively small stream, at the bottom of a deep glen, with at times exceedingly high and steep banks, wooded to a considerable extent, at the most romantic, we might say, the

grandest and steepest part of which, St. Vincent's Rocks, the public were all anxiety even then (April, 1829) to have a suspension-bridge thrown across, but which now (in 1860), I am informed, is only going to be completed by a transfer of the Hungerford suspension-bridge chains, which, of course, are to be removed to make room for that invaluable improvement, the Charing Cross Railway.

Bristol, except its excellent appointments at Cumberland Basin and splendid cheeses, of which we took back on our return a large supply to Ireland, had not the charm for us that we calculated on. There seemed to be some mismanagement in the water supply to the great floating docks, formerly the channel of the Avon, which appeared to have been cleverly and wisely made available by the new cut, round the town, crossed by such suitable cast-iron bridges; but the water appeared to be as much used up as if it had come through a score of the filthiest factories. However, it did the work, and work the inhabitants looked to want, and they were, no doubt, over-fed; which I should not mention, but that I trust the volunteer movement, extending to that city of plenty, the worthy citizens, for their own sakes, may get inured to more active habits. When a catastrophe like what befell them in the riots subsequent to our visit, would be impossible, as was proved by the *twenty-seven* bold spirits in connection with, and in charge of, the steamers, having successfully withstood the attack of a so far ruinously victorious mob, and thus were the means of preserving the valuable craft committed to their care.

Clifton at one side, and Bath at the other, afforded great attraction. In the city of crescents and palaces, Miss Love

was then charming the tender-hearted into tears with, "Oh! no, my love, no," "Rest, warrior, rest," and such other feeling and beautiful compositions. We often went over from Clifton or Bristol, by one or other of the admirably appointed two-horse coaches doing the twelve miles in an hour, and generally in time to have a walk in the Sydney Gardens, where one of our party astonished the staid and steady fashionables by springing successively and successfully over the innumerable hedges that apparently stopped his way out of "the labyrinth," not so much to save the half-crown he would have had to pay to be directed, as to leave an *Hibernian* pattern to the Englishers.

P. Egan's guide-book (Bath, 1819) reminded us, as the "Walk through Bath" expresses it, of "one of the greatest geniuses that ever adorned this or any other country"—Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who has rendered the "grotto" celebrated by the lines he left there for Miss Linley, to whom he was attached, and afterwards married. I subjoin a few of the prettiest:—

" Ah! this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
 As late I in secret her confidence sought;
 And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
 As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.
 * * * * *
 Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
 To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel,
 To hint how she frown'd when I dared to advise,
 And to sigh when she saw that I did it with zeal.
 'Tis true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow:
 She frown'd—but no rage in her looks did I see;
 She frown'd—but reflection had clouded her brow;
 She sigh'd—but perhaps 'twas in pity for me.
 * * * * *

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong ;
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain ;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain."

Miss Elizabeth Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, was so eminently beautiful, that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as St. Cecilia, and at the public concerts where she sang, she obtained the names of 'the Syren' and 'the Angel.' Sheridan fought two duels on her account, with one Matthews, who, although with means and married, cannot be more fitly designated than as a ruffian. The first meeting was in London ; the second on King's Down, Bath—where, after discharging pistols without effect, swords were used, until both swords were broken, and the combatants reduced from loss of blood to a dying state ! On Sheridan's recovery, he was married, being still only twenty-two, to Miss Linley, who was then nineteen.

"Marked you her eyes of heavenly blue ;
Marked you her cheeks of roseate hue ;
Those eyes in liquid circles moving ;
Those cheeks abash'd at man's approving ;
The one love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound."

She was a charming and amiable person, who, however, died of a pulmonary attack at the early age of thirty-eight.

It may well be believed, that the feelings that could dictate such lines as the above, must have received a severe shock by her loss. Thus Michael Kelly, the composer, says, "I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song o mine,—

"'They bore her to a grassy grave,'

I never beheld more poignant grief than Sheridan felt for his beloved wife."

She must have been something more than "a coquette of the first magnitude," as set down in the sketch of Sheridan, in vol. iii. of the "Lives of the Illustrious," (p. 189); the same page admitting that the Bishop of Norwich was wont to call her "a connecting link between woman and angel," and Wilkes said, "she was the fairest flower that ever grew in Nature's garden."

The last evening in April had arrived, and we returned to Bristol, to pack for Cooper's coach in the morning; the view of Bath lighted from the road opposite, crescent over crescent, was worth the journey.

MAY MORNING.

"A bright beam came to our window frame,
That sweet May morn;
And it said to the cold, hard glass,
O, let me pass,
For I have good news to tell—
The queen of the dewy dell,
The beautiful May is born!

"The bright beam glanced, and the soft wind danced,
That sweet May morn;
Over my cheek and over my eyes:
And I said, with a glad surprise,
'O, lead me forth, ye blessed twain,
Over the hill and over the plain,
Where the beautiful May is born.'

"My guide so bright and my guide so light,
That sweet May morn;
Led me along o'er the grassy ground;
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so gay,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

"The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,
That sweet May morn ;
It bore like a gentle carrier dove,
The blessed news to the realms above,
While its sister coo'd in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born.*

We were much pleased with the sheep-feeding industry we observed on the 'catch-water irrigation grounds, in the valleys of the Avon and Frome, as we rolled along, although the folding on the fresh bite, however profitable, was far less picturesque than the beautiful white flocks on our own green fields ; indeed, it was hard to believe at the first glance, and at the distance we were from them, that the sheep hurdled in were not pigs, and that they were helping the farmers, as they do, unfortunately, at times in Ireland, to turn up the soil to the sun's genial influence ; however, we were assured, that as they had both hay and turnips served to them at night, probably on other ground, that although the flocks and the fields were of the one apparent mud colour, they very soon produced good mutton.

At the time I write of, May, 1829, there were not less than twelve coaches, six up and six down, on the two lines of road between Bristol and London, and Mr. Cooper's coach, to which we were recommended as the best conducted, was in receipt, as we were told, of a large sum paid to him as a sort of subsidy, for accelerating the speed, chiefly on the route down to Bristol, from ten miles to twelve miles an hour over all stops, except the half-hour allowed for an extremely comfortable dinner (under such circumstances), at Mr. Cooper's own cottage of Thatchem. The drive to London was performed with great apparent ease, there being an additional

* "Tidings of May," D. F. Maccarthy, M.R.I.A.

pair of horses hooked on in front of the leaders at every hill ; and thus, although the pace was great, perhaps, eleven miles an hour over stops, the enjoyment was certainly greater than that of any railway travelling. But on the return, the thing was different, the time being still more limited ; the full speed was required, to perform the hundred and twenty miles in ten hours and a half, dinner stop included ! the object being to catch the Irish packets, and so give the earliest intelligence of the progress of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, which just then passed through Parliament. Every moment became an object, and thus there was a continued dangerous excitement, which led to a singular accident to, and miraculous escape of the coach and passengers on entering Bath. The coachman of that day and post of the road had not driven the line for some time, and never before at that speed, he consequently was not so steady as if he had effected the thing successfully a few journeys. Having a recollection of the old, more steep, but shorter road to the Christopher's, at the *back* of the York House Hotel, he approached it with, as I thought, sitting on the box with him, rather too much speed on. There was a turn considerably to the left to be made, the whole of which could not be seen when beginning to make it, and there was a high retaining wall to the right, that rather confined the sweep, that for safety might otherwise have been taken. These things combined led to the accident. On rounding into the descending road, there happened to be pretty well to the left a heavy cart, also going into Bath ; but, as I have said, that part of the road not being at first visible, while the high wall to the right prevented an offing being easily kept, it was too

late on seeing the cart to prevent a collision, however apparently slight. Our roller-bolt, that held the near-side wheeler's near trace, fitted itself exactly into the angle made by one of the spokes and the periphery of the great cart wheel, and it broke off, and *staid* there; but the trace disengaged itself. We were thus deprived of, in fact, the only means of counteracting the shock, and although the horses were well held towards the wall, without being quite pulled up, that being impossible, the coach went to the left nearly at right angles to them, straight for the valley of the river, and the pole breaking off short, the whole four horses were thrown or rather dragged suddenly on their sides! the wheelers, poor animals, for the moment effectually blocking the front wheels, and thus giving us, it might be, a moment to live. I saw it was but a moment, for could they have jumped up while we were still fast to them by three traces, nothing could have saved us; and having some experience in minor things of the kind, I sprung steadily from my convenient position to do so; and taking a great rock from the coping of the lower fence wall, I placed it before the near hind wheel; then pulling out a sailor's knife, I told the coachman to hold on, and that those of the traces I could not cast off I would cut away. The near trace being gone, with some little risk I threw off the two central or inside traces, and I cut with difficulty the outside one beyond. Then a united pull back from helpers and others on foot partially freed the horses, and the more active of the passengers were by this time down.

But serious as the affair looked, and sadly as the poor horses were cut and bruised, human nature could not refrain from laughing at the efforts of folks only then in a hurry to

get down, when really all danger was over. In particular, there was one jolly old lady of the Mrs. Seacole's stamp, that I am sure weighed two hundredweight, and in her precipitate attempt to get from the seat behind the coachman, she allowed the lamp-iron, in which unfortunately an umbrella was jammed tight, to separate her limbs; and so it was clear, by no possibility could she descend until she ascended a little first. But we had no chance of persuading her—ruin was above, safety below; so, in order to save time, a jolly Jack-tar passenger volunteered to go upon deck, as he called the roof, and haul upon her by the arms, until we below could free her from the obstruction, when her obstinacy and blind fright was such that she bit at the hands that helped her, as Jack bellowed out, "worse than a conger-eel."

We entreated the coachman and guard to get the horses down quickly, and that we would endeavour to make all things smooth, and perhaps still save the time into Bristol. With those well-inclined to escort it, the coach only ran too fast down to the Christopher's. We got a fresh pole, and a small auger bored it for the pole-pin, and we lashed, sailor-fashion, the near-side trace to the stump of the splinter-bar, where the roller-bolt was *not*, and thus, as soon as the coachman was able to take the ribbons, we were ready and away "all right," and certainly from that to Bristol, by going it "like two-year-olds starting for the Kirwans" at the Curragh, we did save the packet!"

I was sitting over a refreshing cup of tea in Bristol, as *my* packet did not sail until the morning, when three gentlemen were announced, and accordingly shown in. They were three of my fellow-passengers, grateful for what I thought ordinary,

but they thought extraordinary, exertions for the preservation of the coach and passengers, who, notwithstanding their fatigue, had called to thank me, and to place at my disposal a freedom to the Bristol Literary Institution. They were a deputation, Dr. Carpenter, I think, and two others, who had been to London to urge the granting some advantages to that or some other Bristol institution.

For convenience I have placed the *journey* to and fro together, although there was an interval of two weeks between them. On nearing London, we were surprised to find the lamps extended to Isleworth, and the coach threading to us an apparently never-ending brilliant suburb. We reached this giant city with all our floral honours thick upon us, the coach and horses being very elegantly decorated with the choicest and most showy productions of the green-house or garden, on that, the chimney-sweep's great holiday,—the Tavistock Hotel receiving us.

Well refreshed, we joined a very large number of persons in the coffee-room of the hotel next morning, the majority being Irish, or from Ireland apparently—O'Connells, Lawlesses, &c. &c. One rather Cockneyish London lad gave much trouble to a waiter, an Hibernian, to get him a "milky egg," when Pat, without the slightest notice, turned, as it were, in appeal to our table. "Now, your honours," said he, "you're from *my* country, and you have *some* sinse, and you wouldn't be expecting a crathur of a hin to lay a fresh egg in such a place in London." This singular speech, delivered with an almost angry, ringing brogue, of course "shut up" the ovarious epicure, while the laugh at his expense ran through the apartment.

The run through the lions of London has been told by so many and so well, that an occasional remark may suffice for all ordinary matters. We had the pleasure of being in Her Majesty's Theatre the night Lady Peel had the courage to cut down the head-dress to the elegant and becoming little white satin opera-hat, that became from thenceforward the fashion, to the manifest advantage of those who were satisfied to yield up the front seats to the very lovely occupiers of them on such occasions.

But before we get into a worse neighbourhood, or go to the east-end, a word may be in season upon metropolitan improvements. Trafalgar Square, or rather where it now so lamentably lies, was then in its *transition state*, and from the spirit with which the ventilation was proceeding close to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields(?), we were in hopes that it might be about to realise again some slight pretension to its name, by a few green plots at least being found in its vicinity; but what was our disappointment, when descending per omnibus from the Paddington Station, after a lapse of twenty-five years, on seeing the deformity that was created out of "the finest site in Europe," as I believe the late Sir Robert Peel called it; that the *chrysalis* we had looked upon in its hoarding, instead of coming out a joyous butterfly in beauty, had produced a weeping, ill-favoured, sombre, grey monster! Five acres *paved*, as the Londoners call it, or floored, with sloppy, ill-coloured bitumen, and nothing green about it but the water, of which even *Punch* said, "fond as he was of green things, he did not like."

Our eyes catching only the nearest of the fountains, it struck us that some stray street-pipe had broken loose, and

was furnishing a mimic, though a dirty, ocean for the block-ships of the “little dears” that, like young ducks, were balanced on their breasts, and throwing up their tails, for the benefit of the guests at Morley’s, or in the Club-houses on the other side, with so little regard for the fate, or rather the fledging of their posterities, that the native talent in the National Gallery, by coming to the cab-stands, could have practised “drawing from the round,” the living models were, and indeed are still, so liberally provided!

My facitions friend has furnished a petition in the name the unfortunate square has received from its *hard* fate, which I place at the foot of the page, as unworthy of my humble text, however truthful it may be.

“By-the-by,” said he to us, “why are the figures in Trafalgar Square like Arabs? Do you give it up?—*Because they are at large, and met with at the edge of the Desert.*”

THE PETITION OF ARABIA PETREA TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY AND
THE CITIZENS OF WESTMINSTER.

“Pity the suff’rings of a raw, cold square,
In sad deformity so near your doors,
Whose *haggard* looks, alas! ill-looking there,
Claim kind relief from thy most ample stores.
My odious state with sorrow I deplore;
My fountains, filth’d by all ‘the little dears,’
And ev’ry furrow in my *pitch-dark* floor
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
With flowers still I might so brightly bloom,
With parterres that e’en Kew might crave;
For walks and shrubs I’d surely still find room,
And *one* bright fountain near the others grave.
Oh! rail me round, then, with thy fost’ring care;
Let graceful lines enclose my ample space;
Perfumed and pure, I’d add to health and air,
For shrubs and flow’rs would thrive with me apace.”

"Aye," said my other friend, "and a desert in which there is not even *one* oasis!"

But there is horticultural taste enough in London, if it was allowed to be exercised. In Piccadilly, Grosvenor Place, Curzon Street, and other parts, we have observed balconies or windows full of living plants, exhibiting much taste and beauty; and the recently-formed parks are almost beyond all praise, but we must defer our observations on them and the older favourites to the appendix to this Series now in preparation.

It cannot be denied that Trafalgar Square has become an unsightly and unsavoury nuisance. To rail it in would therefore be a public benefit, with a segmental line of railing to the southern side, reaching to within sixty or seventy feet of the Charing-cross statue; earthing and planting with shrubs the sweep and other space so enclosed, and forming a long gravel-walk inside or north of the figures, would take from the nakedness of the beautiful Nelson column, and add infinite grace to the statues of Havelock, Jenner, &c., on which, without meaning a pun, a few words would not be thrown away, even on educated people. The French fully appreciate this; and from a fine bronze statue of the great physician, erected on the quay outside the Tuileries by public subscription, one of my friends recently brought the following inscription (in English):—

"Health to thee, JENNER, in the name of all mothers who love their little children, thou wert their good genius. In gratitude to thee; that their children remain always beautiful to (vaccinate) into their hearts, to speak in their language the marvels of thy charitable act, and even to bless thee from age to age.

"IMMORTALITY TO JENNER."

Surely we are not behind the French in either grateful feeling or mode of expression. Who can tell the good it might effect if, in some such words as the following, the simple facts were stated that

GENERAL HAVELOCK,

With a military reputation and glory few have attained in the service of their country, "lived a true and faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ," who is "the resurrection and the life."

That flowers would harmonize with such feelings we have high authority—

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.—*Longfellow.*

* As a step in the right direction, beautiful shrub-plots and flower-beds could be raised, and grassed round, on the north side of Trafalgar Square, on the unsightly large waste places at both sides of the central portico of the National Gallery, the unadorned deformity of which is more suited to the unbroken plane of a battery or bastion for the battalions in the rear, than for the flowing outline, congenial and conducive to the objects and intentions of a gallery of art.

At the opposite side of the road or street, a substantial railing might be erected, to divide the ordinary footway from the wide terrace within it, now only separated by the circular stone posts; which terrace then, instead of being flagged or paved, might be gravelled and partially screened by two or three rows of trees and shrubs, for which room enough could be made, and good earth put, about where the round posts stand; the perpendicular drop of about ten feet, at the south side of that terrace, might be changed to a sloping bank of two or three to one, as at Rutland Square and Pleasure Gardens, Dublin, which, well earthed and sodded, would afford considerable relief and variety to the eye, and

Following the thread of the original notes of our earlier visit to London, I find that, wearied with sight-seeing, at the Temple, the Thames, and the Tower, we took but a hasty run up

"To the top of St. Paul's, to take a peep
At the nice little people below."

As it was the last of our sight-seeing visits but one for that day, with a recklessness truly Irish, three of us had undertaken to be in the ball of St. Paul's and in the tunnel under the Thames, within the same thirty minutes; and that feat, to the amazement of the staid and steady natives, we effected by having a light four-oared cutter in waiting at London Bridge stairs, to which we ran through Watling Street,—an appropriate line for shillelagh boys,—the noble line of Cannon Street being then not available for us to shoot along,—while many a jolly, gay-looking John Bull, with his hand thrust in his breeches pocket, no doubt inquired, "Who's the dupe?"

tend greatly to set off, when viewed from below, any architectural improvements hereafter to be effected on the front of the National Gallery. The present side-walls of the square, which give it the stack-yard, haggard look, alluded to by my facetious friend in his "petition," only require a railing on top, and might be partially, and in time, entirely screened by varied shrub-beds, with an irregular front line to the garden; and the flat area being limited for two fountains, one might be dispensed with; there would then be more area available, and a double supply of water to the remaining fountain, while both the fall and the effect would be increased by lowering the new basin as much beneath the parterre level, as the water is now above the flooring it for ever weeps upon. A grotto passage of bright or quartz rock, extended under the road from the National Gallery into the garden, would give students and others a healthful opportunity of studying the figures to be, or that are already placed.

Jumping into our craft, we seized three of the oars, one of the watermen the fourth, and the skipper steering,

“She walked the water like a thing of life.”

On return, curiosity, as well as a craving to see if there was *there* a chance of getting wherewithal to prop the inner man, prompted us to visit Billingsgate; but, alas! although “mackerel alive” were landing in thousands from the boats, we felt like my countryman Lover’s inimitable Irish hero on the French coast, that “the loan of a gridiron” would be sadly wanted. However, one of our party more elastic than the rest, whether from the force of fun or famish, bought for threepence, from a countrywomen of his own, who had the honour of retailing them, ‘six fine mackerel, to the surprise and amusement of his more orderly companions, who were both dumb-founded and pleased to find the speculation was a decided hit. The worthy Irishwoman’s good sense coming to her aid, she naturally concluded we were more inclined to eat the fish than to pocket them; she therefore strung them on a switch, and, moving like a pilot balloon before us, she led the swells, including the purchaser, to a shell-fish house, where all was courtesy. A nice dinner-room was provided, and our mackerel cooked and served in such a style, for a few pence each, with bread and potatoes added, that we drank the landlord’s health and happiness, in London stout.

At night we saw enough of shabby, and not very cheap or honest places, the only attractions discoverable being bad music and worse drink, where young men, accustomed to better at home, crowded in, to be indifferently served with dirty wiped knives and greasy-looking plates, if they chose to call for anything eatable.

Gladly we perceive that tea and coffee, that better "custom of entertainment," is gradually becoming introduced into places where the music is worth the hearing; and we cannot but think there is still a noble field of usefulness open, where a slight charge for admission to well-conducted concerts, might be made to reduce the charge for such refreshments as I have alluded to, nearly to the prices at which they are attainable in the ordinary coffee-houses in town; but neither smoking or strong drink of any kind to be admitted into the concert-room.* By a judicious selection of music, and strict attention to propriety of conduct,—as the middle classes must be amused,—such establishments would tend to harmonise and refine the mind, and to mitigate the evils which places now existing notoriously create.

With all the evil even then so amply spread around, we had, like our celebrated countrymen, Curran and Yelverton, some bright moments to remember, although we did not exactly get our supper for nothing.† We got into an assemblage where there really was good vocal music, got up amongst the guests; and one of the company, who presided as chairman, observing our comical and rather ill-suppressed remarks, knocked with his mallet of office, our table down for a song or a story, when at once, believing that an Irish rebellion there would have led to a British expulsion *vi et armis*, one of our party sent forth Paddy Carey as a peace-

✓ * In this age, when, unfortunately, the injurious, expensive, and dirty habit of smoking, so much indulged in, cannot be as suddenly abandoned, a well-ventilated gallery or separate saloon might be provided, for the profits in the tobacco, and mischievous additions believed to be essential to its use.—At Hampton Court eating, but not drinking, houses are allowed.

† Note, in Appendix to this series.

maker, with sufficient of the brogue for even an Irish auditory, to the delight of the Londoners,—such things, reasonably well done here, not being then so common as they have since become. Another of our party, still famous for drawing a humorous “long bow,” put forth a tale, in which the few facts were eked out by invention, as far as possibility would admit, and all made tell by an eloquence and perfection of manner that carried off even *his* too ample exaggeration. We were rewarded in return by pleasing glees from professionals, who no doubt supped at the landlord’s expense, and made themselves perfectly at home.

With the charm of the music still in our ears, we got into the streets, to wend our way to our west-end lodgings. While

“Solemnly tolled the cathedral clock
The midnight hour,—and the old grey tower
Seem’d to reel and rock, ’neath the ponderous shock
Of the iron bell,

Giving a voice to the passing time,
With something strange in the clang and the chime,
Which suited the wan, weird moonlight well.

* * In its light so fair,
In its beams so beautiful, here and there,
Pallid forms were wandering by,
Each form with another attending,—*DESPAIR*,—

That casts its wild light over cheek and eye !
Alas for the gentle heart of woman !
Betrayed, and trampled, and seared, and broken ;
Ah, by many a bitter token,

Woe in this world is common, too common.
But the radiant moonbeams heed not the woe,
As from heaven above to the earth below,
In their silvery splendour they silently fall,
And fling their bright mantle of beauty o’er all.

So pass the hours of the silent night,
And after the day’s long roar and riot,
Very sweet was the holy quiet,
Very soothing the soft moonlight.”

THE PRISON VISIT.

A few years since, in the morning at breakfast, seriously affected by what we had observed in just such another midnight ramble home through this great city, and having a taste for such inquiries, which rarely end without effecting something to cause a pleasurable sensation, and, as a sort of repose, the writer agreed to accompany a benevolent friend on a prison visit to a gifted and accomplished Irish barrister, who had, almost unaccountably, got himself into "durance vile" in one of the London debtor's prisons.

In the very heart of the old city stood this huge, ill-lighted, and middling *ventilated* Bastile; we thought it might as well and more profitably be placed anywhere else. It was almost like a town, or rather a congregation of shabby hotel-like establishments crowded together, and a church in the midst. To account for the bad head room, it was said it had formerly been a brewery! Still we admitted, and I believe from what we saw, that it was as well managed as, under the circumstances, it admitted of; but in light, air, and opportunity for surveillance, it was far inferior to any felons' prison we had ever inspected.

The portal, as we drove up appeared respectable, the Governor's house at one side, the prison entrance at the other, and no person could require courtesy to go farther than the manner in which we were received and attended to. But, as I went "to observe life while others were" certainly not "enjoying it," I was glad when my friends' engagements

left me quietly sitting in a corner near the Steward's table, as I learned it was, which was then preparing for the mid-day repast of, probably, a more select few, who had still some slender resources. We observed some of the pamphlets and periodicals of the day provided, with other matters not so useful, by a species of tax levied on every new arrival embittering their affliction, and reducing their resources at the moment when, probably, a little means and moderate exertion might enable them to regain their liberty.

Religious works were freely provided; but, although, in the hasty glance we had of them, we could see that they were well chosen and instructive—some highly entertaining—still they were stowed away on high shelves, and, judging by the dust on them, they were seldom called on.

But, to casual observers as we were, the whole assemblage appeared to be given, if not compelled, to entire idleness! It occurred to us on reflection, that the imprisonment for debt of intelligent, active, individuals was about as rational as if a man was to put his horse in the pound and keep him idle in the hope of getting out of him the value of his stabling, or of the hay and oats he had eaten; or, as if those colonies that give assisted passages had the option and were to imprison the emigrants in idleness on arrival out, with a view to getting from them the unpaid balances of their passages, instead of encouraging them in the earning of them! Confinement without occupation is no punishment to the idle, while it is a sore evil, an injury to, and an outrage on the industrious.

When we arrived, it was the commencement of the visiting hours, and, however irreconcilable to reason the confinement

of the unfortunates might be, we felt, as the various forms, chiefly feminine, passed in to the crowded day-room, that if there ever was a time when the disinterested devotedness of the fair sex appeared stronger than at another it was when their visits were thus to a husband, a father, or a brother in affliction, and deprived of liberty by a combination of circumstances often beyond their control.

Then, indeed, the angelic attributes of the female heart shone out most vividly, when, with a timid and affectionate faithfulness, a sister's, a daughter's, or a wife's soft tread and soothing voice gladdened the watchful and expectant ear of the dungeoned debtor, allaying, for even more than those happy moments, that care which burned within, and that stormy pressure from without which threatened wreck and ruin to her heart's beloved.

✓ "It is sweet 'mid the hours of bleak desolation,
While pleasure and hope seem eternally flown,
When the heart is first lit by the dear consolation,
That a haven of happiness yet may be won.
Grief fades like the night cloud, bliss mingles with sorrows,
When the first sunny rays through the darkness appear,
And the rainbow of hope beameth bright as it borrows
All its splendour and light from a smile and a tear.
O! 'tis they whose life's path (may be) clouded and cheerless,
That can feel the full burst of pure transport and bliss,
When the trusted and tried friend comes ready and fearless,
Their woes to relieve in the hour of distress."—J. GOLDIE.

It is not for pen to pourtray nor for language to describe the touching scenes which passed before us in those doleful shades; the sister's or the daughter's beaming smile of cheerfulness, the young wife's almost joyousness arising from the bravely doing right, by seeking and suffering with a noble

self-denial a comparative misery, to support, to advise, and to encourage, to be monitor and messenger, to bear not only to the prison's fixed dingy table, looked for tidings, but to that frugal board, perhaps, some little offering of female skill and thoughtfulness, some housewife's preparation, to partake of which with *him*, even in that sad abode of sorrow and privation, was to *her* a joy and happiness.

“For she came a true friend, and to guile was a stranger,
The lone one benignly to sooth and caress,
While her smile, like the beacon-light blazing in danger,
Sheds a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of distress.”

Then we saw the tiny baby-boy, its palpitating heart pressed to its father's bosom, soothing and being soothed; ✓ the mother's very difficulty with her babe, which she could not leave in its but recent happy home, heightening the mutual enjoyment of the precious interview. Nothing was forgotten.

The little basket poured out its cared and ready contributions—letters, papers, probably a flavoured relish, rendered a feast by moments in the prison oven, while those moments flew in confidential conversation; and in this smoking age, though not to female taste, the packet of tobacco or segars came forth to comfort or to gratify the loved one.

A retired lawyer of more than seventy years of age, with a reasonable competence, was imprisoned in consequence of being left a legacy of shares in a fraudulent insurance company; for a time he declined the notices to receive his dividends, but, aged and urged, he did so, signed the books, and was arrested, as a shareholder, for the liabilities.

To save his little pittance for his wedded partner, and, in hope, that yielding all up back again he might be released

from prison, he remained confined. We were told that *only* his aged sister visited him, and the sweet smile of recognition on the old man's face, and her almost angelic countenance, reminded us of some of Townsend's exquisite lines upon

A SISTER'S LOVE.

"When all the world seemed cold and stern,
And bade the bosom vainly yearn;
When woman's heart was lightly changed,
And friendship wept o'er looks estranged,
He turned from all the pangs he proved
To feel how true a sister loved."

I observed to one of those fair and interesting matronly visitors, that "a prison afforded but a sad and sorrowing scene come to, although good and great changes had been effected generally of late in places of confinement:" she replied, with a sweet smile of resignation, that helped to brighten the unwholesome and unnecessary gloom, "No doubt there had been," almost sighing, at the same time, "That it was still very bad." It must be admitted (here not questioning the wisdom of the confinement) that much was wanted—light, by more and larger windows, space, cleanliness, even partial privacy; and then much had to be endured in the, perhaps, unavoidable association of all classes, and often offensive language from the idle, the thoughtless, the worldly, or the corrupt, showing thus strongly that the natural and becoming modest feminine repugnance was only overcome by love and a sense of duty.

THE WORLD, AND A WOMAN'S LOVE, CAN ONLY BE KNOWN BY ADVERSITY.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"—MARMION, Canto vi.

SUPPLEMENTARY APPENDIX.

IN committing to the press the substance of the random notes, that I had collected during an active and often laborious life, I calculated, and not without reason, that many parts might be found deficient in even the records of the events touched on, and thus require an appendix or addition; while other parts originally more perfect, might not fully come to hand, and hence require a supplement to make good the parts wanted. To these two items, necessary to be supplied, I am induced to add portions of some of the chapters, which were found much too long for the limit assigned to the numbers.

Page 9.—A very pretty story of one of the old castles on the extensive O'Brian estates, in the Inchiquin district, of the county of Clare, is told in the *Christian Examiner*, vol. 5, Sep. 1827, p 198. After describing the position of the castle, picturesquely placed on a ledge of rock which overhangs a lake, the article proceeds:—

“This was once the property of the Quin’s, and many a wild legend about it is circulated among the peasantry. Among the rest we are told that one of the chieftains who possessed it, while rambling about the lake, chanced to meet a female of more than earthly beauty, with whom, according to the usual custom of romance, he instantly became enamoured. The fair one proved propitious to his suit, and indeed promised in homely good terms to become his wife, on one sole condition, viz., that while she lived, &c., no O'Brian should be admitted within the castle.

"To this the fond youth gave a willing and immediate assent, and their nuptials were celebrated with all the splendour of 'the olden time.'

"For years they lived happily together." But unfortunately the chieftain thought it due to his character for hospitality to invite in some hunting companions, to refresh themselves after the chase. "The banquet was prepared, the castle bell tolled," but no hostess came. Her husband found her sitting at her chamber window weeping, but as he advanced she sprung from the casement window with her child! She seemed to glide over the waters, for a moment chaunting a wild and melancholy strain, and then vanished. "Signs by it you may still see the raymains of the very windee; 'twas there the great chief lived, and be the same token; the cashell and lands belongs to the O'Brians (long life to them) to this very day."—T. W.

Page 12.—THE VALLEY OF THE SUIR.—That gloriously rich and wooded valley is now travelled throughout by the Waterford and Limerick Railway, from which, looking to the south, a great majority of its beauties can be panoramically viewed from the train, even while passing along at so rapid a rate, in consequence of their great extent and continuity, but the traveller can make a very agreeable change, and greatly extend his prospect of wood and mountain scenery of the grandest kind, by leaving the train at Bansha station, and proceeding through the glen of Aharlow, per post-car, or any vehicle offering, to Mitcheltown, which well repays a visit; and the caves near that town also afford an attraction to a great many, from whence the rail can be again taken at Fermoy for Cork or Killarney by Mallow, while the tourist can have the option from Kilmallock (the Palmyra of Ireland) of going to Limerick and the Shannon route by the train, or in half the distance, making the journey by posting about twenty British miles, *via* Bruff through the Golden Vein and some of the richest and most beautiful parts of the county of Limerick. From Mitcheltown to Kilmallock by Kilfinnan, there is a modern and very romantic drive over a noble road, cut with very easy inclinations through the Castle Oliver Mountains, which from

the elevation necessarily attained at different points, affords panoramic views over parts of Cork and Limerick counties not easily exceeded.

Page 17.—THE CASHEL CROZIER.—ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

“The second general meeting of this academy for the year 1830, was held on Monday evening last (22nd February), the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, the President, in the chair. To this admirable prelate* the society is deeply indebted, for the zeal and attention which he has always paid, not only to the advancement of science in general, but in a particular manner to the interests of the academy.”

Here follows a graphic account of the presentation by his lordship of a curious and accurate pencil drawing, and a description of an aloe that then had lately flowered in Lord Carbery's gardens at Castle Freke, in the open-air. He corrected the popular, however erroneous, notion that the aloe flowered only once in a century. The plant in question was but fifty years old, when in June the flowering shoot burst forth with a noise, and on the 20th of October following it had attained its full height of twenty-four feet, the total height from the ground being thirty feet. The girth of the plant at the ground was nine feet, and the number of flowers in the largest umbels 250!

My digression being justified, I trust by even so short a notice of such a man, I proceed with the report of the meeting, which, with what I have stated, is taken from the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, of Saturday, February 27th, 1830:—

“Mr. Petrie, R.H.A., exhibited to the academy a very valuable and highly interesting remains of Irish antiquity—the crozier of Cormac MacCarthy, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel; the founder of that most curious of all our architectural remains, the stone-roofed chapel on the rock, usually called, ‘Cormac's Chapel,’ which was consecrated by a Synod of the clergy of all Ireland, in 1134. This beautiful relic of the arts of ancient Ireland, which was discovered about sixty or seventy years since in the tomb of the founder, exhibits such a

* The late Dr. Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, previously Astronomer Royal.

perfect agreement in its style of design with the ornamental parts of Cormac's chapel as leaves no doubt of its coeval workmanship. It is formed of copper, beautifully enamelled, gilt, and enriched with precious stones, chiefly turquoise and sapphires. The curve, or crook, represents a serpent, and the ornaments of the scroll exhibit the Archangel Michael and the Dragon. The crown of Munster, indicative of the regal dignity of the bishop for whom it was made, is represented immediately over the bowl or cup. This interesting antiquity is in fine preservation, and we are happy to add, that it has been referred to council, to request Mr. Petrie to favour the academy with a drawing and description for the forthcoming volume of their transactions." *

Page 29.—The episode at Rathmoy ford, and that in which the man was killed at the Fair of Borris Ileigh, by the faction fight, are true to the letter, as also are the other incidents introduced; but the Irish dancing with the open windows in winter, as we rode by was at Goresbridge Fair, in the county of Kilkenny, and the downfall of the tent, at the celebrated Donnybrook Fair, near Dublin.

Page 34.—The visit to the prison of the waters (Phoila-phesoom) is quite true, but it was on another occasion that the Coulin won its way into my heart; and the caravat jig (page 36) was not only murdered, as there stated, and danced to, but made to ring again through the hills of Upper Church as we drove along. It may be satisfactory to many to state that a very correct setting of this fine air, arranged as a Rifle March, can now be had for a mere trifle, at Mr Watts' music and musical instrument warehouse, 174, Fleet Street, and he has also published it as a glee, with chorus for four voices, the author of "IBERNE" at his request having adapted the words to the present Volunteer Rifle movement.

* • For a full and extremely interesting notice of the ruins on the rock of Cashel, and for the detailed description given by Dr. Petrie of the Cashel crozier, and of a brooch lately discovered in Ireland, the reader is referred to the *Irish Quarterly Review*, No. iv., pp. 612-13, December, 1851,

Chapter IV., page 56.—George Street, Limerick, has now set up at the head of it, in the (double) Crescent as gloomy a looking figure of the late Daniel O'Connell, as was erected of Tommy Moore in Dublin (noticed page 153); but, unfortunately, the figure being in bronze (black), and the face turned down the long street, and from the sun, there is not even a spark of the humour and intellectual light beaming from the features, that the great original, notwithstanding his brogue and his blarney, notoriously possessed. How he would have relished the opening of Burton Bindon's Burren oyster-house, only a few hundred yards from where his figure now stands.

A new act had just then been passed, which whether local or general, required houses of entertainment to be shut at eleven o'clock p.m., but unfortunately the friends of the great oyster proprietor were all so engaged, that it neared eleven as they approached the new concern, and observing several of the old-fashioned Charleys, Limerick then boasted of, consulting as to how they should act, so as not to disoblige such influential gentlemen, the difficulty was at once obviated by making all of them prisoners,—not the intended guests at the oyster-house; but the watchmen themselves, who were thus to be made the first transgressors of the law, and their poles and rattles being secured, they were led into the joyous shades, where the "natives" with such exquisite flavour were awaiting us: there placing our retainers, or rather retained, in the true old baronial style at the foot of the hall, they were allowed a good supper, a sup after it, and a siesta.

At one o'clock a.m., after our enjoyment had been greatly heightened by some charming songs, without hesitation we "called the watch," who jumping to their feet as one man, on ascertaining the hour, as they turned out and the door closed behind us, the streets in all directions rang with vigorous announcements of "past one o'clock of a fine morning."

Page 62.—Of the coachmen, Denny Ring, Clinton and Pat McLaughlin, have been sufficiently noticed. Some of the more remarkable of those remaining shall appear, should space in the second series admit of the chapter entitled, "Entertainment for Travellers," in which more than one runaway is recorded.

Page 67.—Poulafooca Waterfall.—Space did not allow me to make even an attempt, except in the sketch, to do justice to it. The fall is little short altogether of three hundred feet in height, and the river itself that forms it, in its descent from the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, passing under Kilcullen Bridge and New Bridge, is no small brook, but the Liffy, which requires a span of above one hundred feet for the bridge at Lucan, and ultimately forms the harbour of Dublin city. It is situated almost central in a wooded glen of fully a mile in length; the arch which takes the new mail-coach road across that great chasm is placed, as shown in the sketch, across the very fall—the base (or span) and chord lines of which, forming an equilateral triangle, are sixty-five feet each. There is a moss-house, as seen through the arch in the sketch, very romantically placed, which is reached from the lower grounds by a tunnel under the road. A very excellent banqueting room, well attended by the ranger's family, and a larger moss-house, convenient for pic-nic parties, stands just behind where the artist may be supposed to have stood to take the sketch, p. 67. These particulars are given, as this noble bit of scenery, (which is close to Rusborough, the seat of the Earl of Miltown, where there is a fine collection of paintings, and mostly by the old masters), is comparatively seldom visited, in consequence of its lying on the west instead of the east side of the county of Wicklow; but after visiting Rusborough and Poulafooca, the tourist would find it an agreeable, easy, and in many parts beautiful drive of about eight miles to the Great Southern and Western Railway, at either Sallins or Newbridge stations. I shall close my remarks upon Poulafooca with some lines written on an infinitely smaller water-fall at the east side of Wicklow, to which I have ventured to add a few to adapt the description, in however slight a degree, to a glen and cascade worthy of far better.

“ Say, Muse, who dwell'st where mighty Shannon roars,
That once divided empires with his shores;
Say, in his western course immense and fair,
Can all his falls and cataracts compare ?

Let grand Versailles her liquid landscapes boast;
 Pure scenes of Nature here delight us most;
 Her rudest prospects bid the fancy start,
 And snatch the soul beyond the works of art.
 O! would some master-hand adorn your walls,
 And catch the living fountain as it falls,
 The grand original would crown your dome,
 And you then boast your noblest scene at home
 Lo! down the rock, which mist and darkness hide,"
 Rushes the impetuous, foaming tide.
 Vast from dense rains and wintry rills,
 Teems the large tribute of the cloud-topp'd hills.
 Down th' abyss the foaming cataract goes, }
 To glut the Demon the bright liquid flows, }
 And works in agonised, convulsive throes; }
 Until amazement fixes all the soul,
 So wondrous fierce the tumbling torrents roll!
 A chaos dreadful seems to reign below,
 A Paradise above the wat'ry flow.
 Across the gorge the giant arch is thrown,
 Yet still the littleness of man is shown;
 The coach a toy, the bower a fairy ring,
 The walks, mere threads to which the insects cling!
 Such scenes Ethereal cause the soul to glow
 With thoughts of HIM from whom all blessings flow,
 Who rides the whirlwind and directs the storm,
 And calms the waters from their wildest form.

Page 110.—Three of the vessels named were certainly lost by the notorious inebriety of the captains, however able they might have been in other respects; and the unfortunate *Tayleur* was lost from the impossibility of working her quick enough with a motley crew of many nations, and everything new, ill-fitted, and *untried*. Such neglect of the commonest precaution will, of course, be avoided in future; but there seems to be a desire, on the part of those who could lay the naked truth before the public, to hush it up in such cases as the others! It is the public who pay, and the public are to be made money of, and a man, even a magistrate, that exposes abuses, is considered troublesome, if not impracticable. Either to do nothing that

can be avoided, or *to make things easy*, seems to be the great secret for holding offices these days, or for getting a liberal retirement.

The captain of the *Arctic*, with that light of all nations, the Tuscar, still in view from his stern windows, having run that noble vessel on the "Barrel's rock," ten miles to the north of his proper course, after putting back to Liverpool to refit, had influence to hush the outrageous negligence, and was allowed to take out the vessel only to wreck her by running, against all remonstrance, full speed through the fogs off Newfoundland! Thus the world was at last relieved of the unfortunate man, but at the sacrifice of every soul, save one, on board, that was spared, as it would seem, by Providence to tell the tale of horror, that we might profit by the example, and not take men but half-recovered from the drunkenness that condemned them to prison, and place them in charge of such crowded and, of course, ill-conducted vessels as the *Pomona*, to go to the bottom with such accompaniments and companions as it is horrible to think upon!

Chapter IX., page 114.—As I live in expectation of being able, in the second series of "IERNE," to place, in a chapter on the Fisheries as a national question, the substance of voluminous notes and gleanings among that industrious class, I shall now merely express a hope that much good may arise from the labours of the Light-house Commission, lights still existing that lead *on*, instead of *clear of*, the mischief, and which consequently do not come under the description of "Fair-way Lights," which, as far as is practicable, all lights should be, and if more studied, with the aid of nautical people, it would be oftener effected.

Page 124.—An appropriate glory, and a useful landmark, would Nelson's column be, if moved to the heights over Kingstown harbour, as Captain Basil Hall, R.N., in his "Patchwork," vol. ii., p. 135, says *that* to the great Admiral on Portsdown hill, over Spithead, is.

Page 130.—To the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. 96, No. cxi., Dec. 1854, p. 3, I must refer the reader curious about fire statistics for further details. He will find there an elaborate

and extremely interesting paper, from which it appears that "In France, as the law empowers the firemen to seize upon the bystanders, and compel them to give their services, without fee or reward, a Frenchman runs away as soon as the *sapeurs pompiers* make their appearance on the scene. Still such is the excitement, that there are some gentlemen with us who pursue the occupation of firemen as amateurs, providing themselves with the regulation dress of dark green, turned up with red, and with the accoutrements of the fire brigade,* work under Mr. Braidwood (the Engine Master or General in Chief) as energetically as if they were earning their daily bread."

I find from the *Gentleman's and London Magazine* for October 1776, p. 677, that, in Charles the Second's time, a Lord Craven "was a constant man at a fire, for which purpose he always had a horse ready saddled in the stable, and rewarded the first who gave him notice of such an accident. It was a good-natured fancy, and he did a great deal of service." But in that reign everything was turned to a joke. The King having asked if my Lord Craven had been to a particular fire, "Oh yes, please your Majesty," said some of the courtiers, "he was waiting for it, and has already had two horses burned under him."†

The Review I have alluded to states that "intoxication is a fruitful cause of fires, especially in public houses and in inns."

* The London Fire Brigade, exclusive of the numerous parish and private engines, may be briefly stated to consist of 36 fire-engines (27 of them with the maximum power), 104 men, and 31 horses, occupying 19 stations, two of which are afloat on the Thames.

† As a record of the humorous in connection with such a subject, it may be mentioned, that at one time a Mrs. Smith, a widow, might be seen at conflagrations, hurrying about in her pattens, directing the firemen of her engine, which belonged to the united parishes of St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry in the city.

And even more interesting, it is stated that the skin of the fire brigade dog "Chance," stuffed after he died by a fall from an engine, produced, by means of a raffle for the benefit of a widow of one of the firemen, no less a sum than £123 10s. 9d. Fires had as great a charm for the dog, as for Lord Craven and the brigade amateurs.

An Irishman is stated to have increased instead of extinguishing the flames, which had only just burst out, by discharging the contents of a bucket upon it, which unfortunately proved to be whiskey!

The account of the fire-escape brigade, or conductors (as they are called), organized and established in 1833, by the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, is deeply interesting. But referring the reader to the Review I have already quoted (Quarterly, Dec. 1854,) p. 37, I must reluctantly conclude my notice of fires with a few of Eliza Cook's spirited lines on—

THE FIREMEN OF THE LAND.

“When the red sheet winds and whirls,
In the coil of frightful death;
When the bannered smoke unfurls,
And the hot walls drink our breath;
When the far-off crowd appears,
Choking in the demon glare,
And some helpless form uprears,
In that furnace of despair;—
‘Save! oh, save!’ the people cry,
But who plucks the human brand?
Who will do the deed or die?
’Tis a fireman of the land.
Then give them honour, give them fame,
(Uphold the) hands that fight the flame.”

Page 141.—Election squibs, or pasquinades, in fact, everything relating to Parliament, or Parliamentary election in Ireland, sparkles with wit and humour at every opportunity. Thus, on the visit of Her Majesty to LERNE, the following exuberances of fancy, which I have merely versified, burst forth with all the native humour, to the amusement of the bystanders. Dublin being brilliantly illuminated, a large A. P. W. in gas, for “Albert, Prince of Wales,” was exhibited on the fine Corinthian portico of the Bank of Ireland, formerly the peers’ entrance to the House of Parliament. Paddy either did not know, or did not wish to know, what the letters stood for, and thus misinterpretations like the following flowed freely among the gazers at the

A. P. W.

On the Parliament House, why those letters were placed,
 Was a puzzle to many; while each to his taste
 Put such meanings as this: A. P. W. is, sure,
 To the Queen, A Prime Welcome, while life may endure.
 Then a wag in the crowd cried, "There's stores underground,
 And its All Potteen Whiskey that's *there* to be found;
 The *Queen's* spirit is in it, and as she's to the fore,
 Neither Guager nor Polis dar darken the door."
 But a hot politician, without hat or shoes,
 Cried out, "Boys, I will tell you the trick of these Jews;
 That house by such SPIRITS as GRATTAN is haunted,
 And the letters manes plainly, 'A PARLEYMINT WANTED.'"

One would scarcely expect that the grave matter-of-fact north of Ireland people would produce anything so racy as the hand-bill from which I abridge the following, which was circulated there, on a Captain Higgins, from the County of Mayo, announcing his intention of contesting, in July, 1852, the County of Tyrone, with Lord Claud Hamilton and Mr. Corry, the legitimate and proper representatives. After an excellent, short, opening address and advice as to the responsibility of an elector, the *brochure* continued:—

"ELECTORS OF TYRONE, . . . reflect and consider well, who is Captain Higgins? Ask, who brought him to Tyrone? . . . Who is this Higgins? For what is he distinguished? Who in Tyrone ever heard of him? Is he a scholar, an orator, a statesman, or a patriot? What has he done for Ireland? And where has he come from? From Mayo to Tyrone! And has Mr. Higgins done so much for Mayo—for the starving . . . tenantry of Mayo, a county in the lowest state of degradation and misery, and which is supported by a rate-in-aid which the tenantry of Tyrone must pay? Has Mr. Higgins left Mayo in such a flourishing condition that he should aspire to apply his talents to the improvement of Tyrone? If he was ambitious of Parliamentary distinction, why did he not compassionate his own wretched county, and seek to raise its fallen condition?

VOTE THEN FOR HAMILTON AND CORREY.

NO HIGGINS! NO CONFUSION! NO MAYO IN TYRONE!

Send Higgins back to his obscurity. Give him a practical lesson to mind his own business, and to remember the words of an Irishman—Oliver Goldsmith—

‘There’s Higgins, my countryman, (och!) let him alone,
For making a blunder or picking a bone.’

THE QUEEN! THE GOVERNMENT! THE CONSTITUTION!

HAMILTON AND CORREY FOR EVER!”

Page 144.—If forty years ago the “diminutive drapery” for ladies caused a theatrical riot, a century before that we find that the exuberance was quite as extravagant as it is now.—Joseph Addison, in a very humorous paper and mock trial, in the “Tatler,” about 1709, even admitting the increase as he said to the worsted and the *rope* manufacture, which was urged in defence, he was necessitated to order the monstrous petticoat to be forfeited, and sent to a widow lady, to clothe her five daughters, and the remainder to come back to him for his own use.

Page 145.—John Kemble always had a horse to ride, when theatrically engaged in Dublin. It was possibly by some arrangement with Astley, the proprietor of the Peter Street Theatre, now the Molyneux Asylum for Blind Females. If Astley rode at all, latterly, even for health sake, from his enormous weight, he must have had weight-carrying roadsters. At all events, Kemble was as popular, and as much at home in the streets, looking the easy, happy-minded gentleman he was, as he would have been in his most favourite character on the stage.

In page 148, a great amateur actor’s singing of Bruce’s Address, is alluded to, and space not then admitting the insertion of the sketch of that performance, it is here presented.

Counsellor (Plunkett), as he was called, in his calmer moments

had as great a sense of the proprieties of costume as any actor, from Garrick down to Charles Kean; he accordingly performed the noble song of "Scots wha hae," always in Highland costume, greatly pleasing Paddy, on the principle of the witty Scotch Duchess that gave her voice for George IV. to appear at Holyrood in the kilt, "that as he was to be so short a time with them, they might see as much as possible of him." Thus Plunkett, with thews and sinews like the ladies'-man in Hyde Park, made the trap-doors rattle as he trod the boards, raising an apprehension that like an apparition he might dive to Hades from our charmed eyes, or sink into Ophelia's grave.

But this was not the only apprehension, for the company of "bra" Highlanders, without whom he would not give so national a song, ran many chances of having little use for red-deer horn mulls, for the want of noses. Drawn up as they were in battle array along one side of the stage for the Bruce to address them, he looked as he proudly viewed them, as if saying—

"These are clan Alpine's warriors true
And Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."

While his zeal in his country's cause impelled him to rush sundry times along in front of his men, his great claymore flashing in dangerous contiguity to their faces, and as he shouted, "Forward, do or dee!" there was an evident wincing of those stalwart fellows, until, instead of "standing at ease," as it was impossible for them to do, at the succeeding and final dashes, "Cal'donians, on wi' me," even the musicians did not dare to stay in the orchestra before him, and the soldiers brought their bayonets to the "present," with a simultaneous movement, as much as to say, "Stond bock, mun, or ding it we'll gi'e you a throost," which electrified the house with laughter, followed by the usual riotous applause and unanimous encores.

Pages 151 to 155.—Lest it might appear that I have "o'erstepped nature," in giving my sketches of character in Dublin, commencing chapter 12, I print here verbatim from the *Warder*, of October 24th, 1857, a note of the proceedings at College Street Police Office, where a man named James Murphy, from

the county of Wicklow, appeared to answer the complaint of the police for driving an unlicensed cart:—"The complaint having been proved, Murphy said, 'Well, your worship, I was there surely, but I tould him when he asked me (being reared not to speak till spoken to) that I was going to get my daughter married, and I was bringing home the materials. (Loud laughter.) He said what was in the cart was too much; but I said (and wasn't it the truth?) that it was not, for the company I was going to invite were fit to eat it all at one meal.' (Loud laughter.)

"The magistrate advised Murphy to get out his license, and said he would not impose a fine, as the defendant was not plying for hire.

"Murphy left the office, saying in a loud aside that he did not see the use of getting out a license, when the daughter was to be married by banns, like a decent girl as she was, and her generations before her."

Pages 177—180.—The true story of young Gore was told by the late Captain King, R.N. (him I have called Captain Byng), who had served, I believe, in his ship, and was deeply affected, even so many years after, at the recital. Captain King was the Inspector of Irish Fisheries, and not only kept, by his influence and his integrity, the poor Irish fishermen to their industry and to honesty, but he co-operated most effectively with the celebrated Alexander Nimmo, C.E., in developing the resources of the west coast of Ireland, so much advanced by the "Heads of Bay's Road," leading from station to station. Such a controlling influence is still much wanted, for reasons that space here will not allow of my going into; in addition to which there should be some nautical authority to insist on Fishery Piers (whenever aid may be given again to matters so much wanted) being built where boats of the requisite tonnage could reach, if necessary, at low water, and thus give a fair chance for success, safety, and punctuality—the often impossibility of the latter having much injured Irish fisheries. The best fishing grounds of both the south and west are not only so far from land, but so certain to

be visited by very high winds, that boats under forty tons are useless. An important station, visited frequently from 1840 to 1844, had then about sixty boats of from forty to sixty tons, employing about 2,000 people, and supporting them comfortably; but these boats were too good for any shelter in adverse circumstance attainable, and in 1854, when the writer last visited that station, the boats had dwindled to twenty of about or under twenty tons—a size quite unequal to the service to be performed, but they were as large as the barred harbour would admit at low water. During the time the larger boats were upheld, in the vain hope that something would be done for their protection, they were often blown away altogether from that part of the coast, and once for so long a time that they were given up as completely lost,—the bereaved families being at last comforted by the gradual return of the famished crews and fishery fleet, with that of favourable wind and weather, which circumstance entirely arose from the boats not daring to run for their own bar, which they could not cross at low water, *within which*, for their use, a fine piece of masonry, called a Fishery Pier, was built really high and dry,—a waste not only of the public money granted towards it, but of the thousand pounds contributed by the proprietor of the estate (now our Ambassador to Greece), who, of course, in confiding his contribution to the care of the Crown, expected that at least common sense would have ruled the expenditure, if not some little nautical and engineering skill.

A lighthouse has lately been built to lead on the bar, or rather the point on which the light is built, which it would appear cannot very much mend matters. As the pharos, not being a “fair-way” light, must be useless as a lead-in, unless the night be bright enough to see the way in without it,—whereas, at an increase of expense perfectly trivial in such important matters, the light might have been and still might be placed upon Carrick-o-Pane Rock (it will be seen I am speaking of Dungarvan), which is really an island of rock, containing, as shown in the Admiralty chart by Commander Fraser (1843), an area of about two acres and three-quarters, owing to which extent, its favour-

able position in the mouth of the bay, and the excellent anchorage of four fathoms around it, has led to the practice of dropping an anchor to the lee of the island, to await either a favourable slant of wind, a pilot, or water sufficient on the bar to go in for the Pool of Ballynacourty, which is opposite the Fishery Pier I have alluded to, which is shown high and dry, as I have said, upon the Admiralty chart, to the west of Wyse's Point. A light on the island under such circumstances would be not only invaluable with that view, but also as a beacon and a "fair-way light," to lead out and direct through the channel at all times, by night as well as by day. This change, however trivial in expense, would leave the less to be regretted that the cost of Ballynacourty dry pier was not expended outside the bar upon the Carrignagaddy lagoon, within which there is three and a half fathoms of water, and a glorious site for a small coast refuge, that some day must be made available.

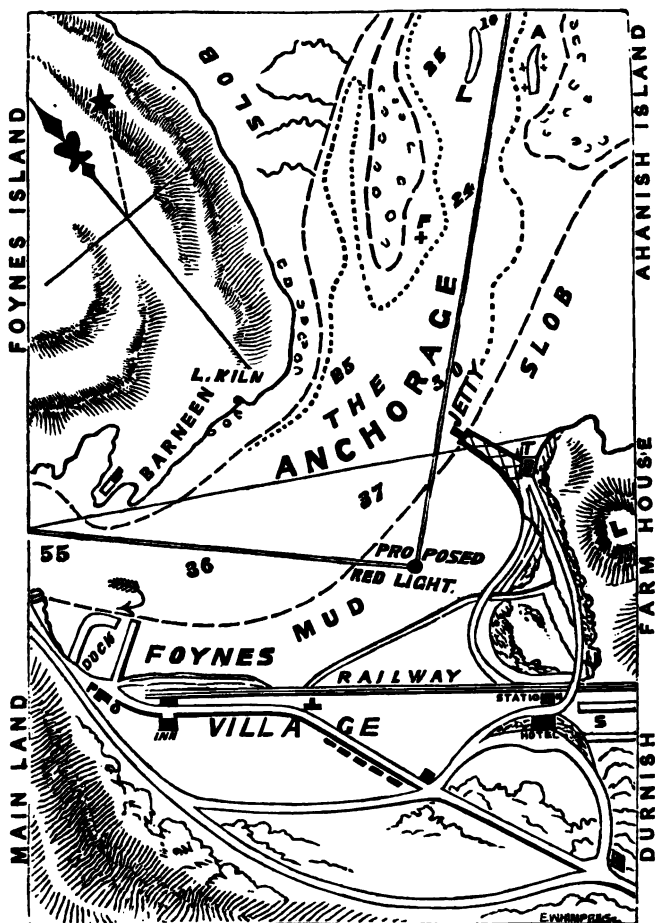
Page 187.—The song at the ball given by Sir Dudley St. Leger Hill, C.B., afterward Governor of St. Lucia, at Braganza House, and the summoning the sleepy traveller in the silent or small hours of the night, are both quite true; but poor Bunting has enough to answer for without having what he did not "tackle to" yoked upon him, although placed there momentarily for convenience. And I here beg to apologise for the length of the humorous note from Sir Walter Scott, which I could not resist inserting.

Page 210.—It has been hinted to me, that one of our most active and intelligent members of Parliament is no other than one of those noble boys that the Rector of all the Connemaras was teaching to wrestle with "Neptune, the shaker of the shores."

Page 211.—Capt. Irwin, R.N., inspecting commander of coast guard, and Dr. Kelly, R.N., were the officers.

Page 213.—I have been solicited to give the whole of Murrisk Abbey, with a ballad in the old English style, and other ballads, to the public, a large portion being by the author of Murrisk Abbey; but it must depend on the reception and support the second series of *IRONS* may receive.





PLAN OF FOYNES HARBOUR, SHEWING

The Shelter-line, the Timber Packet-jetty proposed, within it, the ANCHORAGE, above it, and the position for a Fair-way Light, to lead in both entrances.

Page 228.—Having been compelled, from want of space, to dismiss Foynes' Harbour with a few lines, the writer thinks it but fair to insert a plan of Foynes now, as he did of Galway harbour in the text, with a few words of explanation.

The little dock which has been formed at Foynes, at the exposed side of the harbour, or rather, not in the harbour at all, and which goes dry, or nearly so, having been taken by many, including professionals, for the harbour described by the Transatlantic Packet Station Commissioners as containing sixty acres of land-locked anchorage, it has been thought due to the public and to the place, to give the plan annexed, which shows the true shelter, by a line drawn across the nose or point of Barneen, which line has been produced from a point on the shore called Poulathollen, these two points in one indicating the proper line of shelter, north of which only is the truly safe anchorage, and north of which line lies the whole of the sixty acres alluded to.*

A timber jetty (as shown on plan), which can be run out in little time and at limited expense, to two or three fathoms of water, with a good gangway, would reach a floating hulk, outside of which there might be had, close to the anchorage, four, five, or six fathoms, low springs, and very quiet water. Had this been pointed out or understood in time, the railway need not have been carried so far by half a mile. However, being now at the little boat dock, it will answer for a coaling station, and such trade as can be managed, while the water serves;

* It will be observed by the plan of Foynes Harbour, given from the surveys of Commanders Wolfe and Beechy, R.N. (1841), that north of the sixty acres of anchorage, at L and at A, are two shoals in the eastern entrance, which as (L) the shoal at the "clay-slate" side of the channel next Foynes Island (which is all clay-slate) has proved to be limestone; a natural conclusion to arrive at is, that they are the ruins of large rough beacon-towers, placed on either side of the channel, probably at the original embankment of the corcasses of the Shannon, which reclamation and the skilfully sluicing of some thousands of acres of invaluable land, appears to be of an antiquity beyond the records of either history or tradition, but the shoal at L should be certainly, and could be easily, removed.



or by taking the ground and the road-side inn, or store, as the Americans would call it, which has been built adjacent as seen in margin, must always be useful, and serve to take the noisier business from the hotel, the position for which is shewn on the plan, near the sheltered deep water, with the proposed new passenger station. For the hotel, it is impossible that any where a more favour-

able site could offer. Facing south, it would have the sun from its rising to its setting, which unfortunately the little inn, from its facing north, and being too close under the hill (to the south west behind it), cannot have. The hotel, which would also receive steady custom as a boarding house, even for parties daily attending to business in Limerick, would look out upon a pleasant lawn in front, up the Shanagolden valley, with the minister's snugly planted manse in the foreground. In the rear it would look across the railway to another pleasant lawn, with gravel walks, passing over the railway, and extending to a turret, commanding most extensive views of the noble river and both entrances to the harbour, in connection with the basement of which building there would be space for the steam packet offices, with waiting rooms in the intermediate, supplied with the daily papers, &c. The rear windows of the hotel would command charming views down the river, across to the fine demesne of Cahercon, and up to the Beeves Light, and the entrance to the Fergus, amidst its picturesque islands, and at the same time be completely sheltered from the north-east winds by the high grounds of Durnish.*

* Probably from Derra-Inish, "The Island of Oaks." It may be well to observe that from Foynes excursions can be promptly and advan-

It is a fortunate circumstance, that for one shilling in the pound of what has been expended, (doing in fact nothing for the packet station,) the timber jetty from Durnish Point, and a road to it, can be formed, so as to give satisfactory accommodation; parallel to the road, the rail can be branched at any time required, and the building of the hotel itself would be undertaken by many a capitalist, if the Railway Company should not see it their advantage to erect it, while the merest tyro in engineering would be able to supersede the present severe steep on the road going west from the harbour, by a short bit of new and more advantageous line at mail-coach level running nearer to the water, thus affording a few very pleasing sites for small marine villas, suited to the summer season, between the proposed more level and the present steep lines of road, with charming hanging gardens overlooking the harbour.

On an examination of the map of the British Isles, it could scarcely be believed that Mr. Lever attended meetings, both at Milford and at Waterford, to impress the public at those places with the idea that Galway was the most direct route they could select, to bring the Transatlantic traffic through those ports! Mr. Lever relied on his power of throwing dust in the eyes of the people, for he ought to have well known, that great as are the advantages Galway undeniably possesses (and which the writer has endeavoured to make the most of), those advantages are confined to Scotland, the North of Ireland, and the Holyhead and Dublin route, with which a grand and remunerating traffic can, and I trust will, be permanently established; but Galway cannot even share the southern traffic, much less engross it all, until the railway runs some thirty or forty miles more north from Limerick, viz., from Ennis to Galway, every mile making two in the increase of distance between Milford Haven and America, for, off the mouth of the Shannon, every vessel from Galway to America must pass, on her route to the tageously made to Scatterry, Kilrush, Kilkee, Miltown, and the cliffs of Moher, and south-west to the Caves of Ballybunnion, Listowel, Ardferf Abbey, Tralee, Dingle, Valentia, and Killarney.

latitude of Halifax or New York, eight and ten degrees to the southward of Galway. That the advantage of getting as far as possible towards the south-west point of Ireland as a place of departure for Transatlantic packets is fully appreciated, I observe, even while I write, that the capabilities of Valentia Harbour are again urged on the notice of the public. With all its merits as a haven, this is to be regretted, first, as, were it even so fitted, it could not be worked profitably in connection with Galway, from the present great difficulty and delay of the land communication; and, secondly, its advocacy at this time must end in disappointment, and thus only weakens the support the undeniable claims of the Shannon would otherwise receive. If it be so desirable to get more southerly than Galway, with sufficient westing, the Shannon is at present, and probably for many years to come, the only place really available. It is entered from the sea by an estuary nine miles wide, clear of all obstructions, and which lies between two well-defined headlands (Kerry Point and Loop Head), the light on the latter being visible twenty-two miles, while it has the finest landfall in the British Isles to lead into it, Brandon Mountain, above 2,000 feet in height, standing on the water's edge.

If it be objected at any time, as things progress, that Foynes, the present terminus of the railway from Limerick, is too high up the river, the rail can be extended sixteen miles (*en route* to Tralee) to a point called Knockfinlish, on the eastern side of the bay of, and near to Ballylongford, opposite the man-of-war roadstead and well-known safe anchorage of Scatterry, and the stirring town of Kilrush. The terminus of the Foynes Railway would then be within an easy distance of Tralee, containing, with Kilrush, Kilkee, Listowel, and places in the immediate vicinity, scarcely less than 30,000 inhabitants, and affording by Killarney a second through rail to Cork. No other place could be selected, with a city of 70,000 inhabitants at the tide-end, to which at high water any vessel might be taken, and which possesses all the facilities which patent slips, floating docks, forges, and foundries, give to the shipping trade,—and the

numerous hotels, railways, and even water-communications, concentrated there, give to a passenger traffic.

Valentia, it will not be denied, is a fine land-locked roadstead, and simply as a refuge harbour—a *dernier ressort*—wants not anything now, unless the southern or Port Magee entrance were made available, by blowing up the “Maiden Rock” (I think it is) and some others, and dredging the mud-bed of the channel, at least a fathom deeper for a short distance, through which the scouring effect of the ebb would be much increased by the removal of the obstructing rocks alluded to, and the formation of a useful causeway within the harbour, from the Fowl Point on Beg Innis Island, or by Church Island, to the adjacent point of the mainland. Then, indeed, vessels could enter Valentia with any wind, but now they must be dangerously embayed within the Blasquets, before they can go for or see the well-placed Valentia Harbour fairway light, which leads in the main entrance. Then, also, it might rationally become a question, the Shannon mouth being sixty miles south-west of Galway, whether, for some forty miles more of south-westing, it would be worth abandoning all the facilities in connection with that great river I have alluded to.*

* Looking at the splendid “ephemeral” structures which figured at the head of the Stationers’ Almanack for this year (1860), intended for the exposed and shallow, or Hare Island side of Galway roadstead, and farthest from the town, without anything proposed to shelter it; and at the partial misplacing of the dock and railway station at Foynes, one must regret that local information, or experience is not sought for in such cases, and that the heads of departments do not with their own eyes look into the necessities of such places, which is exactly opposed to a rather severe article on “The Military Chiefs of Departments,” which was in the *Civil Service Gazette* towards the end of the Crimean war, which in a sort of half good-humoured way attributed blame to General Sir John F. Burgoyne, when at the head of the Irish Board of Works, for desiring to see and often seeing things with his own eyes, which is really just what is wanted in Ireland, when those who look know what to look at, and how to look at it, as he did. If the practice was more adhered to, of qualified persons seeing with their own eyes,

Page 248.—“Once again in swift motion we dashed through the bogs,” which the railway never should have done, an admirable line presenting itself by the valleys of the Liffy and Greece. Striking off from Newbridge instead of from Kildare, it would have passed by or near to the towns of Kilcullen careless or untrue reports would not be made, and Commissioners would not be induced or deceived into signing solemn declarations that works had been altered or constructed in a manner sufficient for their purposes, when they were far from it, had ceased to exist, or were not commenced again. It was, no doubt, for want of such scrutiny that the new road from Newcastle to Foynes (the last link then required between Cork and the Shannon) was for ten years suspended, as in the Parliamentary Blue Book (1829) it was reported against, although otherwise desirable, on account, as was said, of the great value of the land which should be run through, the engineering difficulties of the country, and the cost of the bridges that would be required. It has been engineered, laid out by, and executed under the direction of the ordinary public officer, as engineer in charge of the county, who was allowed to know nothing at the time of the adverse report. He found no difficulty in the country, no bridge required, beyond a twelve-foot arch, some smaller, and the land so indifferent mostly, that the improvement generally compensated for the damages. The new road is shorter than the old one, which ran over hills of one in five. It is mail-coach level, and the cost 19s. per perch linsal—not one-half that incurred per mile in the execution of the Abbybeale Government roads, which, however, as reported of them, did incalculable service. But the county engineer alluded to, no doubt wore out his constitution by very many such zealous and successful exertions, and after holding that office twenty years (which had originally deprived him of his employment under grand juries), failure of health compelled him to retire unrequited; the situation, as the salary is fixed and no travelling or other charges allowed, often did not pay the expenses of these who in *propriis personis* did the duty, particularly if they looked for neither adjuncts, auxiliaries, or assistants. Consequently more than a dozen resigned. An Act of Parliament is spoken of to relieve those useful officers from such a false position. But, returning to the starting-point, it would be well for young civil engineers employed on harbour work to remember not to destroy the best anchorage with their works, to avoid the exposed side of the bay or estuary where possible, and in getting *into* the shelter, not to get *out* of the water.

Bridge, Dunlavin, Ballitore, and Castledermot, with a station at or near Inchaquire Factory, for Stratford-on-Slaney, Baltinaglass, and that part of the county of Wicklow unapproachable by railway on any other line, and which now, in the absence of the rail, supports its own vehicles to and from the metropolis, including an excellent day-mail coach, which starts from near the General Post Office. It is true there would have been more branch to make, but that very length through a paying country would have been an advantage, particularly when the distance to Carlow by that route would be half a dozen miles less than by the present, which includes the unprofitable drive through the bogs—there not being a station on that part of the line for nearly fifteen miles.

As an incitement to more consideration on places yet to be provided for, it may not be amiss to observe here, that nearly thirty miles of the Waterford and Limerick Railway might have been dispensed with, had the Great Southern and Western (or Cashel line, as it was originally called and intended to be) been continued to Cashel, with a branch nearly embracing Fethard on the line, and Clonmel by such branch and the Main Trunk Railway to Tipperary from near Cashel,—the whole distance on the present Waterford and Limerick line, from Two-Mile Bridge (Clonmel) to Tipperary town, would have been rendered unnecessary; while not only the same, but in addition, a larger amount of traffic and of population, would have been accommodated.* It is also believed that by a little patience, and even erecting a temporary station at Kingsbridge, and by keeping the high level, so as to pass over the road at Stephen's Hospital,—not only would the bad gradient up to

* See the letters to Mr., now Sir Matthew Barrington, Bart., in the *Limerick Times*, of November 5th, 1835, and in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*, of Saturday, April 23rd, 1836. Reprinted and published (1837) by R. P. Canter, Limerick, in a pamphlet, with additional matter and a map of the line, which, with the one exception alluded to in the text (not running to Cashel), has been adhered to by the promoters of the Great Southern and Western Railway.

Inchicore have been amended, but the fields down to Barrack Bridge and Watling Street, might have been got through ;— when, by the widening of Cork Street and Usher's Street, a direct approach could have been made from the Castle and the foot of Cork Hill, on the line of a discreditable lane which runs at the back of, and nearly parallel with, Castle Street. Such an approach is, however, still perfectly available, and we" worthy of the efficient Wide-Street Commissioners, Dublin has always had the advantage of.

Page 257.—Sir Nicholas Loftus was as great an enthusiast in thorough-breds as his brother, the present Sir Francis Loftus, Bart., is in music and the fine arts. When Sir Francis came into the property, he was not so selfish as to remove and destroy the numerous walls that formed the paddocks his late brother delighted in ; but, in order to make them harmonize with the scenery, he planted them most successfully with ivy, both top and bottom, as he said he could scarcely expect to live to see them crowned with ivy, growing from the bottom only.

A relative, who was present, told me that on one occasion, out hunting, Sir Nicholas Loftus happening to ride with too severe a bridle, pulled his horse short, going quietly over an ugly stone gap, when the horse fell, and Sir Nicholas' arm was broken. Being with difficulty got up upon the horse, that he might be enabled to reach a surgeon, he was advised never after that day to ride the horse again ; on which Sir Nicholas coolly turned into the field by another gap, one-armed as he was, and of course suffering much pain,—calmly remarking, that he could not allow his awkwardness to bring blame upon an animal he so loved, and saying, "Now, sir, do it your own way," the horse sailed most beautifully and safely over the very spot that had caused the accident.

Page 262.—De Lacy's old castle " was erected in 1181, either by the renowned Hugh De Lacy himself, or by John De Clohul or De Claville, to whom De Lacy gave the Marshalship of all Leinster and the land between Aghavoe and Leighlin." The bridge from which the town takes its name, Leighlin

Bridge (synonymous with "The Bridge of the Wet Chase," from the flooded grounds above and below it), was built A.D. 1320, "to facilitate the intercourse between the religious houses of Old Leighlin and New, by Maurice Jakes, a Canon of the Cathedral of Kildare," who, it appears, also erected Kilcullen and St. Woolstan's bridges over the Liffy.

In 1371, Edward III. granted ten marks annually to the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery, which Richard II. (A.D. 1378) increased to twenty marks per annum out of the rents of Newcastle of Lyons, "in consideration of the great labour, burden, and expense which the Priors had in supporting their house, and the bridge contiguous to it, against the king's enemies," which he confirmed in 1394; and this grant was ratified by Henry IV. and V. (1399 and 1412). After the suppression of the religious houses, the monastery being in the hands of Government, it was surrounded by a wall and converted into a fort by Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord Deputy of Ireland. The dispersed friars did not, however, remove far, and an establishment of the order was kept up until 1827, when it became extinct with the death of the last friar of the community. In 1647, the Marquis of Ormonde assembled his forces at the Black Castle, Leighlin, to attack the Republicans, who had got possession of Dublin; and two years later, again rested his forces there, when he made extremely favourable terms of peace, which were proclaimed with great joy (McGee's *Life of Art MacMurrough*, 1847, p. 173); but before they were ratified "he for whose sake such great concessions were made, had expired on the scaffold! and the Catholic Confederation and its armies were soon scattered before the irresistible power of Oliver Cromwell."—*History of Ireland*, London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. P. 98.

Page 262.—"Kings often assembled." Many of those places of assemblage were named from the uses they were put to. Thus, Slieve Riagh ("The King's Hill"), a part of the Ballyhoura range, near Buttevant, in the county of Cork, over the "Mullah" of Edmund Spenser; also Bawn Riagh ("The King's

Court"), which is the most perfect of these open and royal courts the writer has seen; it is between Leighlin Bridge and Milford Mills, nearer the latter, on the property of Mr. Alexander, late M.P. for the borough of Carlow, who had it, in his father's time, beautifully planted, and, as it extends over eight acres of land, walks have been preserved through it. On the hollow side of the amphitheatrical outer mound that encompasses it, at least twenty thousand persons could sit and hear the laws explained by the different heralds, as recorded in various passages of Irish history; while the summit of the central mound afforded space for the encampment of the court, heralds, &c.; representations of the dresses of the Irish chiefs, kerns, and gallow-glasses still existing, in "Creton's Chronicle of Richard II.'s Last Expedition" (*Archæologia*, vol. xx.), and in the Dublin University Museum. An historical painting of such a scene, with all its landscape adjuncts, would be a fine subject and study, to be subsequently purchased (if worthy), and engraved for one of the Irish Art Unions. Another of many such subjects that present themselves, which would have not only an Irish, but a national interest in connection with it, would be, King Richard II. of England conferring orders of knighthood at Ballyloughan, near Garrihill, County Carlow.*

* Ballyloughan Castle is the remains of a fine baronial residence, in some respects similar to the Desmond Castles in Kilmallock, county Limerick, &c. In McGee's *Life of Art MacMurrough*, while his ally, Murrough O'Conner, was gaining the great victory of Kilechain or Killucan (as it is supposed to be), it having been deemed by the English "the best policy to leave Mac MacMurrough unmolested in his dominions; and to endeavour to keep Meath and Louth within 'the pale,'—Art MacMurrough was resting his limbs from the toils of war in his princely castles of Ballymoon and Ballyloughan. His rent was paid in regularly, so he had nothing to complain of as against the Palesmen." Ballymoon is of great extent, and encloses a quadrangular court, to which, on the south side, there was a principal and fortified entrance (now dilapidated), and possibly in the breach now to the west, there might have been an inferior or postern gate. The area within seems to have been surrounded by a sort of enlarged banquetta, raised upon arches, from the

On the 23rd of June, 1399, Richard II. marched from Kilkenny, by the old route of Leighlin, into the county of Carlow. He had sent a message to Art MacMurrough (Kavanagh), the last Irish king that ever received a subsidy from England, who would neither submit nor obey him in any way, but affirmed that he was the rightful King of Ireland.* Coming to the border of the forest in which Ballyloughan stood, Richard—ever fond of pageantry—caused his banner to be planted, and pennons and standards to be hoisted on every side. “Then he sent for the sons of the Dukes of Gloucester and Lancaster, (his cousins), and the son of the Countess of Salisbury, and other bachelors-in-arms, and there knighted them, with all due solemnity. To young Lancaster, he said, ‘My fair cousin, henceforth be preux and valiant, for you have some valiant blood to conquer;’ and valiant he was, being subsequently Henry the Fifth of England, of Harfleur and of Agincourt.”—Abridged from McGee’s *Life of Art MacMurrough*.

Of another fine subject it appears there is actually a vignette from Creton’s *Chronicle*, in the third volume of Moore’s *His-*

terrace on top of which the battlements could be defended, while beneath, it afforded shelter to the stock driven in for protection. Ballyloughan—distinctly a residence—being within three miles, it does not appear, nor is it likely, that Ballymoon was much, or at all occupied in that way by MacMurrough, or by any but those necessary for its defence. Ballyloughan has the ruins of an oratory and offices, now detached, and well repays a visit. The writer was so fortunate as to interest the late Colonel Bruen, M.P., some years since, in the preservation of it, as it stands on his estate. Ballymoon is on the estate of the Knight of Kerry, who has recently inherited that property from his relative, the late Lieut.-Colonel La Touche.

* It is said that in Lord Totness’s translation of a part of “*Creton’s Chronicle*,” that “this must be a mistake of the French author; for the MacMurroughs never pretended to more than the kingdom of Leinster.” T. Darcy McGee observes:—“The story was probably an English exaggeration of MacMurrough’s ambition, circulated to justify Richard’s efforts to exterminate him.”—*Life of Art MacMurrough*. Duffy, Dublin, 1847. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

tory of Ireland, viz., the meeting of King Art MacMurrough with the Earl of Gloucester; and the dresses appear to be described in Street's "Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England," p. 17, as he says from an old painting, "that Mac Murrough wore a light pink robe over his shoulders, and the figure next to him in white, with a red cap; and the third is in red, with a white cap; the middlemost figure of the soldiers is in red, and the other two in blue."

Page 267.—"Who trace their descent from the Kings of Leinster." I have not altered the inimitable story of Morgan Prussia, as told by the late Mr. Kavanagh, who was for many years M.P. for the county of Carlow; but to make up for my inability to preserve the point and perfection with which it was related to me, I have added the word-sketch of the scenery as it exists, and the outline of the courtship, which as Morgan settled down into a steady man of family, was of course not neglected. The Wexford Railway through those romantic parts, will, it is understood, be available in the ensuing spring, and by its means, after a little time, one-half of the sea voyage between Milford Haven and Ireland, may be dispensed with, at the same time not injuring the trade of any other port or place; but greatly facilitating the forwarding of supplies from the extensive and industrious county of Wexford, by the South Wales and Great Western Railways, to the London markets, where they are at this moment required.

Page 294.—"The recently formed parks are almost beyond all praise." An amusing German writer ("Saunterings in and about London," 1853), says that "There is scarcely a nation so fond of green trees and green meadow-land as the English. They adore the splendid trees of their parks, as the Druids did their sacred oaks." My belief and my love are pretty much the same. Invalided in London a few years since, my constant hobblings were to, and my greatest source of pleasure in, one or other of the beautiful parks London may so justly be proud of. My pleasure was extreme on beholding the improvements at and around the Tower after five-and-twenty

years' absence. The planting of the odious fetid fosse was an obvious improvement; but the winning of the footing for the onamental lines of good-sized trees, as you pass all around to reach the docks, evinces a conservatism of the grove and garden at head-quarters quite refreshing.

Victoria Park is a real triumph, although nature there did something by the inequality of the ground. But Battersea! what hope could there be for it? The young aspirant in the landscape-gardening school may learn much by an attention to the taste and tact with which such extraordinary difficulties as those which presented themselves there, have been and are being overcome. "Let an Englishman make a park, and his production will be a miracle:" so says the German writer before alluded to; and I agree with him. At Battersea there was a desert swamp, four years ago; and now we have it showing hill and dale, wood and water! Shelter, which it seemed in my former visits nearly hopeless to expect, has been obtained from north and east, by the great embankments required to approach the bridge, by the necessary public road, and the park drive by the Thames. The slopes of these embankments have with great good taste been harmonized with the walks and garden ground; so that often, even to a practised eye, their origin is forgotten, while the variety is still further increased by the formation into ornamental water of the most forbidding and the lowest portions. Well has the labour been repaid! The growth of shrubs and even forest trees is perfectly luxuriant, many years, in other places, not producing such exuberance; while the blow of flowers might boast of a vigour, if not a variety, that has rarely been exceeded. But I should transgress reasonable limits did I dwell a moment on the many attractive spots a lover of nature can now find around this mighty city.

I shall therefore close with a word on the People's Park and Garden, as it has been called—St. James's. The rigid bridge across the rural scene, we must pass over: I like still less the hardening of the ground about the fine old trees, in the

long walk that leads from nearly the York Monument towards Downing Street, forming one side of the Horse Guards' parade. An obvious, an unmistakeable sign of quick decay is now the consequence. No such sign of blight or starving of the inner bark (*Alburnum*) of these fine old trees was visible a few years back; no doubt the summer (1859) was a trying one to them, deprived unnecessarily of the benefit of refreshing showers by the hard surface I have alluded to. The softening round, and putting a few posts and rails to such trees, would be, in fact, a national gain, were it only to vivify in a degree the latent energies of those fine old *habitans*, until the juniors that have been so judiciously placed in rank between them shall have raised their heads to a fair standard height.

The public anxiety evinced on this subject lately, on the removal of some shrubs from the margin of the Green Park, induces me to believe that a few words more on the matter may not be thrown away. It is now too late to regret that the Palace of Parliament was not built parallel with the Horse Guards and Treasury, the rear windows looking over St. James's Park. Westminster Hall and the law courts (the latter now probably to be removed) fixed it in the mud. However, it is still capable of being immensely relieved and assisted by the Thames Esplanade and Embankment being carried outside of the terrace, at least forty or fifty feet in breadth, and for which there is sufficient room, and extreme facility for connecting with the streets at the north-east or down-stream side of the new bridge, the drive to occupy a portion of the arch next the shore. See Note on Thames Embankment—end of Vol.

The site I have alluded to as having been available for the Palace of Parliament, parallel to the Horse Guards and forming a flank to the parade, can still be occupied with the finest approach to probably then the finest bridge in Europe. It is obvious to a practised eye that there are facilities for the construction of a railway from Paddington to Pimlico, passing near the South Kensington Museum, and part under, part over-ground—of which more at another time. But besides such

means of communication, the time has arrived for affording the northern west-end, where so many members of both Houses of Parliament reside, some better approach to the sessional assemblies, and to the spacious bridge erecting close by, than the narrow gorge of Charing Cross. That approach, at least for private carriages and cabs, can be obtained with an increase instead of a deterioration of the effect of St. James's Park and the Horse Guards' parade, by the extension of Waterloo Place from Pall Mall to the south-east corner of Great George's Street, Westminster, perfectly straight, and with a uniform easy inclination, by slightly terracing the part opposite the parade, re-adjusting the park railing parallel to the new line and the removal of a few of the nearly decayed trees alluded to. The York Column would probably look still more deformed, when the steps descending to the park (now forced to an artificial and unseemly elevation) should be taken from it; but to perfect such an avenue, it would not be too much to expect that the whole structure might be removed to an obviously better, and more elevated site by thirty feet, at that head of Regent Street in the Circus, on a line with Piccadilly, where its very deficiency of pedestal would be a perfection for the position; and the lamented Royal Duke's memorial pillar would then afford as substantial a protection to the numerous civilians passing under his figure, as he did himself for so many years to the members of the British army; and the column could not be so disadvantageously contrasted with that of Nelson, now too near it.

The vista down Regent Street would then extend three-quarters of a mile, and looking from the York Column as it would stand in the Circus at Piccadilly, the eye would be carried through park scenery, along (say the new) Princes Street, would pass over the trees at St. Margaret's, and Westminster Hall, &c., only to be terminated by the noble Senate House, flanked as it is by the stupendous Victoria and Clock Towers.*

* Without any embankment, the descent, by the Ordnance survey levels, from Pall Mall to the foot of the steps at the Mall in St. James'

Page 296.—“In the Tunnel under the Thames.” There is nothing to prevent a railway being run through this great, as yet, useless bore; the registry of the trains passing through per day, would be a much more profitable return than that of the temperature within and without, which appear to be recorded to remind the wide-awake world that there is such a “sleepy hollow” cradled in the deep.

A straight line through the Tunnel would nearly gain the surface on the Surrey side, by an easy inclination, about midway on the pass between the Deptford Lower Road and the Commercial Docks; while northward it would pass under the connection between the East and West London Docks, and, by an easy curve, passing under the angles of Prince's and Wellclose Squares, where light and air might be obtained,—would reach nearly to the surface at the Minories; thus connecting all the Surrey side with the London Docks and Fenchurch Street Railway Station.

Page 298.—Note referred to—“Although we did not exactly get our supper for nothing,” we had infinite and I trust innocent amusement. On our return to Ireland, having related our adventure to my old mentor of the Mount Pelion hunt, described page 69, he observed that he had been much amused at one time, by the recital to him by his then lamented friend, the Right Hon. J. P. Curran, of the incident I alluded to.

Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore, and Curran, being in London as young lawyers, eating their dinners *pro forma*, conceiving it but wholesome and proper that they should relax a little, eating their suppers, strolled into one of those free and easy places I have described, which it is known even then existed; and it may be well believed that such brilliant wits made themselves so much at home and so amusing, that night after night not being allowed to pay anything, they thought if but common prudence to remain quiet for a night or

Park, is but one foot in sixty,—the necessary change of level, crossing Carlton House Terrace, could be not only gracefully, but advantageously and elegantly provided for.

two; but on the third morning they were waited upon by the landlord of the supper-room, to apologise for any want of attention on his part, but that if they went anywhere else to sup while in London, he would be a ruined man. The humour of the thing pleased them so much, and their finances not being exuberant, they comforted the applicant by an assurance that whenever they went out to sup, they would patronise his house, which they accordingly most honourably performed; but the right honourable added, "that until we had our feet again upon the land of Erin, we could not shake off the feeling that there was something of the Jack-pudding about us, from our having frequented a room where the maxim was, 'No song, no supper.'"

The days of Curran and Yelverton were also the days of other very able lawyers, of whom I find notes that in the text I was obliged to pass over. Amongst those, perhaps the most distinguished and the most opposed politically, were the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, and the Right Honourable Patrick Duigenan. Lord Clare, in all probability, carried his political animosity too far, for it is said that he nearly banished Curran from the Court of Chancery by his opposition to him; but at that period of time all we look to is a something to remind us of the ability, the reality of such great men, and therefore I trust copies from some of their original letters, as entered in the minute-book of "The Aldermen of Skinner's Alley,"—a loyal society still upheld in the City of Dublin,—may not be unacceptable.*

An attempt had been made on the life of the Chancellor, and for the apprehension of the perpetrators the society had offered a reward, and entered into resolutions; in reply to which the Lord Chancellor wrote "To Daniel Walker, Esq.," the secretary:—

"SIR,—I am just now favoured with your letter, and with the resolutions which you have transmitted to me, entered into

* For the report of a meeting, see "Saunders's News-Letter," Dublin, November 5th, 1858.

by the Society of the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley, by which they have been pleased to offer a reward for discovering the persons concerned in a late attack upon me. The spirit which has always been exerted by that society in maintaining the true principles of our excellent constitution, formed for the protection and happiness of every rank of the king's subjects, must reflect signal credit upon them : and I am to request that you will return my best thanks to them for the very flattering terms in which they are pleased to express their indignation at the recent attempt which was made upon my life by a rude and misguided populace.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient, most humble servant,

" FITZGIBBON, C.

" *Mount Shannon, April the 8th, 1795.*"

To an address, dated 5th Oct., 1795, from "the Aldermen," requesting Dr. Duigenan to accept the office of Governor for another year, the following reply was returned by him :—

"GENTLEMEN,—I enjoy the highest gratification in the expression of your unanimous approbation of my conduct during the year I had the honour of presiding amongst you.

"That approbation has been conveyed to me in so polite and flattering a manner, that I cannot decline the honour of filling your chair for the ensuing year at your unanimous request, though the business of my station in life makes it somewhat inconvenient to me ; and though I am so intimately acquainted with the loyalty, abilities, and merit of several of your members as to be convinced that they are better qualified to execute the duty of the presidentship of the society than myself, I feel no less gratification in your approbation of my feeble public exertions in the cause of religious and civil liberty.

"I look on our religious establishment as the great bulwark against superstition and fanaticism on one side, and irreligion and impiety on the other ; and I esteem our civil constitution the very perfection of civil liberty (so far as the utmost effort of human genius can attain perfection), and so intimately connected with

our religious establishment, that the weakening in any manner of the one, must be attended by the same effect on the other. With such principles, so deeply graven on my heart that they can be erased by my dissolution only, and animated by the unanimous approbation of so respectable a body of my fellow-citizens, I shall steadily persevere in exerting my poor abilities (in whatever station I am or may be) in support of the present constitution of my country in Church and State."

There are copies of other letters well worth a perusal; but as "brevity is the soul of wit," I shall get clear of "the precincts of Skinner's Alley," with a few lines from the out-going Lord Mayor and Sheriffs (Oct., 1795), expressing their thanks to "the Aldermen," as freemen and freeholders of the City of Dublin, for a vote approving of their conduct during their year of office, which had been one of difficulty and political excitement, and which communication, being from civilians, not lawyers, I place at the foot of the page verbatim, as an example of the politeness of that age, and of a conciseness that might well be imitated in this.*

* 'To the Ancient and Loyal Society, the Aldermen of Skinner's Alley:—

"GENTLEMEN,—We are extremely sensible of the favour you have done us, in approving of our conduct while in office as Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of Dublin, for which we return you our most sincere thanks.

"Your civilities are offered with too much elegance not to engage attention, and we have too much pleasure not to feel very sensibly the distinction you have bestowed upon us.

"Few consequences of our endeavours to support the constitution, preserve the peace, and defend the rights of our fellow-citizens, have delighted us more than your friendship thus voluntarily offered.

"We have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient, much obliged, and faithful, humble servants,

"RICHARD MONCRIEFFE,
"RICHARD MANDERS,
"ROBERT POWELL."

Note on Thames Embankment, referred to page 336.

I abridge from the *Illustrated London News* a paper inserted in that journal by the author of "IBENE," so far back as the 28th of July, 1855, the object being to impress upon the public (as the necessity for the purification and embankment appeared obvious) the facility for constructing the low-level sewer, and a lower still if required, at the margin of the Thames, at a minimum of expense, with a uniform river breadth and drive, giving ample tidal docks and a better accommodation to the wharfingers; while the control of the river-margin obtained (the docks acting as coffers) would vastly economise and render perfect the erection of the intercepting sewers, which, until the publication of that paper, and those that succeeded it, in the *Morning Post* (3rd Sept., 1855), and in the *Engineer and Architect's Journal*, with a section of the embankment (July, 1856),—seems not to have been sufficiently considered, or at all grouped together as *one work*;—the only way in which what is required can be effected. And it is gratifying to find that the Parliamentary Committee of this year have adopted the very words of the papers alluded to, in the first and second sentences of their report.—See the *British Almanack and Companion* for 1861. Knight and Co.

The article in the *Illustrated London News* proposed "to form an intercepting sewer, of ample dimensions, the entire length of the city at both sides of the river, always at the land side of the docks or basins, to be hereafter mentioned. This intercepting sewer to discharge where its contents could be deodorised and consolidated, so as to produce, on sale, a considerable portion of the interest of the money necessary for its co"ection;" after an allusion to Glasgow the paper continued:—

"Outside, next the river, but in some few instances on this sewer, I would form a grand macadamised road or boulevard, at least from Vauxhall to London Bridge (Surrey side), and from Pimlico Pier to St. Paul's Cathedral, on this side; obtaining a superb view at Blackfriars' Bridge of that buried master-piece of architecture, by widening and improving through some propped-up lanes, St. Andrew's Hill, and Doctors' Commons, in front of the venerable deanery.

The quay could be well continued to below Southwark Bridge, whence a wide street could be opened, and would be much required, by the Mansion House, up to the Exchange and Cornhill, [through Walbrook.]

I hear already the cry of the cost, and the composition for vested rights. I have studiously avoided the general question of sewage through the metropolis (provided for by a commission); and the intercepting sewer, which would be required in any plan, might be paid for by its produce; and the cost of the quays or drives would be little, if anything, over the sum to be represented by the rents or sale of the surplus grounds, which would be made available after giving the most ample dock accommodation (inside the road line or quays) in lieu of the present often inconvenient wharfage. Thus, probably not more than one-third of the cost of the whole work—that of walling off Old Father Thames—would have to be paid for by a graduated tax on the two millions of inhabitants of London, who are more or less personally suffering. The poor Irish metropolis, with its tenth of the population of London, long since completed six miles of quay walls, and paid for them by the moderate levy of the Anna Liffy Cess—now no longer required.

Although it would be impossible to go into all the details of such a subject in a preliminary paper like this, it may be well to mention a few particulars which may meet other very natural objections. One—that there may not be space available—is answered by the simple fact that there is more than enough, the river being nearly twice as wide as through where the quays are wanted, as it is about Wapping, so much lower down.

The docks I would form just where required to meet present wharfage rights, or as near as circumstances would admit, providing good commercial roads from them into the streets, and the best communication from the streets down to the quays (or esplanade drive, which should be sixty feet wide.)

As the line of road on these quays should have such (easy) inclinations longitudinally, as would secure perfect drainage of the road-surface, advantage could be taken of this circumstance (as I have done with much success in other places) to obtain arched passes for the lighters into the docks, under the highest or maximum parts of the road, while the minimum or lowest parts might be paved, and connected with the various steam-packet wharfs or boat-stairs, outside the quay walls.

On the wharf proprietary coming forward to meet the difference, they could be accommodated with a double gate or chamber, a single gate, or they could be left with a mere tide-dock, dry at low water, like the present premises; but the inconvenience and the abuse of teams dragging up from the very strand, is so great, few would be inclined to continue it; and it might become advisable to keep the docks generally full, by one gate at least," [or half full to give longer time for working than is now available.]

The excavation for the different walls for the main sewers, from the docks, and from the river, would leave little to be sought for, in the way of filling.

Outside Whitehall Gardens, the Temple, and some other places, good taste would suggest the planting or dressing of all the space between the sixty-foot road and those ornamental grounds; and, to economise filling, docks, not for commercial purposes, but ornamental and for boating, might be left occasionally.

Thus, with a clear river, covered with craft, and clear drives and walks on its banks, a reasonable means would be provided (and in the end at a reasonable cost) for a vastly better and healthier communication east and west; while the miles of promenade thus added to the city, and the pleasurable feeling of being conveyed swiftly over the then pure waters, would much more than compensate for any inconvenience that might be incurred, and the comparatively trivial taxation necessary to effect it.

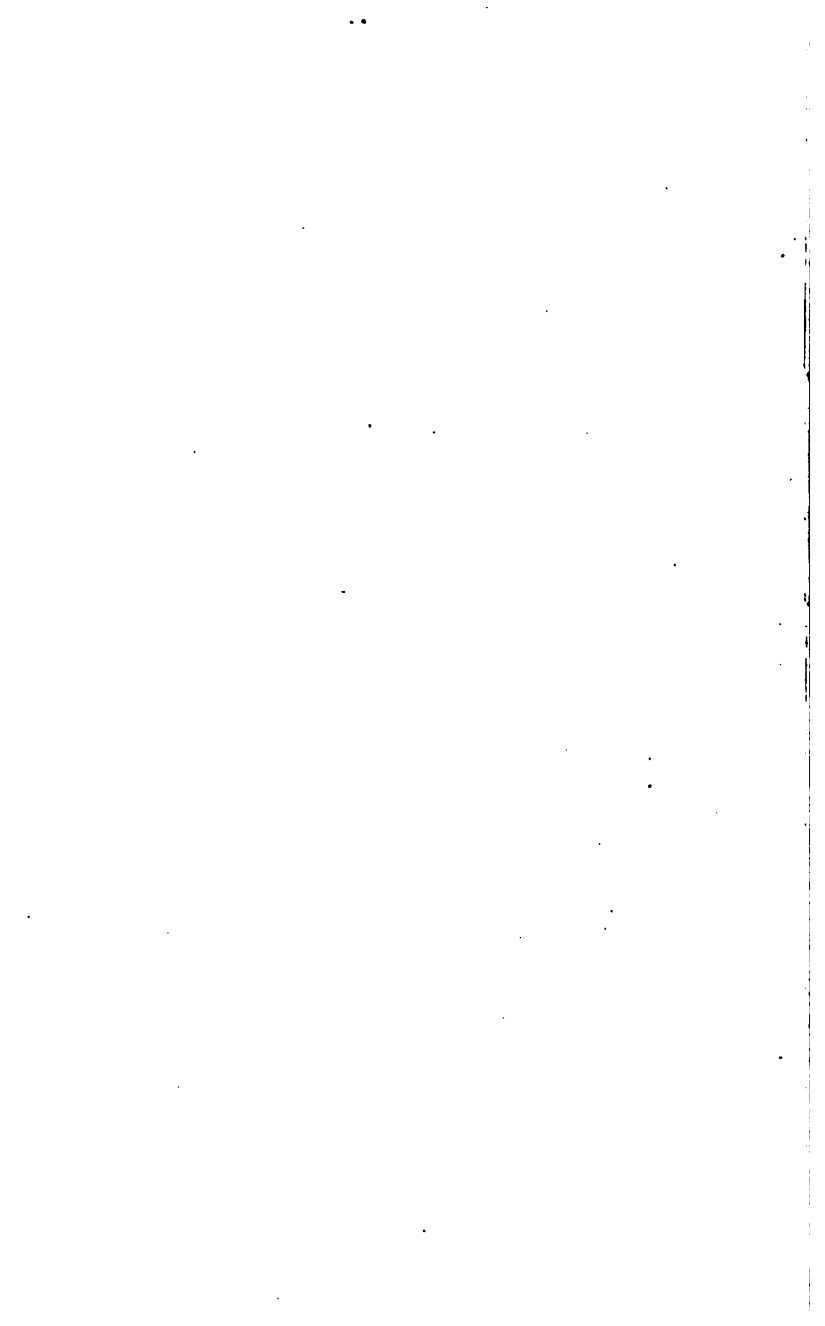
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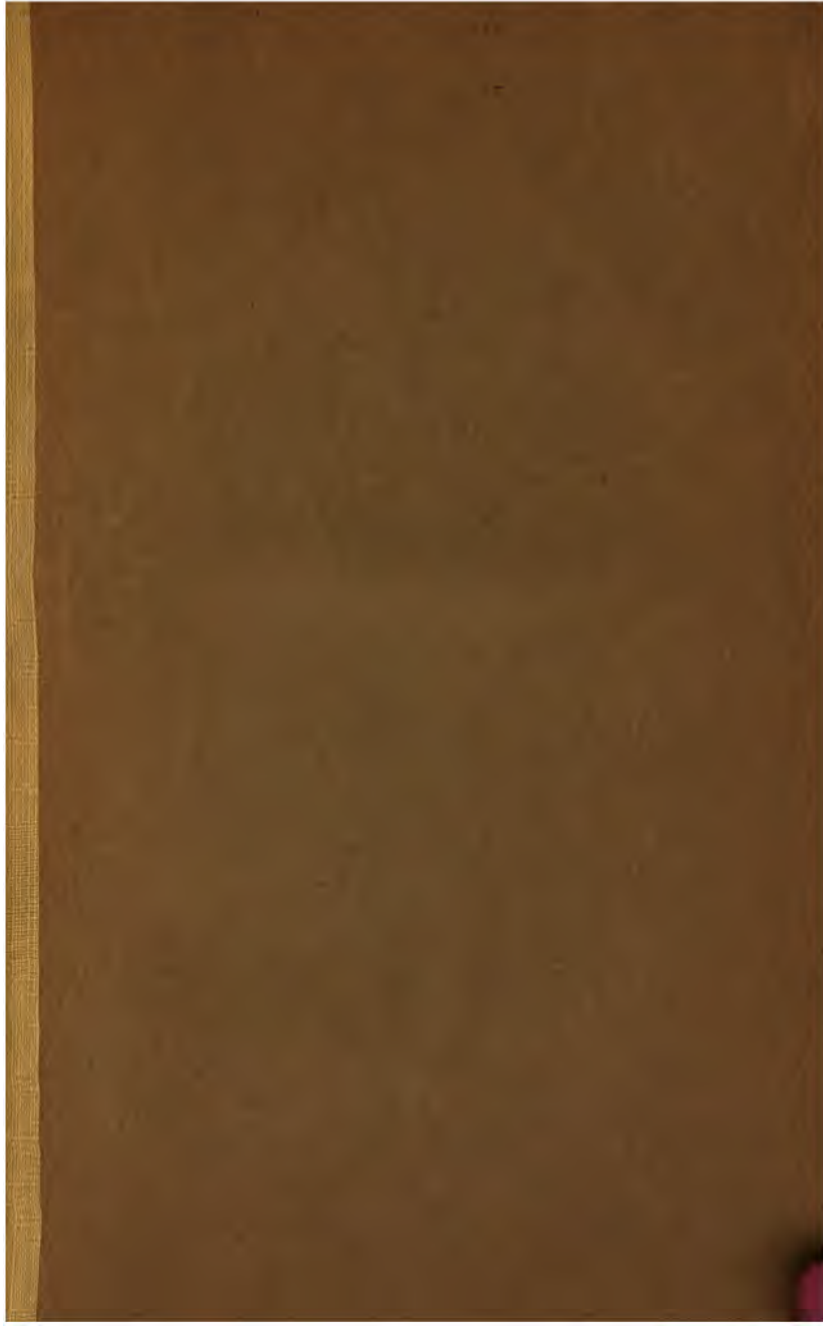
To those who are fond of fairy lore the writer begs to apologise for having omitted (page 58) to refer to Gerald Griffin's very pretty little legend of the Rock of the Candle, which at the time of making the more business-like notes at the bottom of that page, had quite escaped his memory; nevertheless, it may be equally true that the summit of the rock had been, in times fabulously remote, used for a pharos, and the superstitions of the people readily relighted it by supernatural agency. The manner of its final extinction is so beautifully told by Gerald Griffin (Vol. iii., p. 371, New York edition of his works), that I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of referring to it. The supernatural light was believed to be death to those who beheld it; but on the last occasion the light beamed on a poor pilgrim or wayfarer, and on an infant, who, just struggling to walk, was handing him a cake of bread,—when, with a prayer, he is made to utter the following sentiment, and the death-light was never seen after:—"If there be on earth a being who is exempt from the pernicious influence which the demon is permitted to exercise, surely the fiend may with utmost security be defied by innocence and charity."—Griffin's "Tales of the Munster Festivals."

END OF FIRST SERIES OF IERNE.

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